ALASKA MAN'S LUCK

HJALMAR RUTZEBECK

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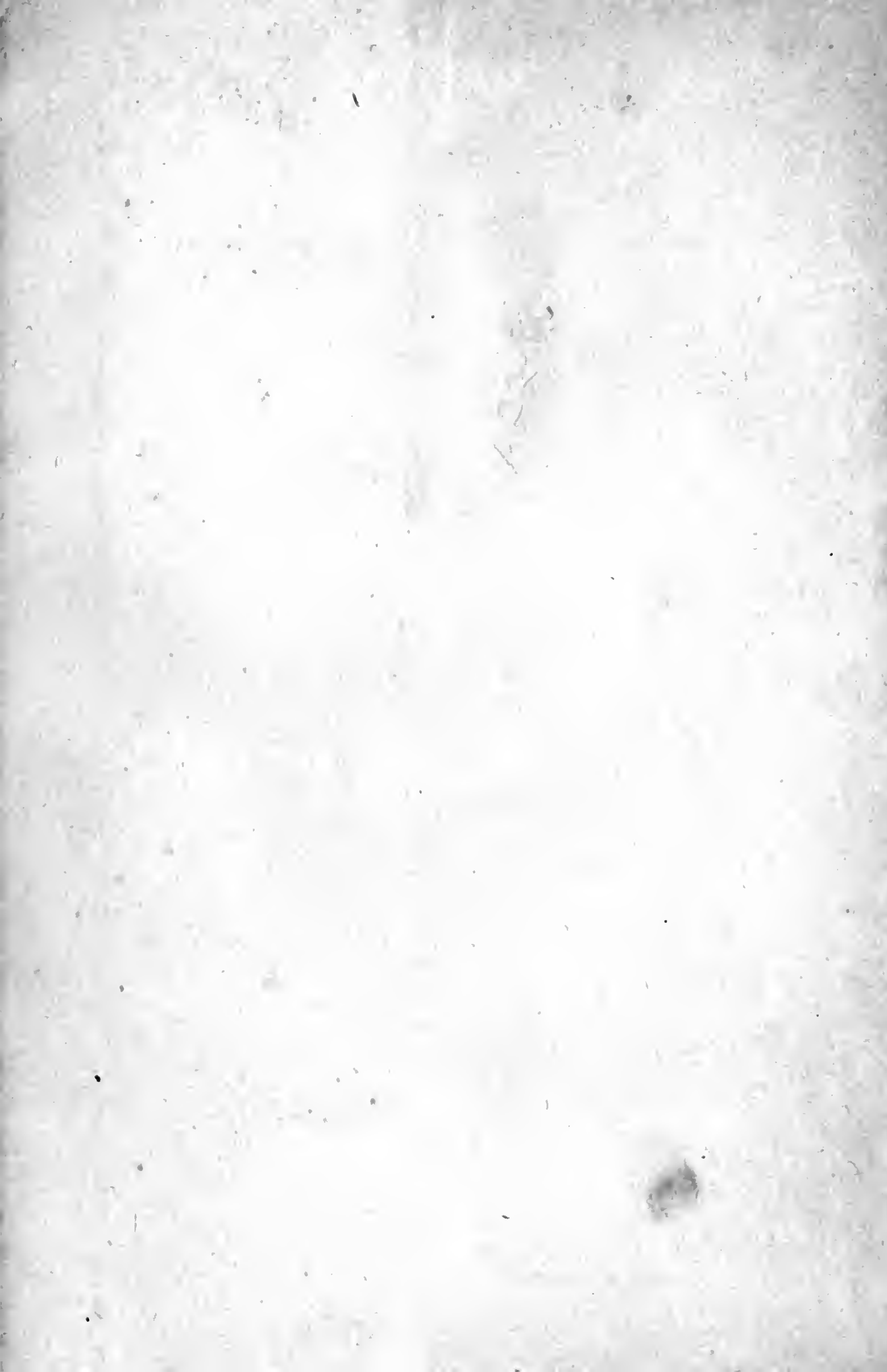

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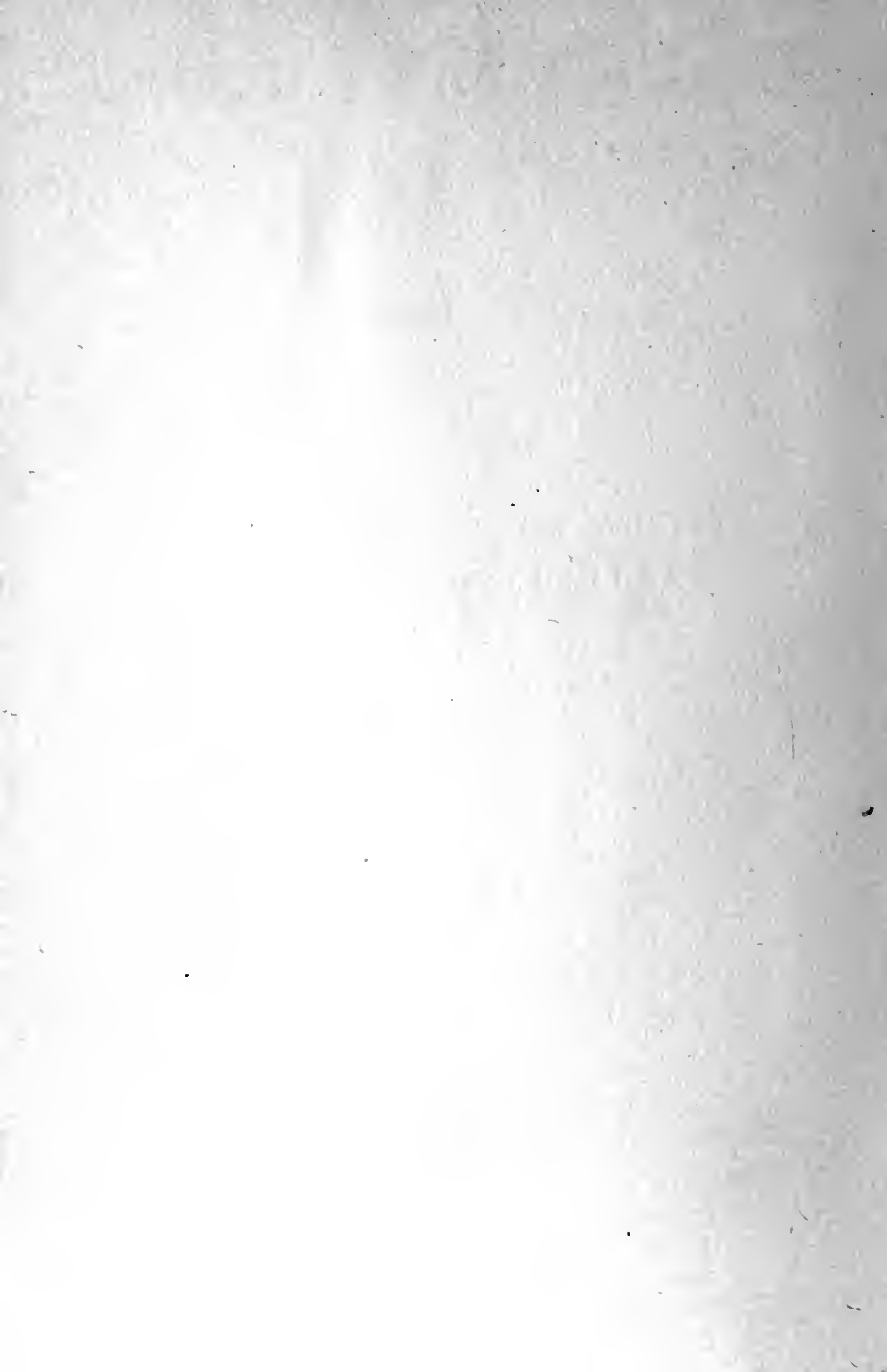
ALASKA MAN'S LUCK

A ROMANCE OF FACT



Alaska Man's Luck

A ROMANCE OF FACT

BY
HJALMAR RUTZEBECK

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TO MY WIFE

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A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR BY WAY OF PREFACE

I am writing you in regard to my book which was sent to you from Chicago by Miss Massee of the American Library Association and Frank E. Wolfe. I must tell you that the story as related in the manuscript is true and that I actually lived the story and married the girl. The description of the country is as I have seen it, and the life as I have lived it. I realize that it is written in an unusual style and that the construction is very simple. Sometimes I had fears that it would not be published at all, but every one who has heard it has liked it and praised it, and after all I thought perhaps it might go.

I was born and raised in Denmark, where I left school when I was 12, determined to become an author. Although I have not gone to school since I have become an American citizen, I have picked up not only the English language but much other knowledge. For, after all, life is a great school itself. It is only in the last five years that I have tried to write, and during that time have been hampered greatly by having to make a living for myself and my family, except the one year when I was in jail. You will readily see that I still have a great deal to learn, and, perhaps, you will be tolerant of my shortcomings. I am in a very humble mood right now, writing here from Viking's Cove, Haines, Alaska, where I have made our home. Maybe you will tell me where my story is faulty. Generally, I am quite conceited, but now in my humble moments, I accomplish my best work. Please write to me soon. People have laughed at me and held me up to ridicule and said that I am crazy to think that I can get my first book published, but my friends who

have sent you my manuscript say that this hope of mine which I mention is only the same ambition that has inspired other people to big things.

Again I ask, please write soon. Sometimes mail makes connection all the way through and reaches here in about a week from California. It often takes a much longer time. Our post offices up here are really a joke part of the time; e.g., on Sunday evening when I came into town and wanted to get my mail, the hardware store, where the postoffice is, was closed. I went to the Postmaster's house. He was just about to eat his supper and didn't care to walk a block or so to the store, so he gave me the key and sent me down to get my own mail.

Maybe if you publish my book, you will come up here to see us. Alaska is such a beautiful green land in the summer, in spite of the terrible winters. The climate is about the same as that of the Scandinavian countries and there is no reason to doubt that Alaska will be as thickly populated as those countries some day. If you city people only knew about it, there would be a stampede to the thousands of miles of land, timber, mining and rich fishing that we have up here.

My next books about Alaska will tell about the mining. But here I am, running on, when at the bottom of my heart fear grips me and my hand shakes a little as I write, because I can't help thinking that possibly you will say my book is not good enough.

You must be busy, so I shall say good-by. I wait here patiently at my homestead beside the lake until Uncle Sam lets me hear from you.

Yours respectfully,
HJALMAR RUTZEBECK.

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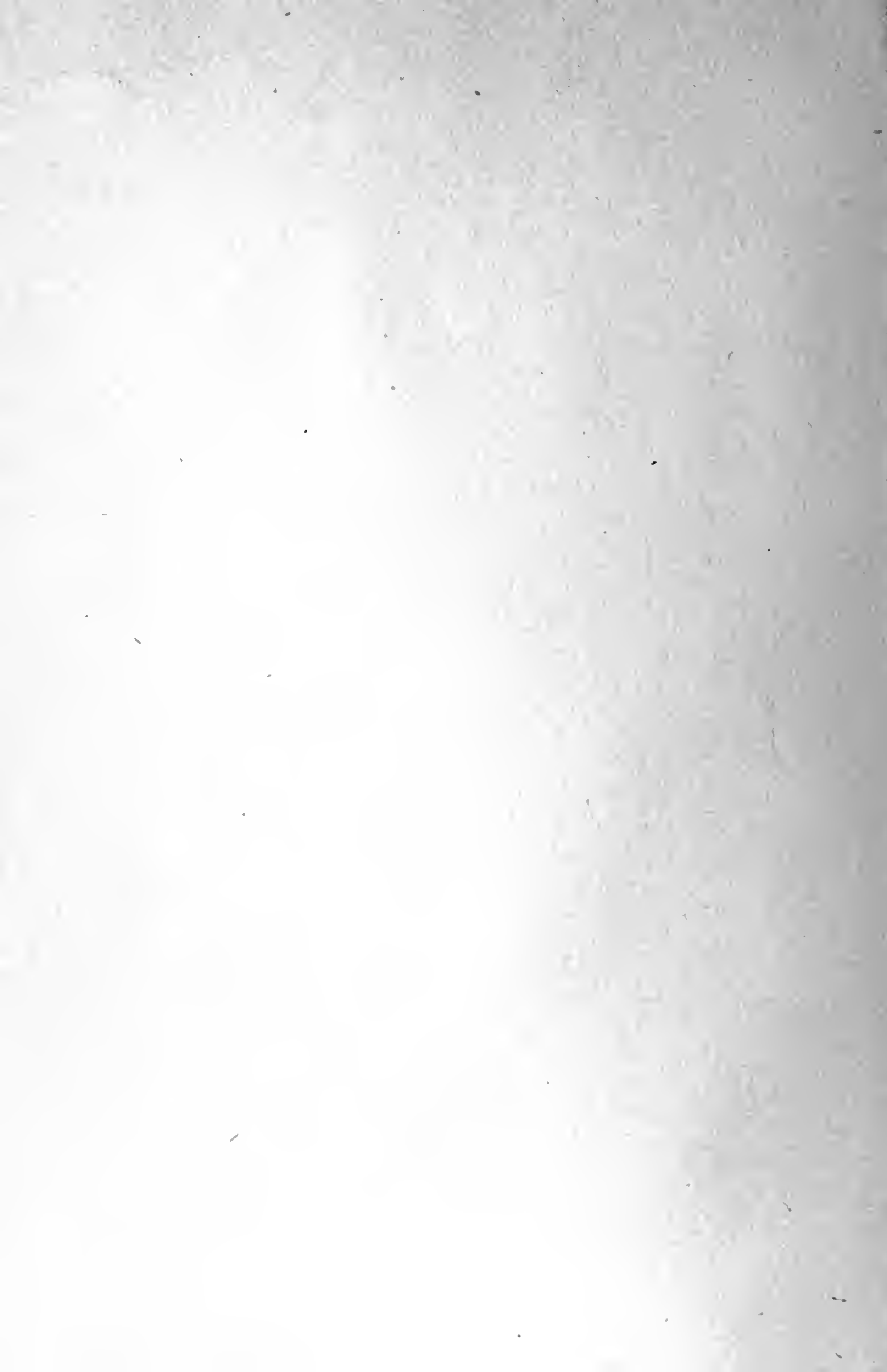

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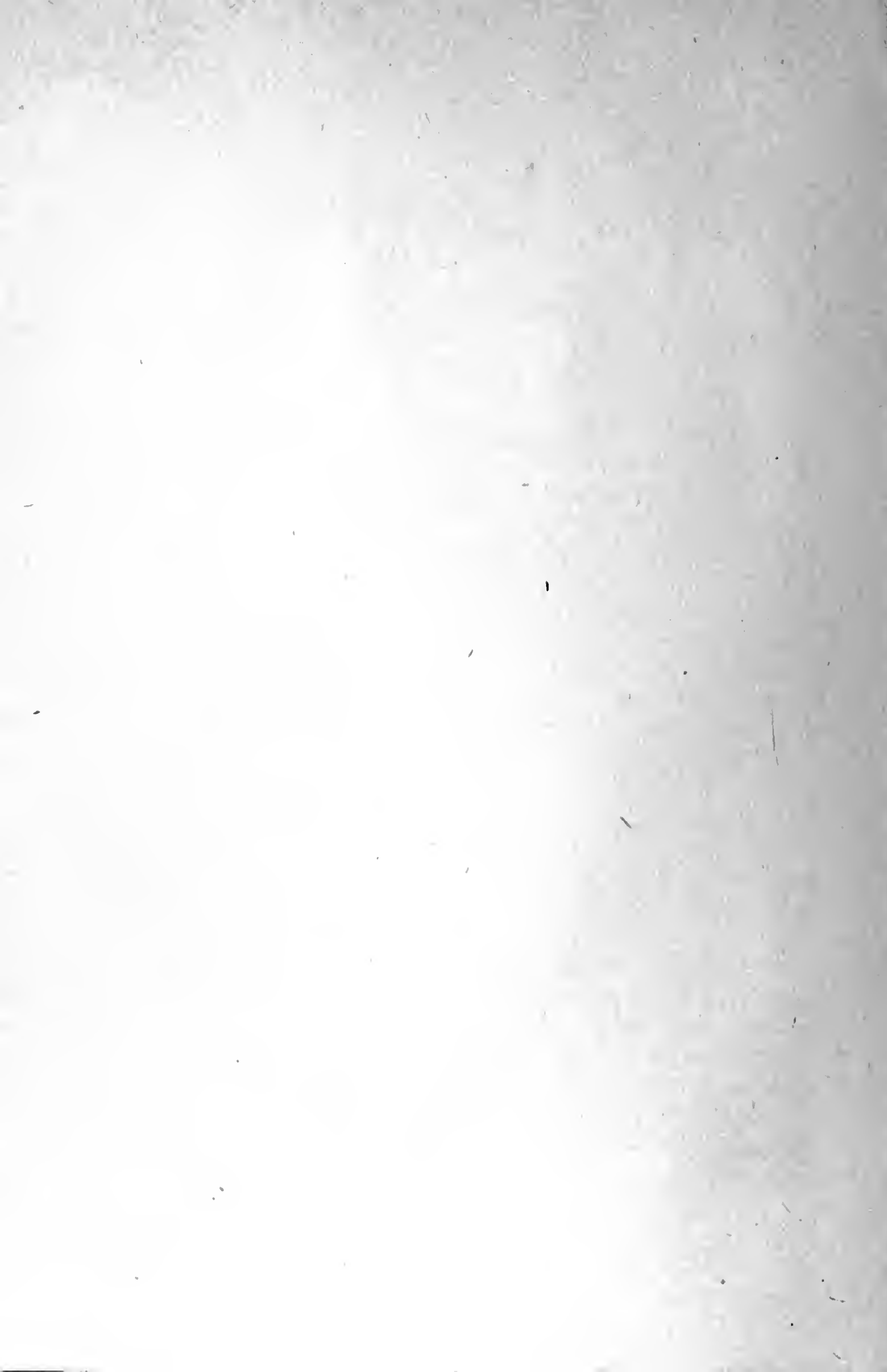

ALASKA MAN'S LUCK

CHAPTER I

THE GIRL

I DISCONTINUED my diary when I entered the army, but now I again feel the urgent need to write down what I am thinking and feeling and doing. I must say it and I do not want to halt some stranger on the street and pour my tale of joy into his ears. For I have met the girl;—I had always known that her eyes would be like that, blue-gray, kind eyes, gentle eyes, compassionate eyes. I had rather supposed that her hair would be dark, but I like it just as well the way it is, brown with something golden about it. And she has the healthiest color I ever saw; all creamy and pink and clean, oh, very clean. She is big for a girl, tall and broad and deep chested, and somehow she makes you feel that she has hidden within her great untouched stores of vitality. She is very Norsk, fit mate for me, who am a Dane, a Viking, come to this new world to seek a mate and make a home.

Of course there have been other girls, and I thought I was in love with each of them, but this one is different from any of the rest. She is big enough, and healthy enough, and she is sweet and pure and intelligent. But the thing that impresses me most is the way she looks at one, just the friendliest kind of way that makes you feel warm and comfortable in her presence.

I met her in the library of the Y. P. S. L. in Los Angeles, on the eve of a dance. A girl friend brought her in

and introduced us, telling me that she had come for the dance. Of course, I took her hint and asked the girl for the first, third and fifth, but she evidently thought I was too bold, for she would only promise me the first one, and then went away with the other girls. I was quite impressed. That evening went by very swiftly.

I took her and my friend, Martha, home and I told them of the north. And what do you think! She—Marian her name is—said that it had been the dream of her life to go to Alaska. I was so happy that my imagination ran away with me. I told them I was going back up there to make my home, and I described just the kind of a place I was going to have. There is a little trout lake up in the woods, on the Chilkat peninsula, and I imagined a comfortable cabin built on the brink of the lake, the little valley up there cleared and made into pastures, and turnip patches with cows grazing round about. I told them of the peace and the stillness of the north, and of the greatness and the magnificence of the mountains, and there came a longing look into that girl's eyes. She saw it all as I described it, and she wanted to be there. I wonder if the little lake and the valley around it wouldn't make a nice farm, once the land were cleared. It looked awfully good the way I imagined it and I think I'd better take a look at it when I get back up there.

I asked her to go to the movies with me the next evening and what did we see but pictures of the northland! On the way home I again told her of that country and I could tell by the way she looked that she wanted to go there. If she'll ever want to go there with me I shall be a happy man.

Then last night I went with her to a party, and on the way home I told her that I loved her, and that to-morrow I would start for the north, either to make a stake and come down to make my home here, or to make my home up there, and I asked her if she would come when I had the

cabin built, or marry me when I came back down with a stake.

She said she didn't know—she had only known me a few days, and although she liked me, and had always hoped some day to go north—she asked for time. She would be friends with me.

I told her that I intended to start the next day, and that I hadn't much money, but would beat my way to Seattle. I asked her if she would correspond with me, and she said she would, and gave me her ring, which barely fits my little finger, as a token of friendship. I gave her my match safe for her talisman—one that has practically saved my life several times out in the cold, wet woods.

CHAPTER II

BEATING MY WAY NORTH

Santa Barbara, Cal.
Feb. 14, 1914.

I HAVE started on my way north. I put on two suits of underwear, my blue serge suit, with a suit of overalls over the top of it all. I put a small towel, a piece of Ivory soap, my comb, and brush, and my shaving gear in my pocket, and sewed what money I had in my clothes in various inconspicuous places. I was then ready for anything, and already I have had one small adventure.

I came to Burbank on the Pacific Electric car line (paid my way) in the early morning yesterday. I purchased my breakfast at a baker's shop, and wandered down to the Southern Pacific Railroad track, looking for a quiet place to eat it. In a grassy nook by a railroad bridge I sat down and ate my cookies and doughnuts, and had just finished when there came a fellow in a buggy driving in among the bushes. He said he was a constable and yelled at me to get out of there. He was very funny, so highly angry at nothing at all. Perhaps I was a bit impudent. At any rate he flourished a revolver around a good deal and then drove off furiously, to get a warrant, he said. Since I didn't care about wasting any time in Burbank, I walked out past the city limits, and hopped a passing truck.

I rode a long way with it till late in the night, when it stopped at a pretty good sized town. I got off, and as I saw a train pulling into the station a few blocks away, I ran over there, sneaked close to the train, crawled up onto the baggage car, and rode out with it. I arrived here in

Santa Barbara this morning, having completed the first lap of my journey to the north.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Feb. 15, 1914.

I haven't progressed much, but I am nearer the north than I was yesterday, and that is at least something. I am sitting in a box car waiting for the next train to the North. In Santa Barbara yesterday I waited for the "Lark." When she came rumbling in at 10.39 I was hiding behind a pile of sand ready to make a rush for her when she started. As soon as she came in six men with flash lights came around, and searched the train all over. They were detectives or police I believe, for they found two men on top of the baggage car and took them away with them, to jail, I suppose. I almost decided to sneak off and give up the attempt to ride her, but I thought I might as well take a chance to-day as to-morrow, so I waited. Some of the officers passed very close to me several times, but it was dark and I lay as still as a log so that they did not see me. The train started and I made a dash for the locomotive. Nobody saw me. I climbed up on the water tank and crouched close to it to keep from being seen. It was thrilling to fool the police that way, and although it was cold and began to rain, there was real joy in beating the fast passenger and mail train. Yet I did not feel quite at ease for I was breaking the law, and if I were caught would be put in jail, considered a criminal by society. Well, I will try not to get caught.

It rained pretty hard, and when I came to San Luis Obispo I got off and found an empty box car, slept a while, and here I am.

Richmond, Cal.
Feb. 18, 1914.

I had a good night's rest in San José and yesterday morning I hurried down to catch the 8:35. It started out

as I was turning the corner of the station and I made a dash for it. A railroad bull, (that's what the hobos call them) was on the first blind baggage car, watching to see that no hobos got on board, but I jumped upon the second baggage car and crawled up on top before he had time to see me. There I lay until the train got into San Francisco. Outside of the yards she slowed down a bit and I jumped off, and walked straight down to the ferry building, eating a dozen doughnuts on the way. I paid my way to Oakland and rode all the way to the Sixteenth street station, waiting around there until a train pulled out going north. I ran for the locomotive but a bull sprang out from between the cars where he had been hiding and grabbed me by the arm.

I was arrested!

When a man is arrested he feels as I imagine a bird feels when it has just been caught. I was keenly on the alert for a chance to escape, and I glanced desperately to right and left, my mind busily groping for some way out of the grasp of the heavy hand that held me imprisoned and the terrible authority that it represented, the law that I had broken.

The bull evidently meant business for he led me toward the station without saying a word, and his sinister, business-like manner froze me to the marrow. I couldn't afford to be put in jail and in my desperation I decided to break away. As we went around the corner of the station building, I broke away from him and ran up Sixteenth street with him after me. He was not as fast as I was and I soon put some distance between us.

"Halt!" he yelled. "Halt!"

I ran on, and bang! went his gun. I swerved instinctively and began to zigzag this way and that as I ran up the street. Bang! bang! went his gun again and a bullet buried itself in the building I was passing. Bang! bang! bang! he shot again and I jumped over a fence and ran across a back yard, nearly stepping on a big dog that ran yelping away under a shed. Over another fence I flew and

into a garden where two ladies sat in rocking chairs on a lawn. There was quite a commotion, what with the dog's yelping and my breaking through the bushes. As I passed by them I saw one of them go over backwards, chair and all, and the last glimpse I got was of a pair of legs sticking straight up. I got rid of that bull all right, and after dodging through a few back yards I took a street car and rode to Richmond where I found a nice, little station right handy for a hobo to make a train from.

I am getting pretty wary of bulls, policemen and train crews. I feel as if I had committed a crime and were in hiding. I try not to be seen by any one, keeping behind lines of box cars and warehouses whenever I can. I suppose I am committing a crime and I am sure I would get a jail sentence if I were caught.

Sacramento, Cal.
Feb. 19, 1914.

I have progressed again, though rather slowly. One can't travel very fast when there are so many large towns where one has to get off and run and sneak and hide to keep from getting pinched.

I rode to Sacramento on a baggage car where there were some nice rods to lie on. Here I had to run for it, for as soon as I got out from under the car I heard some one yell, "Hey, you! what are you doing there?" I ran and thought I saw some one running after me, so I sped up, dove under a car to the other side and, mingling with the crowd, walked leisurely out of the depot and up town.

I stopped at the corner of a street and tried to decide what to do. Should I go back and try to make a train out, or get a room, a bath and a good rest? I was cold and wet to the skin and my teeth were chattering.

An old man came up to me and said, "Pretty wet, ain't it?"

"Yes," said I, "pretty wet."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I don't know yet. I am a stranger here, just came in on the train."

"Here," he said, "I'll give you a tip. Down on K street there is a saloon that stays open all night and there is about two hundred men sleeps there every night, but you'd better go early if you want to get room on the floor."

I thanked him for the information and made up my mind to go down there later on to see what the place was like. First, however, I went to a cheap hotel and got a room. The clerk in the office looked hard at me, and no wonder, for I surely looked seedy, just come from under a train all black and grimy. But I wasn't too bad for a two-bit room and I got my overalls off and went to the bathroom and had a thorough cleaning and then I hurried down to get my supper. I had not eaten all day and to say that I enjoyed that meal would not half tell it. Then I took in a five cent show and after that I went down to K street and found the saloon the old timer had told about. I rolled in, hands in my pockets with my shoulders hunched, trying to look as down and out as possible. The first thing I met was a sickly, nauseating smell of stale liquor. Then I saw a crowd of men lined up against the bar, four deep. Most of them were drunk and there was an awful noise, singing, swearing, and loud, drunken talk and laughter. The light was poor and I could hardly distinguish the features of the men. I didn't see anybody sleeping on the floor but there was a door to another room, and in there I went. It was dark and there was a horrible smell. I sat down near the door and waited till my eyes were used to the dark, and then I saw! Men lay there, and some women, huddled on the floor like pigs in a pen, sleeping on the dirty, damp, stinking floor. Some of them were groaning, some were snoring, and one old man near me had the hiccoughs so badly that his whole ragged body jumped in a way that made my flesh creep.

This, then, is the bottom of the pit, as Jack London called it! I noticed that most of the men looked old and worn

and had gray or white hair. This, then, is the end of the journey of the working stiff. After a life of work, going from place to place, ever slaving in camps and factories, in cities and on farms, to be thrown on the scrap heap of society. And what a scrap heap! I prefer the bullet which man gives to an old, worn out horse. It would be a more merciful death than this low life in the slime.

I couldn't stand it very long in there and was glad to get out into the none too fresh air of the streets. Ah, for the north with its sweet, cool, balmy air!

I dreamed of the pit, of policemen and jails, and I had a poor night of it, but I have learned one lesson and that is to keep out of the pit.

Wheatland, Cal.
Feb. 20, 1914.

It seems that the farther I go from Marian, the more she is in my thoughts. Ever since I was in Sacramento and saw the poor wretches there in that hole, I have been wondering what is to become of me and if I will wind up in the pit like the others. What can keep me out of it? To marry and settle down would be the safest way. To settle down without marrying would not do for me, for I would soon get lonesome and want to go somewhere else. Marian must come and be my mate in the home I shall build. But I am drifting farther and farther away from her all the time. There are many other men in the world who will want her and my measly letter once or twice a week is hardly enough to keep her interest in me alive. I think I will pull the leaves out of my diary as I go along and send them to her, that she may see the things I see and thus know me better.

CHAPTER III

A LOGGING DUEL

Dunsmuir, Cal.
Feb. 22, 1914.

I MADE a passenger train from Wheatland to Redding and another one out of Redding, riding on the blind. It was a pretty cold trip with rain and snow and the wind beating against me. I am glad that I have lots of clothes on, for I am up in the mountains now, and it is snowing, real snow like that we have in Alaska. I went into a saloon and sat down by a great big heater. Pretty soon my head began to nod, for I haven't caught that much needed sleep yet. No sooner had I dozed off than the bartender came and shook me up. He pointed to a sign over the door which read, 'Hobos get warm and get out. This means you."

I was very nice and warm but I wasn't ready to get out so I went over to the bar and ordered a glass of buttermilk. The bartender grinned sheepishly, and I went back to my chair and nodded away. Having spent my nickel I was a customer and not a hobo.

I am very anxious to reach Portland where I will get a letter from her and learn if she cares to keep hearing from me. If she cares, I shall certainly keep it up, for the fact that she is reading this diary and following me on my way, gives me added zest to write.

Roseburg, Ore.
Feb. 23, 1914.

I am not in the same state with Marian any longer and a high mountain range lies between us. Still she is very near to me.

I rode the whole division from Dunsmuir to Ashland on the water tank of the locomotive of the Shasta Limited. It was very cold going over the mountains and, as my clothes had not had quite time to dry out at Dunsmuir, they froze as stiff as a board, and I think that helped a good deal to keep out the cold wind. I was very sleepy and fell asleep there on the tank several times. I was standing up on the side of it and had my arm around the hand rail and my hand in my pocket making a sort of lock, and part of the time I was frozen to the tank so there wasn't much danger of falling off. Once, however, I woke up suddenly when the train crossed a deep gulch and it nearly scared the wits out of me. I had a sensation of falling, falling, and it was quite a while before I could pull myself together and see things in the right perspective.

I promised myself a good night's rest when I got across the mountains and I mean to have it before I leave here.

Disston, Ore.
Feb. 26, 1914.

I rode on the rods from Roseburg, intending to ride all the way to Eugene, but I became tired and hungry and got off at Cottage Grove. I am down to my last fifty dollars, which is sewed in my undershirt. It is in gold and represents my fare from Seattle to Haines. Also, it is my emergency fund in case I should get sick or arrested. I didn't like to break it so hunted around until I found a house where I could chop wood for a meal.

I chopped for half an hour or so, and was then called in to supper. They were very pleasant people, Dr. Kline, his wife and daughter, and they treated me very cordially. After the meal the doctor asked me if I would go to work if I could get a job thereabouts.

It is still pretty early to start for the north and I had figured on doing a few days' work in Seattle before leaving but I would just as soon work now as then, so I told him that I was willing to do anything.

"All right," he said, "I'll try to get you a job." He went to the telephone and called some one up. "Can you buck logs?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yes."

"All right," he said, hanging up the receiver, "you've got a job."

He insisted on lending me two dollars to pay for my bed and for the ride to Disston where this camp is, and I have already worked one-half day. Bucking logs is hard work for a man who hasn't done anything for some time. The army surely makes a man soft. I am afraid the other men think that I am a dub, for I didn't accomplish much this afternoon except to cut my hand on the saw and to develop a great blister in my palm.

Disston, Ore.
Feb. 28, 1914.

To-day the boss came along and gave me a new job. I had been bucking logs and had not been very good at it. It is a long time since I have done any hard work, and still longer since I have worked in the woods, so, although I am willing enough, I am not a first class man at all. The boss had kept an eye on me and this morning he told me to go to work with Big Fred, the feller. I have been told by some of the other men that nobody can work with Fred for any length of time because he just wears a man out and compels any one to quit who works with him. Whenever the boss wants to get rid of a man he sends him out with Fred and if the man lasts a week he does well. However, I am going to try to stick it out. I used to be a fairly good worker, and my three years in the army have given me lots of reserve strength if they have made me soft.

We worked to-day, Fred and I, and felled six large trees, each one over six feet in diameter. It was backbreaking work for me, because I am not used to it, but one thing cheered me up. After we had felled a big pitchy fir this afternoon in which the saw pulled hard, making us slave

like niggers to get it down, I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand up but I noticed that Fred was pretty tired, too. The best of it was that I was rested before he was and ready to tackle the next tree. Maybe it is because I am younger and can recuperate faster, I don't know, but I do know that I was much more exhausted than Fred was when we went to the camp at quitting time, and had I not seen him so tired there in the woods once, I would have quit this evening and gone on my way. I feel now as if I were playing a game and that it would be an act of cowardice to quit. It is a month before I can do anything up north and I have hopes of putting it in here at four dollars a day.

Disston, Ore.
March 3, 1914.

Several days have passed and I haven't written anything in my diary. I believe that Fred has divined my intention to stay on the job in spite of him and his driving. He has done his best or his worst, rather, to discourage me and to work me to death. He never lets up from the time we go to work till the time we go to lunch or back to the camp at night. He is determined to wear me out and I am not sure that he will not succeed. Nevertheless, I am going to give him a run for his money, for though I am sore all over and almost dead with fatigue every night, I notice that he is not feeling his best, either, and it is now a matter of which will give up first.

Fred is a peculiar man. He is larger than I and about ten years older, I should judge, being about thirty-five. He has dark brown hair and flashing black eyes and his shoulders are slightly stooped, from bending over a saw all his life, I suppose. I don't think he likes me for, although we work all alone way out in the woods, he only speaks to tell me something to do. We fell a tree and then we pick up the tools and begin to fell another one right away, and so on all day long. We felled eighteen trees to-day and I was so tired that I could hardly eat my supper. I am too

sore in the back and arms to rest well and my hands are full of cuts from the saw and blisters from the ax handle. The other men don't speak to me. I suppose they have contempt for such a worthless fellow. I feel kind of lonesome and I doubt if I'll have the guts to stay here very much longer.

Disston, Ore.
March 6, 1914.

I received three letters from Portland to-day. I am one of the happiest men in the world, for two of them are from Marian, and she likes my diary and hopes I will continue to send it to her as I go along. Oh, Marian, you cannot imagine how happy I am!

I had decided to quit in the morning as I was nearly worn out and couldn't see the use of slaving on just because that other fool was crazy enough to try to kill himself, but I am not going to quit now. I am inspired with new strength and determination and I am going to finish my month here and it is not going to kill me, either.

Big Fred brought a new sledge hammer to-day instead of the old one. It is a fourteen pounder! The old one weighed eight pounds and was quite heavy enough to pack around in the woods, besides the two long felling wedges, a saw and the springboard. The darned hammer is so heavy that I can't strike right with it and to-day, when we had to wedge a big tree over, I had a dickens of a time of it. I pounded and pounded, hitting the tree more than half the time instead of the wedge while Fred stood by and said, "Hit it! hit it! why don't you hit it?"

Finally I got so mad at my own inability and at him that I stopped and glared so fiercely at him that he stopped sneering and said, "Let me give you a spell, Svend."

It was the first kind word he had spoken to me and I ought to have stepped back and let him do it but I was stubborn and angry and merely scowled at him, beginning to

pound again, saying, "That's all right, you handle your end of it and I'll take care of mine all right."

I was mad all day and just worked like the devil, swearing at everything that got in my way, making hard work of some things that would have been easy, had I not "taken the bull by the wrong tail," as Dutch says. By night time I was so worn out that I could hardly drag myself in and I was going to quit my job to-morrow morning but now I am so cheered up that I can stick it out.

Disston, Ore.
March 9, 1914.

Received another letter from Marian to-day and I have been lifted to the heights of happiness. Her letters are like wine to my soul. They fill me with warmth. I am going to save them and take them with me wherever I go.

On the job I am getting along better every day, although my relations with my partner are not a bit better than they were. He has no use for me at all and we work together all day long without saying a word. I know what to do now and there's no need for him to tell me, so we just go along from tree to tree and, because I am stubborn and he is mean, we make the work as hard for each other as possible. He rides his end of the saw, that is, he holds it tight to the cut, making it pull harder, and I in retaliation, ride my end. We never stop to think or rest. As soon as we send a tree crashing to the ground, he picks up his springboard and the two axes and starts for the next one, and I take the saw and the rest of the tools and follow, and so it goes all day long.

I am getting to be a better chopper and can hit twice or three times in the same cut at times.

When the boss came out to-day and saw all the work we had done, he looked with interest at me and said to Fred, "He's not so bad after all, is he?"

But Fred looked over to a large tree and said, "We'll need a ten foot saw for that one."

I picked up my ax and continued chopping the under cut we had been working on when the boss came and I kept on chopping all the time he was talking to Fred. I noticed that he watched me and I did my best not to fall in his opinion. I am happy for I think that I have passed the crisis and I am sure I'll get stronger from now on and be able to do my work better and better. If I could only become as good a logger as Fred I should be proud of myself, for he surely is an expert. Even if he doesn't like me, I have to admit that. The other men are beginning to be more friendly toward me and all in all I am getting along all right.

Disston, Ore.
March 15, 1914.

Six days have gone by and I have not written at all. When nothing happens and a man slaves from daylight till dark, it is not easy to write at night. But to-day I received a long letter from her in which she told me of her school work and it made me so happy that I had to write her a long letter and do my diary besides.

We have been working like beasts, Fred and I, and I am getting more and more efficient. I was pretty soft at first, but my muscles are hardening and I grow stronger every day. I can now chop quite well and do almost half the work when we chop an undercut. Fred has been trying his best this last week to wear me out and with every day that goes by he gets more ugly and scowls at me and swears the whole day long.

To-day we had a tree that was full of pitch. The pitch fairly poured out of the cut while we sawed. We cut it very close to the ground and I had a good place to stand while Fred had to stand in a difficult and tiresome position. The saw pulled hard and it was all we could do to work it but Fred, nevertheless, kept on like a mad man, sawing, cursing and swearing. He had been drinking the night before and I could smell the whiskey sweating out of him

and I think his being in a poor condition, angered him all the more. He succeeded in making me angry so I set my teeth determined to pull as long and as hard as he. When the tree was about three quarters sawed off, his foot slipped from the room on which he was standing, sprawling him on the ground. I looked up impatiently to see what was the matter and our eyes met squarely for the first time, I think, since we have worked together.

"Look here," he said angrily but almost kindly, too, "there's no need of your working so hard. You're not getting any more for it, no matter how hard you work."

"That's all right," said I like the stubborn fool I am, for I might have made matters all right by agreeing with him, "I can stand it if you can. I am not complaining."

I took hold of my end of the saw ready to begin again and with a scowl and an oath Fred grabbed his and we went to work again as hard as possible. I am sorry now that I didn't make up with him. It would have made it easier for both of us. Besides, it is not pleasant to work with an angry man, especially when he drinks.

Disston, Ore.
March 20, 1914.

I am really and honestly sorry that I did not make up with Fred the other day when I had the chance. The man is actually wearing himself out and I am to blame for it. He goes to the saloon every night and gets drunk, hardly ever reaching the camp till after midnight, then he works like mad all day long. He doesn't speak to me at all but just goes determinedly on.

The boss is worrying about it, too, and to-day he said to Fred that we were doing too much and were getting too far ahead of the buckers.

"You're working yourselves out of a job," he said, "take it easy for a while."

But Fred only worked the harder after he had gone.

I really don't know what to do about it. Maybe I ought

to quit and thus remove the cause of his annoyance but that would acknowledge myself defeated, and since the men are all on to what we are doing and have laid bets on us, I do not like the idea of having them think that Fred has driven me off. I don't like to have Fred quit on account of me, either. He is a first class logger and he has worked here for several years.

Cottage Grove, Ore.
March 30, 1914.

I am on my way north again. My month was up and things came to a climax in the logging camp. Fred kept getting worse and worse. No man can stand boozing every night and working hard every day. One thing had to give way for the other and Fred's work had to give way to his carousing. We did less and less work as Fred grew weaker and weaker. He didn't lose any of his fierceness, though, and he hated me just as cordially when he was sick as when he was well. When we had a tree down, he would lie down on the moss and sleep while I chopped the next undercut or the springboard hole. As long as I was working he would sleep on but when I stopped he'd soon wake up and come to saw. Day before yesterday when we had felled a large, eight foot spruce and had sawed the cut in the undercut for the next one, Fred went to sleep while I chopped. Before long I heard some one coming through the underbrush. It was the boss. I couldn't call to Fred, the boss was too close but I hopped down from my springboard and ran to where he lay.

"Hey, Fred," I said in a low voice, "the boss is coming."

He looked up dazedly. "I don't give a damn," he swore, "keep your hands off of me."

The boss came up over the top of the log. "What's the matter?" he asked, "sick?"

Fred sat up. "No, I'm not sick," he said. "I'm through. I quit."

He looked at me sullenly, lumbered to his feet and started

for the camp, muttering something about damned tenderfeet.

"I'll send another man out with you to-morrow," the boss said to me. "I guess you can handle the job all right."

But I said that my time was up and that I was quitting too. He said that was a great note and wanted to know why I couldn't stay. He said that I was all right and could handle the job of head feller all right and that he was short of men, which same was a lie for I knew that he had plenty and that there were men asking for work at the camp every day. I told him that I was on my way north and had only intended to stay a month and my time was up.

Fred was rolling his blanket roll when I came into the bunk house. He looked up in surprise when he saw that I was getting ready to go away too.

"Quitting?" he asked, his curiosity getting the best of him.

"Yep," said I, "I've had enough for a while."

"Say," he said, coming over to me, "you're a hell of a good worker."

I looked up and smiled. "Not so good a worker as you," I said. "If you'd left the booze alone, you'd have made me quit a long time ago." He looked kind of foolish, so I said, "but that's all right, Fred, it was a game and we played it fair and square. I have no hard feelings if you haven't."

We shook hands and were friends. When he didn't scowl he was quite a good-looking fellow, and I kind of liked him anyway. We went to Cottage Grove together and here I am now, waiting for a freight to pull out.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST LAP—ALASKA

Albany, Ore.
April 1, 1914.

I AM a little further north. I made a freight train out of Cottage Grove and got as far as Junction City. An electric car line runs from Junction City to Portland and I walked over and looked around. I had never beaten an electric car line and I thought it might be fun to try it. There were a couple of freight cars about to pull out and I sneaked down to the track to see if it were possible to ride underneath one of them. I got in under the last car. There were some rods that were quite comfortable to lie on and I thought that I was fixed for a night's ride. The cars started out and I got the surprise of my life. As soon as they got speed up the rods I was lying on began to jump up and down and swing sideways. It was all I could do to hold on. They bumped me, Great Scott! how they bumped me up and down. My head especially was knocked against the bottom of the car till I couldn't think at all. Talk about torture! The doggoned car shook me till I imagined my insides were all tearing loose, and it didn't stop before it reached Albany thirty miles away, with me nearly dead.

I am all in now. My neck is swollen as thick as my head and I can hardly move it. I have bruises all over my body and feel as though I had gone through a threshing machine. No more riding on the rods of electric cars for me, I swear it! I had to get a room here and rest up.

Seattle, Wash.
April 4, 1914.

At last I am at the end of my hoboing trip. From now

on I will pay my way. I feel as if I had won a great battle. With train crews, detectives and policemen all trying to bar my way, I have broken through the barriers along the hundreds of miles without any trouble to speak of and now I am here in Seattle safe and free and sound except for a few bruises that do not amount to anything.

Nothing happened that was very important from Albany to Vancouver. I rode a passenger train out of Vancouver on the rods. It had turned cold and there was a frost but the cold felt good to me, for it was of the north, and though it bit into my finger tips and ears, I enjoyed it. But that kind of enjoyment can only last for a limited time and soon I began to think of getting off at the next station, getting inside of the train and paying my fare for the rest of the way. Yet I stayed. Station after station passed, for I figured that for every ten miles I stayed where I was I made thirty cents. A few miles from Tacoma I crawled out and from the way the brakeman looked at me, he thought I had arrived from out of the earth. He gasped and was going to grab me but I slipped away from him and dove into one of the coaches with him after me.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded angrily when he came to the chair where I had luxuriously seated myself.

"Well, what do you suppose?" I queried.

"You can't ride here," he said, then added, "unless you pay."

"What makes you say that?" I asked in mock surprise. "Did you think I expected to ride free of charge?"

"You came from under the train."

"I came from the other side of the track," I corrected. "Did you think I should have jumped over the train, instead?"

"I'll get the conductor," he said and departed.

An old, hard faced conductor came and eyed me suspiciously. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Tacoma," I said, holding out a dollar.

"Where did you get on this train?"

"At the last station. I work there," I lied.

"What's the name of the town?"

"Why, don't you know?" and I gave him a surprised look.

"Yes—but——"

"Well, why do you ask, then? What are you trying to do, kid me? Give me my change and let me alone. I want to rest." I had to be rude to him for there is no telling what he might have done, had I let him be sure that I was a hobo. The bluff worked all right and he left me, saying that he had made a mistake, and asked my pardon. I smiled very politely to him and assured him that I knew how it was, and that was the end of it.

In Tacoma I took the car to Seattle, where I got a room in a good hotel, had a bath and a good night's sleep, and am now in fine shape. To-morrow I sail for the northland on the *Mariposa*. Hurrah!

On board the *S. S. Mariposa.*
April 6, 1914.

The north is coming to meet me. When I look back over the years I have spent as a sailor, going from land to land seeing the world in my early youth, and on the last three years that I spent in the army where I learned to curb my wildness and to stay in one place, I realize that I am ready to seek the place for my home and to build it. It may take some time,—Rome wasn't built in a day—but while I am building, I shall be happy in the knowledge of the web of love and comfort that I am spinning around her and me. The sweet, clean air tells me that she will come some day to breathe it with me. Ah, Marian! this is a beautiful world! I am sailing through clear, blue, deep fiords lined with green islands, back of which stand giant, white mountains. The sun is blazing against sparkling snow and greeny glaciers. It all makes me feel glad throughout my

whole being, for I love it so and it reminds me so much of her. Her blue eyes and the sweet, fresh beauty of her would fit in wonderfully well with this land that I am now entering. She was not made for the smoky, dusty cities with their rushing, fussy people, but for the clean, pure north. Here, only, I am sure, can she be happy. She and I were made for this country and we will be here together some day—with God's help.

I wish I could go right away and pick out the place for our home, but that can't be done. I must first seek a job to make a stake and then go prospecting for our home.

Haines, Alaska.
April 8, 1914.

Home again! My heart is full to the brim with being home again. I thought I knew how much I loved this beautiful land but I didn't until I came back among its protecting mountains.

Haines is a small town on a bay of Lynn Canal. At this time of the year its scenery is least beautiful, for the snow is just melting and here and there are black streaks and spots on the white carpet. Yet, it is beautiful. The town itself looks as if a giant had waded up the fiord and thrown a handful of colored confetti on the beach and in among the spruces. The houses are of all shapes and colors and are very picturesque. The square built barracks at Fort Seward, a mile or so from the town, with the creamy, yellow buildings shining in the sun, are very beautiful, oh, so very beautiful!

I lived here sixteen months as a soldier, and many were the happy days I spent at the fort and in the adjoining woods. How the boys greeted me when I landed! They thought I had come back to reënlist and they welcomed me with open arms. I hadn't known that I had so many friends among them.

Porcupine, Alaska.
April 11, 1914.

Leaving Haines, I mushed up the Chilkat River behind a dog team and sleigh. It was a fine, sunshiny day; the snow had frozen hard during the night and made excellent sleighing. How the sun shone on the sparkling, white mountains! The dogs trotted along, eager to run and snapping at the snow as they went. I had to run most of the time to keep up with them. It was glorious. We stopped at Klukwan over night and the next day at noon we reached Porcupine where I was offered a job right away.

This is a gold mine. I suppose any one would imagine me down in a rocky pit, digging out yellow nuggets with a pick and shovel. I may be doing this in a month or two but for some time I'll be busy shoveling snow. There are about six feet of solid snow on the level here and much more where it has drifted. Everything has to be dug out, houses, tools, flume and everything.

The mine is on Porcupine Creek, a glacier creek running through a long, deep gulch with steep mountains on each side. The scenery is wonderful, blue sky high above the rim of the towering mountains and the spruce and hemlock covered hillsides. Even ten straight hours of snow shoveling cannot kill in me the joyful appreciation of this wonderland.

CHAPTER V

PROSPECTING—A STAMPEDE

Porcupine, Alaska.
April 30, 1914.

I AM still shoveling snow. It seems that we will never get to work mining. Snow, snow, snow, all day long. We have uncovered all sorts of things, flumes, sluice boxes, pipe lines, water ditches, lumber piles and machinery, and yet we are shoveling, shoveling, all day long every day; but everything has an end, and I suppose some day they will give me something else to do. I know, though, that as long as there is any shoveling to do, I'll have to do it, for the boss, Mr. Jackson, thinks I am a pretty good shoveler and knows that I love it, so he keeps me at it. The other day he gave all the other men something else to do but kept me shoveling. Then he came over and sat down on a lumber pile near me and watched me work. It was very exasperating and I scowled as I shoveled.

"You are a pretty good shoveler," he said.

I kept on working as I replied sarcastically, "Yes, it is because I am so fond of it."

He didn't say anything more and soon walked away to where the other men worked and didn't come near me again that day. I was not at all sorry, though I do wish I hadn't been so rude about it. I might have given him a decent answer, but that is the way I am, always "taking the bull by the wrong tail," as Dutch said. Mr. Jackson has kept away from me the last few days. I hope I haven't hurt his feelings.

Porcupine, Alaska.
May 14, 1914.

Just received a long letter from her this evening. I am so happy that I could jump up and down and whoop. Gosh! but I wish I could quit to-morrow. I haven't been to the place by the lake yet, but when I get ready to go and seek our home, I shall go there first. But I have to wait a while, for it takes money to live and three dollars more every day look good to me. I have already earned a hundred dollars and that it not so bad.

A fellow here wants me to go prospecting with him. He says he has a sure thing up in the Rainy Hollow country. He says he can go up there and make a couple of thousand dollars in a season with a lot less work than we do here. He, Riley, is an ex-soldier from the same regiment as I and I don't really see how he knows so much about prospecting. Yet he is so sure about what he says that I think perhaps he is right. He may have been prospecting before he got into the army. He won't give me any particulars about the place for fear I will go there myself and not take him along but he offers me a half interest in the proposition for going in with him. He hasn't any money at all and needs some one with a few dollars to buy grub.

I am through shoveling snow and am helping the carpenters build a flume. Mr. Jackson only comes around once a day and he doesn't bother me at all any more. I think I like him and am sorry I was rude to him.

Porcupine, Alaska.
May 24, 1914.

I have quit my job and am going prospecting. Riley and I talked about it every night till I became so interested that I wanted to go.

Riley is a medium sized man, broad shouldered and heavy in the hips. He has jet black eyes, for he is a quarter breed

Choctaw from Oklahoma and he seems to be very good natured and jolly, though rather wild and reckless in his talk. He is about my age and I think we will get along all right, though I'll have to admit that he is rather extravagant when he appraises himself, and loud self-esteem is something that seldom goes hand in hand with the ability that Riley claims to possess. Still, he may be an exception to the rule, and if what he says about this mine is true, I guess I can stand him for a season or two. He has been discharged from the army only two months and is still pretty soft but he claims to be a devil of a worker and he is built well enough to be that.

We decided to go last night and this morning when we didn't go to work, the boss, Mr. Jackson, came and asked what was the matter. I told him I was going to quit and to my surprise he asked me to stay. He said that I was a good man and he would be glad to have me stay. Naturally I wondered how long he had had that opinion of me, so I asked him why he had always watched me so closely when I was working, as if he were afraid I would miss a shovelful. He laughed and said that he had liked my looks from the first day and that he liked to watch me work because I did such a good job with such ease. Well, the man may have been trying to kid me into staying or he may have really told the truth. If the latter is true, then it is only another case of my jumping at the wrong conclusion.

The place we are going to is only about fifty miles from here, so Riley says. He won't tell me where it is even now when I have spent money for grub and tools. "Up behind the Rainy Hollow country," he says, and that is a pretty vague direction, for all of Alaska lies behind the Rainy Hollow. We shall see what we shall see, however. It may be a wild goose chase but if it is, I can go back to work here, so Jackson says, and I am not worrying. If this thing turns out as well as Riley thinks it will, we'll both be rich by the end of the summer.

Pleasant Camp, Alaska.
May 26, 1914.

We are only seven miles away from Porcupine as yet, and though I am anxious to get after the gold, I don't mind having Riley do a little hunting along the way. He doesn't seem to be in a hurry to get anywhere and it rather peeves me, for really it is my expedition; that is, I have furnished all the money, and from to-day's experiences I have come to doubt my partner's ever having been up in this part of the country before.

This morning we went out to see if we could get a bear. The woods around here are literally full of bears and there are signs of them everywhere. We first went into a deep swamp where we wandered around and around and around, following signs of bear. Riley was leading and I noticed that he was taking us around in a ring, for we passed a certain tree at least three times. So I told him about it but he didn't believe me and said that in a short time we would be out of the swamp and up on a ridge that led to Jarvis glacier. He said that he had been up in this part of the woods and knew them like a book. So I followed him around another half hour or so and then I happened to look through a small clear space and saw Pleasant Camp about a mile away.

"Say," I called to my partner, "where are we going, anyway? I want to know."

"You'll find out soon enough," Riley said overbearingly. Then on an after thought he softened and said, "We are going after bear. We'll soon be out of this swamp. It's a long time since I was here and I didn't remember how big it was, but the ridge is right ahead of us. We'll be there in just a little while. Come on."

"Hold on," said I. "How far are we from Pleasant Camp now?"

"About ten miles, as far as I can tell," Riley answered impatiently. "But what has that to do with it? Come on,

we are wasting time," and he started off again but I went at right angles to him.

After a little bit, when he noticed that I wasn't following him and the underbrush had hidden me, he stopped and I heard him yelling, "Hello, Svend, hello, where are you?"

I didn't answer for a moment or two and he got quite excited and yelled at the top of his voice. I was only a few yards from him and when I stepped out of the brush he began to bawl me out.

"Damn it!" he swore, "I thought you were lost. You want to be careful. It's easy to get lost in these woods. I don't want to be blamed for taking you out and getting you lost. You stay right close to me. I have been in these woods before," and so on.

I finally held up my hand and told him to follow me a while, which he did, for I had started off through the woods and Riley wouldn't have me lost for anything. In less than ten minutes we were out of the swamp and in sight of the camp, so we decided to go in and have dinner before doing any more hunting. I didn't say anything to Riley about his having lost his way, for I think he felt cheap enough as it was.

After dinner we struck out along the boundary line between U. S. Alaska and Canada. A sixty-foot slashing runs all the way along the line and we followed it, going most of the time on the fallen timber. I carried a shotgun and Riley a 30-40 rifle. He led the way, for he had been there before and was fond of leading, anyway. The morning's experiences didn't seem to have made much impression on him. Every hundred yards there was a stake that read "U. S." on one side and "Canada" on the other. They were wood, generally, and in almost every one of them marks of bear where they had dug their claws in and stretched themselves. In the scratches and behind slivers were black, brown and gray hairs where they had rubbed themselves against the roughly hewn posts. Riley was telling how he and a Corporal Dennis had killed a mother bear and two

cubs right along there. They had worn snowshoes, for it had been in the fall after the first snow came. Riley said that the bear came for him but that he stood his ground and pumped shot after shot into her. "She died with her forepaws in my snowshoes," he said, as if it were a common occurrence to him to have something thrilling happening.

Riley had been quiet for a while. We were crossing a small ravine on a big spruce log that lay across it like a bridge. Down in the bottom in a thicket of thorny devil-clubs lay a great big, brown bear fast asleep. Riley saw it first, so it was his shot, and I stopped still on the log while he flipped his gun to his shoulder and with incredible speed pumped five cartridges out of his gun! I was so astonished that I didn't think of shooting or I might have got the beast with my shotgun. I was close enough to it.

"I got him" Riley yelled exultantly, but he looked quite pale and threw his gun down on the monster. It landed squarely on his back and up he jumped, made a swipe at the gun with his paw, and then rushed down the ravine with amazing speed.

I was watching the bear and didn't see Riley fall backward off the log down among the devil-clubs, but there he was where the bear had been, all full of stickers and swearing like a Turk.

"After him, after him," he yelled to me. "He's wounded and will die in a little while."

Of course I didn't go after the bear and my partner became violently angry with me. I showed him the five unused cartridges and he eyed me suspiciously and said it was a poor joke to pull off a trick like that. He still believes that in some mysterious fashion I picked up the empty shells and hid them away to make him think that he hadn't fired.

It is evening now and we are back in Pleasant Camp. Riley is over at an old trapper's cabin, telling his adventures and woes. I am beginning to lose faith in the man.

I am sitting under a great big spruce and the sun has just glided behind a mountain to the northwest. It is about ten o'clock and time to go to sleep.

The headwaters of the Klihinah.
May 28, 1914.

We are only about ten miles from Pleasant Camp, for Riley is in no hurry and he considers himself the boss of this expedition.

He doesn't seem to know the country and I am beginning to suspect that he doesn't know a thing about prospecting and that this good thing we are heading for is largely imagination. I am sure he had never panned gold in his life before yesterday afternoon.

A young Englishman, who calls himself Roberts, came along yesterday and attached himself to our party. He and Riley became great chums right away and Riley asked him to go with us without consulting me about it.

We made camp on the bank of the Klihinah where a clear creek tumbles down the mountainside through a deep, winding canyon. While I cut spruce boughs for our bed, Riley and Roberts went down to the mouth of the creek to prospect. When I had the boughs all laid I went down to see what they were doing and found them lying flat on their bellies, grabbing for mica that was floating down over the bottom of the creek. They both thought it was gold. I laughed at them and Riley got very angry, but I didn't want to start a racket, so I said nothing and walked down the bank of the Klihinah to think it over. If Riley thought that those flakes of mica were gold, then he was an absolute greenhorn as to prospecting and had been stringing me along all the time. I wondered if I couldn't find a bit of gold-dust just to show the fellows what it looked like, so I went over to our camp, got a gold pan and walked down to where the river runs through a box canyon. I dug the dirt out of a couple of crevices and then panned it out in an eddy of the stream. As the gravel and sand became less

and less, I fancied I saw a speck of yellow now and then along the rim of the dirt, and sure enough when I got it concentrated down to black sand, there were quite a few small, yellow specks that were gold without a doubt. I was quite excited about it but at the same time I realized that it was very fine dust and that it would take a lot of it to make a dollar. But it was gold, anyway, and where there was a little there might be more. I dug out a few more crevices and after an hour or so of panning I had about ten cent's worth of gold in the pan. This I took up to the camp about a mile away. My pardner and Roberts were there and I asked Riley what kind of luck he had had.

"None," he said. "There's nothing here. The gold is so fine it floats. Can't catch it."

"Huh," said I, "that's pretty fine, all right. Want to see some gold?"

They both started but I could tell by the look on my pardner's face that he was sure that what I had wasn't gold. Who was I to be able to find gold when he couldn't? I suppose anybody has contempt for a fellow he plays for a sucker. I took my pan and put a little water in it, rotating it a bit to concentrate the gold where it would show up the best. They craned their necks over the pan and Riley snatched it away from me, took out his magnifying glass, inspected it closely and then said with great authority, "That's gold, where did you get it?"

"Oh, I got it in the ground," I said, "and there's a lot more there."

"Where? where in the ground, I asked you?" cried my partner.

"Why do you want to know now?" I asked. "Won't tomorrow be soon enough?"

"You won't tell me," he yelled, "and I thought you was my partner. Come on, Roberts, we'll go and take a look at the place. I know where it is all right." They disappeared in the brush, going down the river and I heard Roberts

ask, "How much was there in that pan, pal?" and Riley answered with conviction, "Ten dollars, if a cent."

They have been gone over two hours and it has given me a chance to write my diary. It is my chief companion these days. I didn't even have time to think of Marian to-day but I love her just the same.

Klihinah,
May 29, 1914.

This morning we had a rupture in camp. I didn't like this fellow Roberts in the first place—he's too fresh and too condescending in his manner for a person who is not self-supporting, so last night I decided that he had been here long enough. This morning I got up early and while the others were asleep I took all the guns out and cached them in the brush, except Robert's .22 rifle and my own .44 Colts automatic, which latter I strapped on my hip. Then I cooked a goodly breakfast of mush and hot cakes and roused the others. While they were eating I said to Roberts, "This is your last meal with us, Roberts. You'll have to go after breakfast. Two is company here but three is a crowd."

"What the hell do you mean?" they asked simultaneously, staring at me.

"I mean just what I say," I replied, and turning to face Riley squarely I said, "Roberts will have to go. I have stood enough from him and you. Since he's been here, you haven't had a decent word for me and that in spite of the fact that you are both eating at my table. It's got to stop and Roberts is going after breakfast."

I had guessed right, for Riley was looking around for his rifle and I was glad it wasn't there. Then he tried to bluff me but when he saw that I was not scared, he backed out and just talked and the end of it was that Roberts went back down the river. He no doubt thought it was because I had struck it rich somewhere and didn't want him in on it, for although he started down the river

all right, we saw him hanging around the woods all day watching us.

I had a heart to heart talk with Riley too this morning and I made him understand that if he didn't quit being so overbearing and begin to act like a partner and not a boss, I'd take my outfit and go back to Porcupine and work for wages.

"But what of the strike you have made?" he asked, and I told him that it could wait all right.

He, in turn, said that he had not meant to abuse me, that that was just the way he always was, and I advised him to change his way and become more accommodating.

I don't think that he would have been so quiet about it had he known where I had found the gold and where his gun was, for I think Riley is a bit of a desperado and would like to do something like holding a fellow up.

Later in the day when we had become good friends again I showed him where I had found the gold and how a man can get gold dust out of crevices, and when he wanted to stake a claim right in the box canyon, I explained to him that it was better to trace the gold to get nearer to its source. Evidently Riley has never prospected for placer gold for he had no suggestions to offer and was quite willing to do as I suggested. So, during the afternoon, we worked up stream, panning here and there. There was gold in the crevices and in the gravel banks above the canyon. Not much but a little everywhere. I decided that we had discovered a large body of low grade placer ground with a prospect for anything, and at the mouth of the small creek we were camped on I staked "Discovery" and Riley staked "No. One Below." Of course we are partners and he has half interest in my claim and I in his. It may not amount to anything but we'll give it a try for it might pay.

Roberts has built a campfire about a mile and a half below our claims. I can see the smoke of it through the tree tops.

Klihinah,
June 1, 1914.

Riley and I went to Pleasant Camp yesterday. On the way we met Roberts and a boy named Carr, with whom he has joined forces. They are going to stake near us they said.

In Pleasant Camp we met some of my friends out on a camping trip with some of their friends. The missionary and the school teacher of Klukwan were with them and I told them confidentially that my partner and I had staked, and that, although we only had a prospect so far, there was a good chance of our finding something better. If they cared to take a chance and spend the few dollars that it took to record a claim, I said I would help them do the staking. They all came out with us, eight of them, and we were very busy that evening staking claims and chopping lines. My friends are enthusiastic about it, and as some of them know a good deal about placer gold, I am beginning to think that we have struck it rich.

This morning I was standing by my prospect hole holding a small skin bag full of black sand in my hand talking to the missionary. We were discussing some black sand with platinum in it that was valued at eighteen thousand dollars a ton, when Roberts and Carr came past. As they disappeared I heard Roberts say excitedly, "He's got eighteen thousand dollars already."

I don't know where Roberts and Carr have staked. My friends have staked above and below "Discovery" and we have seen no sign of their stakes anywhere. To-night some of the men are going to Haines, and I have sent word to my friends to come up if they care to take the chance of losing a few dollars. There's going to be a lot of money made on this strike if it turns out to be good. And if it does, if I can make a stake this summer, I can go down and ask Marian to come up to God's country with me. But I am not so confident as the others that we'll get rich. Man seldom gets anything without working for it.

CHAPTER VI

A POOR PARDNER

Klihinah,
June 10, 1914.

THERE is a stampede on and everybody in the country is here or on the way. I sent word to some of my friends and they came right away but that wasn't what made the stampede. Roberts and Carr got excited and told about the strike in Glacier Camp and Porcupine, saying that I had already taken out eighteen thousand dollars and that they had seen some of the gold. I had a big poke full when they last saw me, they said. Then they went on to spread the news in Klukwan and Haines.

The boys in the mining camps took no stock in it at first, for they knew that I had been gone only a few days, but when they saw some of my friends secretly preparing to go, they, too, got the fever and every man in the mining camps of that locality quit his job and rushed up the river pell mell for the diggings, seventeen miles away. They came in bunches, rushing up to the fast growing camp and inquiring where they could stake. Two men had made a hurried map of the Klihinah and vicinity and the claims already staked and they charged five dollars per man to show him where to stake. They made a lot of money, those two fellows.

For the next few days people just poured from down the river. When they reached Haines, Roberts and Carr had it that I had eighteen thousand dollars in nuggets and that they had both seen them. The telephones began to ring and at 1 A. M. three-fourths of the population was on the way, some on horse, some with wagons, but most of them on foot. Of course it is fifty-seven miles up here and

many of them turned back before they had gone very far, but enough reached here to stake the whole river for several miles up and down. Nobody has found any gold to speak of yet and there is a lot of disappointment going around. Some of them thought that they could kick the nuggets out of the grass roots anywhere up here and they are pretty sore. I heard a man who was coming through with a pack train say that it was a shame to get all those people up there that way and he even went so far as to hint that fellows like me who started stampedes ought to be put behind the bars.

There are all sorts of types here, from mere boys to old, tried prospectors, but most of the men are from the mining camps in the Porcupine district. The people from town come, stake their claims, growl about it and go back down again, but the men from the camps have started to dig in several places. They have formed in groups of three or four and are digging in from the banks of the river. One man has found a two dollar nugget and another has found a ten cent piece. One old fellow, a trapper, found a small pocket, and took out twenty dollars in dust and very small pieces. These men that are digging are not kicking at all. It is the ones who do nothing that have so much fault to find with the camp.

The worst of it is that they are blaming me for their misfortunes. The good Lord knows that I didn't intend to start a stampede. However, I have a good prospect here and everything may turn out well for me after all if I keep a-digging. I have been working on a cross cut from the bank of the river up a small bench. My object is to find an old channel of the river, which I am sure is up there on the bench. I pan a little now and then as I go along and have found gold everywhere, but not enough to make it pay working by hand.

Riley doesn't help me. He's not the working kind. He goes around among the idlers and brags about how we discovered the diggings. He is a poor partner to have and

I wish I could get rid of him. To-morrow I must go down to Klukwan for supplies and I'll have to start early, so I'd better get some sleep.

Klihinah,
June 15, 1914.

Many things have happened the last few days and I am a little poorer for them. When I reached Porcupine on the way to Klukwan, I met Mr. Jackson. He seemed very glad to see me, but he said that the superintendent was as sore as a boil at me for starting the stampede and taking all the men away from his camp. I felt bad about this so I explained how it had happened and Jackson believed me all right but he had his doubts about changing the super's mind about it.

In Klukwan they were very good to me and I bought a hundred dollar's worth of grub and tools, though it took my very last cent. Then I borrowed their team and wagon and started for the diggings early in the morning. An Indian went with me to take the team back home.

We had no trouble until we came to the Jarvis river, which we had to cross. It had been a hot day and the glacier-fed river was high and swift. There's a foot bridge across and I should have carried the supplies over it and then pulled the wagon over empty, but it was getting late and Pleasant Camp, where I intended to stay over night, was only a mile away so I didn't like the idea of unloading and loading again. I took a chance and drove off into the swiftly running glacier stream. The horses had crossed this place several times before and were willing enough, but the water was deeper that I had expected and it reached up to the horses' bellies. In the middle we struck a rock and the wagon came to a standstill crossways in the river, the water pushing against the box and splashing in over the top. I used the whip and then everything happened. The horses lunged, the doubletree snapped in the middle, the horses jumped ahead, I tried to hold them and was

dragged off the seat and through the river to the opposite bank. Joe, the Indian, jumped off when the current turned the wagon and crawled out on the bank a little below me. The wagon rolled over and over, going gently down the river spilling the entire load. Then the king bolt came out and it parted in the middle, the hind part being washed up on one side of the river and the front part on the other, while the wagon box floated down half a mile and stranded on a gravel bar in the middle of the river. Most of the load was gone and the little of it I found was practically ruined. The Indian and I got what things we could find together, and, with the help of the horses set up the wagon again, using a piece of wire in place of the king bolt. Then we drove wearily up to Pleasant Camp.

The next morning I sent the Indian back to Klukwan with a letter telling how it had all happened, saying that I would pay for the damages when I could. I had expected to sell some of the grub to several parties in our camp and they were disappointed and left the place, going down for good. Riley was very angry and disgusted with me and didn't cease telling me what I should have done till I shook my fist in his face and told him to shut up or I would smash it for him.

The superintendent from Porcupine came up and looked the ground over. Almost everybody in the camp came to hear his opinion and he, after a careful survey of the ground and the formation thereabouts, pronounced that there was nothing there but a little native scattered gold. He said they had known about it for a long time and if it had been worth while to mine, it would have been taken up and worked long ago. "It'll never pay," he ended. That ended the stampede and most of the men went down to Haines or to work in the mines.

Before the superintendent started away, I saw him talking to Riley and wondered what on earth they could be talking about, for while Riley had worked in Porcupine, the super had but little use for the lazy, worthless fellow.

Yet I think I found out the next morning, for Riley carried his gun around all the time and growled and kicked continually about this and that. During the forenoon he was over on his claim measuring it by pacing. Then at dinner time he came in particularly foul-mouthed and abusive. I had cheated him he swore, cheated him out of twenty feet of ground and squeezed one of my friends in on him. This exasperated me beyond measure, for I knew he was wrong. We had some sizzling hot words on the subject that brought onlookers from several nearby camps. Riley turned ashly pale and ran for his rifle leaning against a tree.

"You'll beat me up, will you?" he screamed, snatching the gun and blazing away from the hip. Bang, bang, twice he shot, and then the chamber blocked. It was a wonder that he missed me. I was a little scared, but I had been so angry that the chief effect of this was to calm me down. I could have rushed him while the gun was jammed. Maybe I didn't do it because I was afraid to, but I hardly think that was the reason. My better judgment told me to take it easy.

"Put your gun away," I said as calmly as I could, "and we'll go and measure your claim."

He was quiet now and very pale and because he was afraid that I would take his gun away, he backed out of reach. I got a tape line and with one of the bystanders measured Riley's claim while he sat with his rifle across his knees watching us with a satisfied expression on his face. He was making me measure his claim at the point of a gun.

Of course I was right as to the measurements. After the thing was all over, Riley went off up the river somewhere. When he came back, he rolled up his blankets and beat it down the river, saying nothing to any one. That was yesterday. I am alone now and am spending all the time possible on the hole. It seems that the farther I get from the brink of the river, the less gold I find. If I can get

some boards to make a sluice box, I think I'll try running some gravel through and see how much I get that way.

Klihinah,
June 20, 1914.

Things are about the same as when I last wrote. I have been sluicing for the last two days. There is a lot of slimy clay in the gravel and the gold is hard to catch because it hangs in the clay and goes out through the box with the rest of the tailings and I only get a little of it. I found one piece worth about fifty cents to-day and two worth about eight cents and ten cents yesterday, so there is no doubt that the gold is here if I can only save it. Who knows how many pieces have rolled down the box, sticking to a lump of clay? I clean up every evening and, from the estimates of the miners here, I made about three dollars the first day and two the second. Most of the men have gone away and the camp looks deserted, but it is a relief to have no bickering and quarreling.

A Swede came up yesterday, sent by one of my friends, to tell me that the super at Porcupine might try to get me into trouble. My friend had overheard a discussion between the Porcupine superintendent and the manager of a big mining company near by and the two men had agreed that they must see to it that I didn't start another stampede, as they had already been delayed far too much in their summer's work. Of course I'm sorry if their work is delayed, but I see no reason at all for these men to miss the chance to make a stake that might mean the changing of their whole lives, just to save those managers a little delay. Later, if I struck it rich, a lot of men would come to the country and they would have all the men they wanted. No matter what they do, I am going to keep on working my claim just the same.

But I am afraid I won't get rich this time. I have had a splendid experience, however, that is worth more than mere money; but in the meantime, my home building has

been delayed. But perhaps it is better that way. Perhaps I have not grown up enough to be a husband and father.

Klihinah,
July 1, 1914.

I received another letter from Marian to-day. It was a long, sweet letter that filled me with confidence that everything will come out for the best. Even though things look almost hopeless here, I do not fear failure.

If I don't strike richer ground here soon, I will have to quit working, for my grub supply is getting low. If I only had some adequate tools, I am sure it would pay to work the claim. I need a five inch pipe line about two hundred feet long, a good long sluice box and a little powder to get rid of the large bowlders. But I haven't got them and I have no chance of getting them, except by borrowing money from my friends, and that I will not do. So I am afraid I shall have to seek a job soon. I am not making more than a dollar and a half a day, and part of that is only guess work. The gold is so fine that I have to use mercury to catch it and that is an uncertain business at best. I have a saturated solution of mercury and gold, if one can call it that; anyway, it is mercury with as much gold as it will hold, a lump of the consistency of putty and about as large as a walnut, and it has been estimated to be worth twenty dollars. I tried to retort some of it by placing it in a frying pan over the fire. I had been told that thus the quicksilver would evaporate and leave the gold, but it didn't work, for the darned stuff spluttered and most of it jumped into the fire and was lost some way. I didn't see how it happened, for the fumes of mercury are poison and the wind in among the spruce trees blew from all directions; so, after I had placed the pan where it couldn't tip over, I ran to where there was no danger of any fumes reaching me. When I got back, the gold had all jumped out of the pan. One of the miners here said that it was because there was grease on the pan, and another

said it was because the pan was too hot; anyway, I am not going to try that any more. I hate to think of quitting the claim before I have to, for I never can tell but that there is a chunk of gold as big as my head in the next shovelful, and so I work on and work on as fast as I can all day long, but I don't get anything bigger than a ten cent piece.

It has started to rain the last few days, just pours down, and there is no controlling the water in my ditch. My sluice box kept washing away to-day and I had to stop sluicing. The small creek on my claim is a regular river and roars down the mountainside with a mighty voice. One of the old timers, who has lived in this part of the country for a long time, says that this will last for a month or more and that is why it is called the Rainy Hollow country. I surely hope it will quit, for I want to work and take out a few more dollars. I tried to get a job in Porcupine the other day, but I was told to get off the company's ground.

They wouldn't give me credit in the store so I traded some dust for flour and bacon and went back to my diggings. There are only five men here now, all the rest having gone away disappointed. Life is a peculiar thing. A few weeks ago everybody thought I was a benefactor and a smart man, but now they curse me or laugh at the fool up on the Klihinah. I feel as if I hadn't a friend in the world, but I know that isn't so. It is only the rain drumming on the tent, my wet clothes and the wet, wet world without, that makes me think so. But her letter, that is warmth and sunshine, yes, and dryness, even if I am a failure.

Klihinah,
July 20, 1914.

Well, I have a new partner. He is an American named Matt, just a boy about twenty years old. He has blue eyes and yellow hair and is a good kid.

It has been raining for the last two weeks and I haven't

done any work to speak of and that means that I haven't made anything. In fact, I have lost my twenty dollar's worth of amalgam. I had it lying outside of my tent on a bench and one morning it was gone. I think some one took it, some one who was going out and wanted something to show from the stampede. So we have, Matt and I, only about ten dollars in dust. When the rain stops we will dig a little while longer and see what we can make and then maybe we will mush over the Dalton trail to the interior and seek a job. Matt is expecting his brother Earl out this way and if he comes he may join forces with us and we will be quite a caravan.

Klihinah,
July 27, 1914.

It is all off with the gold camp now. For the last few days only Matt and I have been here. The only other party that stayed here was broken up by the leader shooting himself in the foot accidentally with his own rifle. We packed him out four days ago and the river and the woods are now as quiet again as they were when I first came here. To-day I saw a black bear rooting around where a few days ago stood a small village of tents, and the grouse are scratching and feeding in the man-made clearings.

Matt's brother Earl came up yesterday and with the last of my gold dust and a little of Earl's money we bought enough to take up to White Horse, Yukon Territory. We are starting day after to-morrow. To-morrow morning I shall run down to Porcupine with our last mail before we go.

There will be no trains to beat any longer nor even a chance to ride on a wagon, for after we leave the Rainy Hollow there will only be a footpath for a couple of hundred miles till we reach the Champaigne country, so Matt says, anyway, and he is the only one of the three who has been up that way. I will not be able to send my diary to Marian as I have been doing, but I shall write just the

same as I go along and when I get to a post-office I shall send the whole works. I shall think of her often and even though I have failed to accomplish what I intended to this summer, I dare dream of her in a quiet little cabin somewhere that will be our home.

CHAPTER VII

SHEEP HUNTING

White Horse, Y. T.,
Aug. 12, 1914

SOME time has again elapsed and my diary has not been touched. I am sitting on the brink of the mighty river that flows from here two thousand miles through the north before it reaches the ocean. It is a fine clear day and the light breeze is fanning me to keep the mosquitoes away as I write the experiences of the trip across the mountains and through the country. White Horse lies on the brink of the river and is surrounded by woods and mountains, but they are not like the mountains of the coast, they are not so steep and high and there are no glaciers on them. They are rounded and the tops of them are bare of woods. They lie far apart with broad valleys covered with heavy forests of jack pine and spruce.

We left the diggings on the Klihinah on the 29th of July early in the morning, the three of us, Matt, Earl and I, each carrying an equal amount of grub and our blankets. But my load was the heaviest by twenty-five pounds for I carried my rubber boots, extra shoe packs and clothes. My partners thought this was very foolish and I admitted it several times to myself on the way.

Everything went smoothly the first few days and we mushed right along in the best of humor, helping each other make the camp at night and being very sociable generally. On the third day it began to rain and we became soaking wet. Then we lost the trail and Earl, who was the youngest, being only seventeen, lost his nerve and wanted to go back. We argued about it and pitched camp

because we couldn't decide what to do. Finally I left the camp and climbed to the top of a nearby heap of rocks from which I could see over the crest of the ridge and into a long, broad valley with the river in the center of it running to the east. When I told them what I had seen Matt said it was the Alsik river, and once there we could not get lost. So we struck camp and mushed on, our blankets twice as heavy as they had been on account of the rain. Earl kept yammering about wild goose chases and the foolishness of going so far for a job, but in the afternoon when the sun came out and we could see the Alsik valley spread out before us, he brightened up and became quite jolly.

We camped on a broad bench about a thousand feet above the river. There was a grove of spruce and jack pine and a little rushing creek that tumbled down over the bowlders in a small crooked canyon nearby. It was very beautiful and wonderful to behold; the silver river winding its way through the broad valley, spotted with groves of conifers and patches of willow brush with here and there wide grassy meadows. We could see mountain sheep grazing on the mountainside across the river and by the very edge of the stream we could see a big bear browsing along, looking for salmon, I suppose. I wanted to write to Marian and tell her how wonderful it was but Earl kept talking all the evening about this and that, asking me a hundred questions, and when he finally let me write, the inspiration had passed and I am afraid I shall never be able to describe the beautiful place and the impression it made on me. Such color and such light! The sun set beneath a rounded mountain and I wondered about her and what she was doing just then and if she were asleep and dreaming of the northland.

We decided to go sheep hunting the next day. In the early morning when daylight was still hazy and gray, I was up and about and had ptarmigan frying over the fire and rice boiling in the pot while the two boys were making a

small cache in a branchy tree nearby. We got an early start and soon we had made our way up the brushy canyon to the clear benches above. The sun shone glittering in millions of dewdrops. We were quite wet from pushing through the brush but once we gained the open bench the warm sun dried us. On the side of a round, grass-covered, sun-bathed hill seven white objects moved slowly along. They were mountain sheep browsing. We halted and discussed the situation. There was no wind at all so that was not to be taken into consideration. Matt decided to leave Earl on this side watching the herd while he went around to the other side and I went around to the back and climbed over the top and came down on them. We were all going to slip up as close to them as we could and when I got ready I was to fire at the center of the flock, Earl was to take the lower and Matt the upper sheep. Matt and I cautioned Earl to wait at least half an hour before he moved, as it would take us that long to reach our respective positions, and then we set off at a run. The ground was cut up where the hill faced the river and it took us longer than we expected. We hurried over gullies and humps and rock slides and all kinds of delaying obstacles in a frantic hurry, because we knew that Earl was anxious to shoot and that it was doubtful if he would wait half an hour before moving up on the game. Our fears were justified, for no sooner were we on the other side of the hill than the dull report of a rifle shot sounded from the other side of the mountain. Matt swore and threw his rifle on the ground, damning all kid brothers. I was thoroughly disgusted, too, for I would also have liked to get a shot at them. I kept my eyes peeled, however, and sure enough, around the crest of the hill came the seven sheep at a gallop right down towards us. We ducked in among a jumbled heap of bowlders.

"I'll take the first," I whispered, as the flock came leaping on. They passed above us within a hundred yards, making for a long bench below. Both of us blazed away. Matt

got his sheep with the first shot but I had to fire a second time before mine fell, tumbling over and over down a steep rock slide, landing within thirty feet of where we were hidden.

Earl felt pretty cheap about it. He said that the herd had seen him as soon as he had started towards them when the half hour was up and had started off at a run. He had taken a shot at them anyway and said one of them had fallen but had gotten up and kept running. Some rocks were in the way and he didn't have another chance to shoot. Of course we were satisfied with the way the hunt had turned out, so we didn't reprimand the kid for having tried to bag the whole hunt for himself.

We had sheep chops for dinner and for supper and for breakfast the next morning and it was the most delicious meat that I ever tasted. It was the only meat that I have ever eaten that I could eat a whole meal of with nothing else to go with it. And the best of it is that the fat is as good as the lean.

I strapped a half sheep on my pack when we started on our way again and the boys each took a hind quarter, so we had lots of meat the rest of the way.

Somehow I was awfully grouchy on that trip. The pack was too heavy and my shoulders and back ached. Earl kept asking the darndest questions all the time.

"That's a spruce tree, isn't it? There's a creek over there in that gulch, isn't there? That last creek we crossed was pretty muddy, wasn't it?" and so on indefinitely, and I would nod my head and say, "Yes" and "Uh huh" and "Yes" all day long. One day I turned and glared at him in exasperation and shouted: "Isn't it! don't it! ain't it! won't it! shouldn't it, ought to have been! Holy, suffering saints! Can't you give a man a rest? Are you crazy?"

The boy looked at me in surprise and said, "No, but I think you are. Your pack is getting pretty heavy, isn't it?"

Well, I suppose I was impatient and intolerant. The kid was all right and if anybody was doing wrong, it was I

because I was so grouchy, yet, at the time I felt as if that boy had done me a grievous wrong. I explained carefully, or as carefully as I could, for I was almost boiling over with wrath, that I wanted to do a little thinking of my own and I asked him not to ask so many questions or to ask Matt if there was anything he wanted to know. But, alas, there was no curbing that lad's inquiring nature. It wasn't ten minutes before he started on a new chapter of questions and remarks, with questioning "ain't its" behind. I got so exasperated that I stayed behind almost all the way and was grouchy and sullen at meal times and in the evenings.

It is plain to be seen that I was in no mood to write a diary for the girl that I loved, after such days, so the detailed experiences of this trip will never be written. We saw many trails of caribou, moose and bear and we saw many sheep on the hillsides and we had all the rabbits, ptarmigan and grouse that we cared to shoot and eat.

At Klukshoo Lake the Stick Indians were camped for the salmon fishing. This lake is a spawning ground for the Alsik sockeye salmon and the natives were having a great time. We learned from them of the war that had started.

"Skookum fight," one of them said with a leer. "Pretty soon all white men fight. Indian man kill rest," and he leered again and swung a rifle about his head. He was under the influence of liquor and I did not take much stock in what he was saying. It seemed so impossible that one civilized nation would declare war upon another, and I was greatly shocked when I learned that it was really a world war.

I forgot to tell about Dalton Post. We came there on the sixth day in the evening. We were on the wrong side of the river so Matt fired his gun three times and soon three squaws broke out of the bushes and came chattering down to the edge of the river, looking across at us. They held some kind of a confab and then went back into the

brush and dragged a canoe out. Two of them got in and with long poles brought the craft across the river. One of them was young and very beautiful and she could speak a little English.

"Where you come from?" the young squaw asked as soon as they had worked the canoe close to the bank in an eddy of the current.

"Klihinah," Matt answered. "Big gold camp."

"You know Hootsklahoo?" the girl asked eagerly; a girl she was, not more than seventeen. She looked inquiringly at me and Matt shook his head.

In 1912 when I was on a hunting trip up the Chilkat River, I met several of the Stick Indians and hunted sheep and goats with them. They dubbed me Hootsklahoo. I don't know just what it means, but I know that "Hoots" means bear and I have been told that Hootsklahoo meant red moose. Still, I think that if the person who told me that had said brown bear, he would have come nearer the truth, for when I let my beard grow a month, I look more like a bear than a human. I might as well tell the rest of it while I am about it. I was going up the road from Klukwan to Wells where my camp was, when I came upon an Indian woman leaning against a tree by the side of the road. As I passed her I thought she looked mighty sick but it would not be good manners to stop and ask the health of a strange squaw, so I hurried on. She was barefooted and her feet were bleeding, and the pathetic droop of her shoulders bothered my conscience. It seemed as if I ought at least to have asked her if there was not something that I could do for her. Finally I stopped and looked back. She was still standing by the tree with her shoulders drooping. I went over to her and asked if she was sick. Yes, she was, she answered in good English. She had gone to Klukwan to visit some relatives and they had been drinking to celebrate. She had not tasted whiskey for a long time and the Thlinket squaws had made her drunk and had taken her shoes away from her and then driven

her out in the woods at night. Now she was on her way to where her people, the Sticks, were camped near Wells. Naturally, I felt very sorry for her and I hated to see her go barefooted on those bleeding feet. So I looked at my own feet encased in government shoe packs (I was a soldier at the time) and I thought that it was less than a mile to my camp. Also, I realized that I would have to pay two dollars and a half for a new pair and I wondered what kind of a lie I would tell when I had to explain the loss of my packs to my captain. But I sat down and took my shoes off and gave them to the squaw. Then I trotted up the road to my camp, sneaked into my tent the back way, and got a pair of shoes on before any of the other fellows noticed me. I told my captain that I had taken my shoe packs off to wade in after a duck and had not been able to find them again and I managed to make that stick. Of course the squaw told about it to the rest of the Sticks and when I became acquainted with them a few days later they showed their friendship by taking me out hunting with them and treating me as one of them. Paddy, their chief, had said that if I ever came to Dalton Post he would give me his daughter in marriage, and I had said that I might take him up on that some time.

So it happened that the Indian girl asked for Hootsklahoo, and looked inquiringly at me. "Hootsklahoo, Indian call him. He big red man," she pointed to her hair. "Make big stampede. You know?"

We all shook our heads but I couldn't help smiling at her, but also I was a bit embarrassed when she pointed an accusing finger at me and said, "I know. You Hootsklahoo."

We stepped into the canoe and sat down in the bottom while the two squaws poled us across. When we reached the other shore two big Indians came running down the trail. They had been out hunting and had heard our shots. They were Paddy and Casey and they thought that I had

come to stay. When I told them that I was only going through and intended to stay for one night, they were very much disappointed.

Paddy took us to his cabin and made us comfortable. His wife did the cooking and Princess, his daughter, chopped wood outside and carried water. She was not allowed in the house while we were there. Matt and Earl went out to find a place to make a camp for the night and perhaps to get another look at the pretty Indian maid, but I stayed with the Indians, for I could see that there was something Paddy wanted to tell me. After we had talked of the trail and the game and the gold camp, he took me outside and showed me a nice warm cabin all furnished with blankets and everything.

"I give you," he said, "You give my wife eighty dollars. You marry Princess. I give you house, traps, I give you everything. Princess not my daughter, she old chief's daughter. I marry chief's squaw when he die. She my daughter—I give you free. My wife want eighty dollar." He shrugged his shoulders, indicating that he could do nothing about that, then he brightened up again. "You pay next winter. Plenty fur. Plenty time to pay. My wife want Princess marry you."

But I told him that it couldn't be, that I had a white girl who was waiting for me and that I had promised to marry her. He caught me looking at Princess as she went by with a large piece of meat and he nodded knowingly to me and said, "You come back sometime. I know. You come back." Of course I have no desire to come back, nevertheless it made me embarrassed when Princess peeped at me through the window, or through the crack in the door. But at the same time it made me a little angry when Matt said in a whisper, "Look at that girl making eyes at me. She's a peach ain't she?"

Early the next morning we left Dalton Post. We arrived last night, and now we are camping in a canyon outside

of town, for we haven't money enough to rent a cabin. We are going to try to get work in the copper mines here, or cutting wood. These two jobs are about the only ones a stranger can hope to get.

CHAPTER VIII

DOWN TO MY LAST CENT

White Horse,
Aug. 14, 1914.

THE wheel of Fortune seems to have turned against me. I came here confident of getting a job, I have never before seen the time when I couldn't get a job somewhere, but it seems that at last I have come to that point. I tried the mines—they had all the men they wanted. I tried the woods, a dozen wood camps—nothing doing. And I have only a very few dollars left. I sold the very last of my gold dust, and received four dollars and sixty cents, and that is my whole capital except my guns, my blankets, and my cooking outfit. I would gladly mush to somewhere to seek a job, but at this time of the year most of the camps are about to close down for the winter. I would mush down the Yukon to Dawson, but that is a long way to go on four dollars, and besides, I have been told that if a man is found broke and begging there in the fall, the police put him in jail and keep him chopping wood for the city all winter. Now I wouldn't mind chopping wood for a living, but I do object to the jail part of it, so I guess I won't go there.

White Horse,
Aug. 30, 1914.

I received a letter from Marian to-day. It was forwarded from Haines and mighty glad I am that there is at least something in the world to cheer me up. My spirit weakens at times, but her letters always rekindle the fires of ambition and give me new hope.

There is no work here, absolutely no work. I couldn't get a job if I offered my services for my board alone. There is only so much work to do, and they have lots of men who live right here, to do it. I put in a few hours on a job longshoring, when the steamship company was in a hurry to get a boat unloaded, and if it hadn't been for that and for my rifle that I got ten dollars for, I would have been begging by now. Things surely cost something up here. One can't get a meal in a restaurant for less than seventy-five cents, and not a good meal for less than a dollar and a half.

Matt and Earl went away down a river to a fox ranch to try to get a job. They took their things along, so I suppose they are not coming back and I am all alone in my canyon lair at night. I must confess that I have been pretty down hearted and I was even considering going back to Dalton Post, but that letter put all such thoughts out of my head.

A man who looked like a detective came up to me on the street yesterday and began conversation about the war. I told him that I was a Dane and that I was naturally pro-English, but I thought the whole thing was a darned shame. He asked me where I lived and I said, "Oh, just out of town a ways."

He looked at me very suspiciously and it made me feel queer. I don't blame him for being suspicious, however. It must seem queer to any one that I should live outside of town in a canyon like a beast of prey. I have inquired round about what a man gets for begging and I have heard that the Royal Northwestern Mounted Police generally keep a man in jail chopping wood all winter when he is caught begging in the fall.

White Horse,
Aug. 25, 1914.

Well, I have to leave here. One of the redcoats came up to me yesterday morning just when I had come to town

and asked me where I had come from. I told him and also said that I was looking for a job and asked him to let me know if he learned of anybody wanting a man. I would do anything, I told him, because I was about broke.

"Take a tip from me, kid," he said, "and beat it away from here while the beating is good. The captain has seen you and he doesn't like to have any down-and-outers around town. We have orders to keep an eye on you and we may have orders to pinch you at any time."

I haven't done anybody any harm. Nor have I stolen anything, but I have only a dollar and a half in my pocket, and I suppose that is more or less of a crime. I can see why a community like White Horse doesn't like to have bums hanging around and I suppose that I have no business being broke. Yet I am and I can see breakers ahead. This morning after I had cooked the last of my oatmeal and had eaten my breakfast, I heard somebody coming up the canyon through the brush. Had the constable not warned me yesterday I wouldn't have thought anything about it, but as it was I grabbed my mackinaw and hat and sneaked into the heavy underbrush up one bank of the canyon. I got to a place where I could lie under a lot of small spruce brush and look right down on my camp.

Two redcoats and a man in civilian clothes came sneaking up the path. When they found the camp empty, the civilian cursed roundly. He ordered the two constables around and they searched the brush up and down the canyon but found no trace of where I had gone. "He can't get away from us," I heard the officer say, and then they rolled up my blankets and my outfit and took the whole works along with them. I don't know what they want with me but I am afraid they are short of wood choppers, and to work all winter for my board, being in jail to boot, is more than I want. They didn't act as if they wished me well, so I guess I won't call for my blankets. I am hiding in a deserted cabin out a mile or so from town and to-night when it gets dark I am going to take a chance, go into the

town and buy some grub with my last money, then start down the track for Skagway. I have nothing but the clothes I have on and I am wanted. That last thrills me. It seems like a game that I am playing.

Skagway, Alaska.
Aug. 28,1914.

When a man starts sliding down hill in society, he has a hard time to stop. I have been sliding and I am still going. I got some canned beans and some hardtack for my last money in White Horse the night of the 25th. I heard the storekeeper telephone to the police that I was in his store. He served me and tried to keep me in his place but I told him that I was going to Dawson and was in a hurry to start, then I ran as fast as I could out of town and into the woods. I was being really hunted now. Hunted like a criminal! I kept in the edge of the woods till I reached the railroad track and then I struck out towards Skagway, one hundred and eleven miles away.

I hurried along all night and the next morning. At nine o'clock I came to a good sized town. It was Carcross or Caribou and I had traveled forty-six miles. I wanted to go around the town but I had to come through part of it, for the railroad crosses a bridge where Lake Bennett runs into Lake Caribou, and there was only one other bridge and that right by the railroad bridge. But no one paid any attention to me as I went across and out into the country again. I slept on the soft moss under a jack pine and after a few hours felt greatly rested, ate a bite and hurried on. By evening I had traveled twenty-five miles more and was in Bennett.

I was thoroughly tired now and when I saw that a freight train was about to pull out, I was glad for I thought that I could get a ride the rest of the forty odd miles to Skagway. I hid in the yard between two box cars, but when the train started a redcoat came along the track and stood

a few paces from where I was lying, watching the train pull out.

In spite of the fact that I hadn't done any harm, I was afraid of that constable and had he seen me and tried to pinch me, I had my mind all made up to jump on him, take his gun away from him, and run. But luckily for me he went back after the train pulled out, not suspecting that any one who would have stolen a ride was around. I watched him go and saw that he was joined by another constable who had been watching the other side of the train and I knew that there was no chance of making a train out of Bennett. I took to my heels again as soon as they were out of sight and was soon safely out in the wilderness once more.

From Bennett the railroad runs up a steep grade to the White Pass and then it drops down to the sea through a deep, long, winding canyon. As I neared the coast, the weather, which had been excellent all the way, became windy, chill and wet. It started to rain and later to snow and I was soon wet to the skin. I had intended to find some place out in the woods where I could get out of the wind and build a fire, but as it grew darker and darker, I found that it would be futile to try to camp comfortably anywhere without tent or blanket. I made up my mind to make the rest of the forty miles to Skagway before stopping. I did try to catch a few winks of sleep under a railroad bridge where there was some shelter, but I was soon frozen out and had to keep going to keep warm. Up on the barren wastes of the White Pass the wind drove the rain so hard that I could hardly make headway against it. It was dark and cold and I was all alone there in the night, making my way against the elements. I had to keep on for there was no shelter till I came to the summit of the pass, eighteen miles from Skagway. I could not stay there for that is the boundary line and there are custom officers and redcoats.

I have always been a fast walker but I believe I made a

record that night. When the track was in the shelter of the towering cliffs and mountains so the wind could not sweep so hard, I ran with long strides. I was tired, so tired that my legs were numb and they did not hurt at all. I reached the summit some time in the night. There was a long station house that was altogether unlighted and deserted, but there was a smaller house with a lighted room. I moved silently up to the window. A constable was sitting by the stove, a paper on his lap. He was asleep. It looked very warm and comfortable in there. A dog barked. The constable stirred, and opening his eyes, looked directly at me. I ducked and ran down the track through long, pitch dark snowsheds, over bridges, crossing deep gorges where the wind tore at me till I lay down and crawled on hands and knees, for fear I'd be blown off. The down hill grade was steep, so steep that it made traveling much easier than it had been. It took no effort at all to run.

I came to a station with five or six houses around it. The last mile stone had read seven, that meant seven miles to Skagway. I had traveled one hundred and four miles, with only a couple of hours rest and I was very, very tired. A shack stood a little way from the track. In the moonlight it looked like some kind of a barn or storehouse. I tiptoed cautiously up to it. I wanted to find a place to sleep. The door was closed and had a padlock on it. I went to the back and found a window. It didn't look like a barn window I thought but I had to find a place to sleep out of the cold and wet, so I shoved it up and found a stick to hold it open, lying on the window sill. I crawled in as quietly as I could and struck a match. I was in a kitchen. There were lots of pots and pans hanging on the wall and a big cooking range stood by. I was about to lie down and sleep on the floor but on second thought I decided to see what was in the next room, to be sure no one was in the house. I tiptoed in through the open door and struck another match. There was a bed and a man and a woman lay close together fast asleep. I had a vision of

their waking up to find me standing there, so I put out my match and silently left the room and went out through the window to the wet, cold night. I shall never enter a house again in that fashion.

I walked wearily down the track again. My feet had been wet all night and now they were giving out. At the three mile post I gave up the struggle and crawled into a lot of brush at the foot of a giant cottonwood and fell asleep immediately.

I awoke in the middle of the day, sore in limb and soul. It was raining and blowing and I had a hard time to get warmed up. When I left the army, some of the boys had given me a small nugget pin as a keepsake. I hated to part with it but I had to eat, so I hocked it with a jeweler for a dollar and a half and I had a good big feed and a long sleep in a real bed.

To-day I feel better and shall look around for work. I have only fifty cents left but there is a boat in to-night and I might get a job longshoring. If I ever get a job again, I shall stay with it till I have enough money to justify my quitting.

CHAPTER IX

A FALSE MOVE

Aug. 30, 1914.
Out in the woods,

I AM out in the woods but I am not happy. I am a very miserable man, for I have forfeited all right to consider myself a good enough man to expect to be considered decent at all. It's up to her to judge if I am still eligible to be her suitor. I want her to know just how it happened.

On the night before yesterday I tried to get a job longshoring on a passenger boat, but there were a lot more men than there were jobs, so naturally I didn't get on, being a new man. I didn't buy a bed that night because I had only fifty cents, so I slept in an empty cabin. It was cold but much better than out of doors and I was very thankful for it. I had only eaten one meal the day before and yesterday morning I bought a fifteen cent loaf of bread and had bread and water for breakfast. It rained and blew all during the day and I was so miserable that I stayed in the cabin and read some old magazines that lay round about on the floor. Toward evening a man came past and saw me in there.

"What are you doing there?" he asked and eyed me suspiciously.

"I'm just killing time. I am broke and looking for work." I felt awfully cheap and weak as if I had no backbone.

"Come out of that," the man cried sharply. "You can't stay there. That shack belongs to me. If you hadn't spent your money for booze you wouldn't be broke."

I was filled with anger at this and ran out of the shack. "I didn't drink nor beg nor bum, you dirty skunk," I cried, and ran down the street through the rain. I felt surprisingly weak and out of whack, altogether out of harmony with the rest of the world. I was so alone and wet and cold and hungry.

It is a queer world where a man must work to live, whether he can get work or not. If he can't get work, he must starve or beg. But to beg is a crime, so he must starve or kill himself. But killing himself, too, is against the law. I bought another loaf of bread and a nickel's worth of cheese. It was good but it didn't satisfy my hunger. It didn't hit the right place and I felt just as cold as before. The steamer *Georgia* was to come in that night and was to leave at midnight for Haines on her southward trip. If I only could get to Haines, I would be all right. So I went down under the warehouse and tried to catch some sleep but the rats ran over my legs and one bit my hand and I hurried out of the infernal place. I wished that I were a rat and had a nice warm place in the rock where I could live away from the rain and the storm.

I hovered unsuccessfully around the warehouse, trying to find a warm place till the *Georgia* came in. She was to leave again in an hour. The passengers walked up the long dock and I followed, for I was cold and I wanted to be with people. But, once in town, they dwindled away into hotels and restaurants and I was alone again. I walked aimlessly around and presently went back to the boat again. There was no one on deck and I silently boarded her and, lifting the canvas cover from one of the lifeboats, I crawled in out of sight. I found that there was water in the bottom of the boat and it wasn't very comfortable, as I had to lie across two seats and I was wet besides. Still, I couldn't do any better, and once the boat was under way, I could get out and walk around, and even if they did see me, I'd get to Haines, whither I was bound. The whistle blew and the outgoing passengers boarded her. There were some women

among them and they came and stood close beside the boat in which I was hiding. I was becoming so stiff and sore that I changed my position and as I moved, one of them heard me or saw me under the canvas and she screamed. A man rushed up and tore the canvas back.

"What the devil are you doing there?" he said. "Come out of that."

I crawled out and a sorry sight I was, shivering and shaking like a leaf, with my torn clothes hanging wet from my shoulders.

"Where did you come on board?" the man demanded, and I saw he was the captain.

"Here in Skagway," I answered. "I am wet, cold and hungry, broke and out of a job. Won't you let me stay on as far as Haines? That is as far as I want to go."

I must have been a disgusting sight, a big husky man shaking like a dog and begging for a ride.

"You've been boozing," the captain said. "Go ashore and don't you try to come on board again, or I'll have you arrested."

I bowed my head and walked over the gangplank. "It sure is hell," I swore. "What can I do?" I started back toward the town. By the corner of the dock, bobbing up and down on the waves, tied by a long rope, there was a skiff and I had an idea. "I'll row to Haines," I said, and that made me think of a lot of other things that I could do. A sudden wild impulse seized me. I remembered a grocer's window that I had looked into. There had been bacon, canned meats and biscuits and candy galore. My mouth had watered at the sight and I had hurried away. Now I hurried back toward the store. I would eat. I would not starve or beg like a low down dog! I would eat and live and take the consequences. I hurried up town.

The night was dark and the wind shook the houses, while the rain poured down in sheets. I found a heavy driftbolt. I would use that to break the lock. I was not weak any longer but active and alive with the excitement of what

I was about to do. I felt like a beast of prey as I glided along the buildings with the driftbolt clenched in my fist. I was like a hungry, slinking wolf, alert and fierce. I found the place and hurried to the back door. I found where there was a window. That was the way. A blast of wind shook the doors and windows round about with great force, and while the racket lasted, I smashed the window with my bolt. The glass fell inside with a clatter and I wondered if any one had heard it. I sneaked around to the front and peered up and down the street. No one was in sight, so I slipped back and picked up the broken pieces of glass. Then I crawled in and looked about me. I was in the back room of a store. There were all kinds of things hanging from the ceiling and piled against the walls. My mind worked fast. First I got a gunny sack, then I crawled into the store. I got a side of bacon and cut it in two. I got flour, salt, lard and hardtack, and many other things I thought of. I filled my sack with grub. Then I went to the showcase and took some candy and in the half light of the shaded electric lamp my eyes fell on the cash register. I crept across the floor to it and stretched my hand out to open it, but I hesitated. Why not take it? I was stealing grub, why not money? I reached out again but the cold metal made me feel as if there were danger in opening it. I felt a thrill go through my body. I had half a notion to leave it. I needed grub, not money. I hadn't come to steal money. I pressed the button and the drawer shot out. There was a bill there and some change. I took it. There was thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents. If I ever get where I can make some money, I shall pay for everything that I have taken.

I left the store through the back door that was fastened from the inside, swung the sack on my back, and ran for the dock. The tide was out and I dodged along in the shadow of the piles. The sack was heavy and the excitement was about to wear off. I half wished that I hadn't done it, but it was too late to repent now. It was done and it was

up to me to make a get-away with the goods. The boat that I had seen by the corner of the dock was left high and dry by the tide. I cut the ropes and dragged the thing down. There were oars in the bottom and soon I was rowing out of the harbor, out into the stormy fiord.

As I got out from the shelter, the waves became higher and higher and the wind came in great gusts that threatened to blow the light skiff out of the water. I had to keep close to the rocky shore to get the shelter of every protruding rocky point. I rowed and rowed with all my might, yet I made but little progress against the wind and the incoming tide. Now and then between gusts there was a calm spell and I would row frantically to make the best of it. I rounded the first point and was out of sight from the town and I was thankful, for day was breaking. I made good time in the cove but at the next point the wind roared with a mighty voice and the breakers thundered against the rocky beach. But I had no choice, I must go ahead, I couldn't go back. I pulled and pulled and watched the land to see if I made any headway, while the wind tugged at my little craft and wave after wave banged against the bow and broke over the top. "By God!" I yelled, "I can't go back. I must go ahead," and pulled and swore like mad. I battled there in the early dawn with wind and wave, wondering sometimes if I were sane. My fingers and arms ached and the spray of the breakers fell in a constant shower over my back and shoulders. The storm slacked a bit and I rowed as I had never rowed before, past the point and into the next cove. I could see that the next point was harder still to pass but there was no place to land in the cove I was in, for the mountains rose straight up from the beach, so I had to keep on, for I couldn't go back. It was now clear daylight. The waves broke in over the bow and forced me back but I rowed on, cursing, laughing, yelling like mad. But I made the point and got into another cove. There was no landing place there. Only bare, inhospitable rocks and the cliffs, and I had to round

another point. Again I drove the bow of the boat into the breakers and the battle began anew. Wave after wave broke over the bow. The boat was getting heavy, it was filling up. Oh, the agony as I pulled and pulled against the hopeless odds! I reached the point and could have rounded it, but the boat was about to sink so I had to stop rowing to bail out with my hat, and I drifted back into the cove again. Then I drove her out into the storm again, into the storm and battle. I pulled and pulled and pulled, and swore and cried and yelled in defiance of the elements. Finally I got around but there was no place to land, only bare, straight walls. I had to go round the next point. I was plumb crazy, mad with determination to go ahead and not go back. I didn't notice that my boat was filling up and getting water logged, I just rowed and swore and strained against the storm. Then a wave broke over the side and I lost one of my oars. I was perilously near the rocky shore and my boat was sinking beneath me.

I swung it around and faced the stern to the beach, for there was only one way out and that was to get ashore.

A wave lifted my boat high up and then dashed it upon a pile of rocks. The jar sent me headlong into the bottom of the boat and as I scrambled to my knees, my hands fell on the sack of grub. The skiff was fast between two giant bowlders but every wave that dashed up shook it and tore at it to take it back out in the water. I scurried out, dragging my sack onto the rocks, and the very next wave that came tore the boat loose so that it drifted along the shore, bottom up. The cliffs went straight up from the beach but there were a lot of giant rocks along the edge of the water. The high tide would cover these and it was up to me to get somewhere before high tide. So I started along, climbing from rock to rock, slipping and falling on the slimy seaweed, dragging my sack of grub with me. In places I had to wade along in the water where the cliffs rose straight up. It was a wonder that there was a foothold at all and that the crashing, sucking waves did not

knock me over and drag me into the fiord; but someway I got along, careless and weary though I was. I fell time after time, now skinning my knees and shins, now cutting my hands on a sharp rock, yet I got along, carrying my bag full of grub. I had no doubt that the flour was spoiled but I didn't stop to investigate till I reached a cove where I could get up into the brush away from the tide, the wind and the eyes of passers-by who might be looking for me.

I was all in and so tired that I didn't care to eat. I tried to sleep but the cold began to shake my wet body and cramps to knot my muscles. I felt that I must eat and keep going till I found some place where I could build a fire and camp and rest without being afraid of being seen by the men who were, no doubt, looking for me.

I ate some biscuit (they were not as wet as I had imagined) and a can of meat and drank a can of milk. Then I felt better and my face began to burn and my pulses to throb. I sorted the grub and cached part of it under a log where it would be dry. Some of it was spoiled but in an emergency I could use it, so I cached it safely away. The rest I made into a pack and started along the beach. The sky cleared and the sun came out, but still the wind kept blowing and I knew that I was tolerably safe along the beach, for no one would venture out on the fiord in such a wind and sea.

I found a good place to build a fire and had another feed, and after sleeping a few hours, I was almost myself again and none the worse for my experience except for a few cuts and bruises. Then I started out again along the beach. Toward evening I came to a creek that came out of a deep canyon. Up it I went and found a nice place under a great, leaning spruce tree where the ground was dry, and here I am now, a fugitive from justice, and it's all of my own making. I do wish that I could undo what I have done but there's no chance of that for a while. Not till I can earn some money and send it to the man that

owns the store. I still have her ring on my finger and it is a great comfort to me, the only thing that tells me that she is real and not a dream. But if she thinks I have forfeited my right to it, I shall send it back to her when I can. It is nice and comfy here and I would like to stay but that cannot be. I must go onward to somewhere.

In jail, Skagway, Alaska,
Sept. 2, 1914.

The inevitable has happened. I am in jail. The thing that I have run away from, dodged and escaped time and again, has finally caught up with me and engulfed me, and I am a prisoner. The heavy thud of the iron barred door has sounded behind me, and the clatter and clang of bolts and locks have sealed my doom. I am caught! A criminal in prison!

I spent the night, two nights ago, walking the beach and climbing the cliffs where they rose straight up from the water. I was on my way toward Haines. I was on the wrong side of the fiord but I thought that perhaps I could make a raft of logs and paddle across the five miles of Lynn Canal when I reached the place that was opposite the town. I had slept well during the day and now I was using the darkness to make sure I wouldn't be seen. It started to rain again during the night and the brush was wet and slippery, so I often slipped and fell headlong among the thorns and devilclubs. It was a good thing the moon came out, for in the darkness I could never have made it. I climbed up on high benches where the walking was good, through open timber, then I'd have to go down to the beach again and up and down, up and down all night long.

At the break of day, I came to where a mountain stream tumbled down a rocky gorge. There was no way to cross near the beach, so I followed up the canyon, but as far as I could see there was no place where a man might ford. Up on a high cliff stood some dead burnt spruce trees. I

selected a long pole and placed it across the creek where it ran through a small box canyon, and then I crawled over the bending, swaying pole a hundred feet above the rushing mountain stream. I was careless, awfully careless, yet, somehow I didn't care. What if I should fall and die? It wouldn't be so bad. I was only a criminal running away from the consequences of my crime. I wouldn't be the first one to have died out in the woods all alone. The thought gave me some comfort; just to lie down and sleep and wake no more to struggle on.

I reached the beach again and stepped along from rock to rock. Ahead a mountain rose straight up from the water a thousand feet or more into the low hanging clouds. I had to climb again to pass it. Up and up and up I climbed, through brush and forest. It seemed as if I'd never get there. I tried to walk along the side of the mountain but a straight cliff stopped me and I had to keep on up through the misty clouds that hung like veils in the tops of the trees and over the canyons. It must have been a thousand feet or more to the top of that cliff.

When I finally reached the top I found a narrow trail running along and I saw tracks of fox and wolf and bear. It was the thoroughfare of all the animals that passed along that way, for a little way back another cliff rose straight up for another thousand feet. I felt as if I were one of them, just an animal moving along. Just a bit of vagrant life without a den, moving ever on and on. It seemed ages since I had left the town. It seemed so very far away and I felt more at home where I was. The trees, the brush, the moss, everything around me was life. I felt as if I belonged to it, and it to me. At one place I lay down on the soft moss, crawled to the edge, and looked down over the cliff a thousand feet above the fiord. I had then an almost irresistible desire to throw myself off into the wild and wondrous beauty of it. The long fiord stretched below me, the golden yellow of the autumn leaves, newly turned, the dark, spruce-clad mountainside where the

mist hung in the treetops like monster spider webs, and the banks of fog floating along the cliffs like phantom ships upon the breeze.

I could look over to Haines. A boat was leaving there, steaming south. I wondered if I would ever get to go south, too. I thought I didn't care. I thought I'd rather live and die the way I was there in the woods. Life didn't seem so much. To die, to die floating on the breeze, die falling through the clouds to sweet oblivion. I was filled with a wild desire to float upon the breeze like the mists below. It was madness but such alluring madness! I tore myself loose from the spell that held me and backed away from the edge, back to where I could only see the trees and the moss and the sky, and then I was soon on my way again along the age old trail. It was cold up there and wet, and I couldn't lie down but had to keep on going to keep warm. The trail led up over a hump of rocks and then down into a valley through a long, deep gorge that was filled with underbrush. The raindrops hung like berries on the bushes and I received a shower bath every time I touched one, yet I couldn't get much wetter than I was, so I plunged recklessly down the canyon. About half way down there was a widening in the gorge and there a spruce tree spread down its limbs, forming a hut around its base that was dry. I built a fire and ate and rested. But I was anxious so I moved on before very long.

Down in the valley a mountain stream again barred my way. I tried to wade across it but it was too deep and swift and I had to go up along its bank, trying to find a place to ford. I came on the animal trail that I had been following and it led me up the bank of the creek to a small bench with an eddy and a pool. A tree had fallen across here a long, long time ago, and many animals had crossed on it. It was only a small tree and the limbs had all rotted away. There was a waterfall above and a waterfall below that was a hundred feet high or more, and the air was so full of foam and water spray that the eight

inch log looked as it if were floating. The constant roar was deafening. I hesitated to walk across the log, slippery from being always wet, but there was no other way, so I had to do it. On the middle I slipped and fell, grabbing hold of the log with hands and legs, and there I hung under it, the rushing water tugging at my pack, my finger nails trying to dig into the log to hold me fast. There were only a few feet to the waterfall below and I didn't dare to let go and take a chance of getting to the other bank through the water. It couldn't be done, because the bottom of the creek was solid rock worn smooth by rushing waters. The log was slimy and I didn't dare try to get a new hold for fear I would altogether lose the one I had. I felt myself grow weaker. What was the use, anyway? It would only be a minute, then sleep, rest, oblivion. Why not? I tried to think of why not, and then I thought of her. My face was near the hand where her dear ring encircled my finger. Would I give up before I knew that she could never be my friend again? No, I must do something. A stump of limb was about four feet from my hand. If I could reach it, maybe I could get across. I let go with one hand, holding myself up with the other, and felt along the log to find a crack or knot hole that would serve for a hold. I sank lower and lower, my other arm giving out. The muscles in it began to quiver and jerk. I couldn't hold on any longer. I clawed at the log with my finger nails; they sank in. There was a rotten place and it held. I reached for the limb and shinned my legs along and soon I was on the other side of the stream, away from all danger. My finger nails were broken back and the blood was gushing out from under them. I hadn't noticed it while I was hanging there. I tore my shirt and bandaged my hands, all the while wondering why it was that I did not fall down that waterfall. I wondered why I, who always swear and damn and curse whenever I meet obstacles, invariably manage to get out of the dangers I get into. I wondered where I got my strength. My strength! Indeed, I have to laugh. I was not

strong but weak, so weak that my knees were trembling, while my finger nails, broken back in the middle, were aching and bleeding. My strength! What a mockery! I almost wished I had let myself go that time. It would have been all over by now. No more cold, no more pain, no more wet.

Yet I went down through the woods to the beach below. There was a pile of huge rocks that had tumbled down from the mountain. They formed a cave, deep and narrow and dry inside. Also, it was out of sight from Lynn Canal. A better place to rest I could never find, so I gathered some wood, built a fire and went to sleep. My body rested but not my mind. It wandered back over the road I had come. I stumble over the rocks on the beach, up over the mountain, down the gorge to the stream and over across the log again. I fall and hang in awful suspense, the water tugging at my pack, my fingers painfully digging into the wood. I am hanging helpless. Oh, what strained, agonizing pain! I am freezing stiff hanging there paralyzed with fear. I hear the thunder of the waterfall below. What dreadful death awaits me there! I feel my arms give way. I am sinking lower, lower; the water tugs at my pack and back. It chills me through. My hands let go. I am falling, falling!

I woke and looked about. The fire was down to embers and my teeth were chattering. I got some wood and brought it back to roaring life again. Then I slept.

A noise awoke me and I saw that three men stood peering in at me through the smoke. I looked around for some way to escape, but I was in there and they were at the only entrance. I walked out and saw that they carried guns. There was a white man and two Indians.

"How are you?" greeted the white man, looking me over from head to foot. "What may you be doing here?"

"I'm resting," I answered. 'I have been prospecting up in the mountains. Just came down to-day. I was lost for a short while. I am going to Skagway in a few days."

'This is a queer way to be prospecting," the man said. "Where is your boat?"

"What do I want with a boat away up in the mountains?"

The man looked me over again. "You're cold and wet," he said. "You'd better let me give you a ride to Skagway."

"No, thank you," I said with a smile. "There's a quartz ledge up on that hill that I want to take a look at first. Don't bother about me, I'm all right. I'll get to Skagway by and by."

The man looked about impatiently. "Look here," he said sternly and showed me a badge on his vest. "I'm the U. S. Marshal and I want to search your camp."

"Go ahead," said I. "Search all you want to." I looked around at the Indians to see if there was any way at all to get away. They stood at a respectful distance and had their rifles ready and pointed in my direction. There was no way except to try a bluff.

The Marshal found my pack and opened it. "How long," said he, "have you been out of town? Where did you buy this grub? This is not the kind of grub a prospector carries around in the woods. You may not be the man I want, but this looks mighty queer. You'll have to come to Skagway with us and if you are not the man, we'll take you back here if you wish it."

"No, no," I protested. "I want to stay right here. I'm going to stake a claim out on yonder mountain. I have been out about a week, if you want to know, and as to my grub, I guess I can carry the kind of grub that I want." I looked steadily at him. "I'll stay right here and mind my own business, see."

"Come now, my man," the Marshall said with great authority, "that won't do. You'll have to come, there are three of us. I guess you'll come." He laughed.

The Indians came a little closer and I knew that the game was up. "All right, I'll go along," I said, and crawled

down through the woods to the beach where their boat was moored against a rock. I kept on the alert for a chance to escape.

On board the boat I became sullen and morose. My head was fairly splitting with a headache. What did I care, anyway? I was tired and sick. My fingers ached agonizingly. I was miserable. What did I care what became of me? It couldn't be much worse than what I was suffering just then.

We reached Skagway in the evening and the Marshall took me up to the jail. There they searched my clothes and took everything away from me, except my diary notebook. They let me keep that, strange as it may seem. If they had opened it and read, they would have had the whole miserable story to use against me. They shoved me into the cage. Then came the heavy thud of the door, the rattle and clang of the lock and bar, and I was in jail.

My head was thumping as if it were about to burst. I was sick and broken, down and out. I was at the bottom of the pit. I crawled into a bunk in one of the cells and faded away.

Oh, blissful sleep that takes away the horrible realities of life and gives man the strength he has lost and soothes his mind with tender dreams! I dreamed I saw the place I call my home. I saw my girl—the sweet beauty of her sunbathed cheeks! She put her hand upon my brow. It was cool and soft. I wept as in a deep sorrow, my head upon her breast.

"Oh, Svend," she cried, "do not weep. All will be well. All is grist, Svend, all is grist that goes to the mill. All your sorrows, trials and hurts are but the material for a better life, a better life for you and me." I fell asleep on her loving breast and slept in peace.

Something rattled and I woke up to the realization of my plight. I was in jail! The jailer rattled his keys against the bars. "Get up for breakfast," he shouted, and I rolled out. The barred windows made me shiver. I am caught

and caged, I thought. The solid walls and iron bars! The things I always dreaded! I had a desire to dash against the door and try to break it but the jailer stood there, eyeing me curiously. My food was brought and shoved through a wicket in the door. I ate it ravenously, for I was very hungry. Then I looked about me. The place was clean; the blankets I had slept in were warm and new. There was a heater in the center of the cage and a brisk fire was burning there. Another prisoner came in. I eyed the door with thoughts of making a dash for it, but the jailer closed it in a hurry.

The other man was short and old, rather craven looking, with a fat, greasy face and small, piggish eyes. "What are you in for?" he asked.

"Don't know," said I.

"Burglary, the jailer said it was," he volunteered, but I didn't answer.

Burglary, I thought. I'm a burglar. The window bars filled me with a panicky dread. I paced round the cage and thought of how I had seen animals in the Zoo pacing back and forth just like that.

The jailer came with the Marshal. They handcuffed me and took me up in the building to a room where several persons were assembled.

The Marshal stated how he had found me, and the man who owned the store I had robbed stated that the grub in the sack had come from his store. The lettering on my piece of bacon fitted the half that had been left in the store. Then they asked me how I came to have the stuff and I told the whole truth from beginning to end.

Burglary and grand larceny, they called it, and the judge said that he could not sentence me, but would have to send me to Juneau, bound over for the grand jury, or something like that.

They took me down to the cage again and locked me up. I didn't know what it meant to be bound over for the grand jury so I asked the other prisoner.

"You'll go to Juneau," he grinned. "You'll get five years."

Five years like this! A beast locked up in a cage! I am not fit to live free in society, so they will keep me locked up for five years. The barred windows fill me with a wild madness. I feel like a beast and I don't think I shall stay here very long. I know that I shall die, or go crazy, if they keep me locked up like this. I don't know how I'll get out but I can't stay here.

CHAPTER X

ACROSS THE GLACIER

Pleasant Camp, Alaska.
Sept. 8, 1914.

IT seems a long time since I wrote anything in my diary. I have many things that I ought to write down while they are still fresh in my memory and the pain and danger are present and vivid to me. At night in jail I planned and planned and planned. I would try to escape the next day. .I was now strong again and could stand another dash through the mountains. I would rush the jailer when he opened the door, pull him in and lock him up, or take his gun and run. I would not, could not, live like this, locked up like a beast. I'd rather die. So I planned and planned all night long.

In the morning the jailer came and called through the wicket in the door. "Jake," he called. "Oh, Jake, it's time to get up and build the fire. Oh, Jake!" Jake was dead to the world.

"Damn that man," he swore, and opening the door, came into the cage to shake him in his cell.

I stood all ready with my coat and hat on. My cell door was half open. Now was the time! I leaped out and passed him in a flash. There was a crash and the door was closed behind me. I turned the key and peeped through the wicket in the door. The jailer was standing in the middle of the floor, turning bewilderedly, yelling, "Jake, Jake, Jake, Jake, Jake," pulling at his gun in his hip pocket. I didn't wait to see if he got it out but ran as fast as I could through the corridor and out into the yard. I ran around the building and across a small creek, then across the rail-

road tracks and up the mountainside. The brush closed in around me and covered my way. I was free once more! One doesn't realize what freedom is till one has been in a cage.

I ran up the bench a couple of miles, then down the mountainside again and slunk across the valley through the brush like a hungry coyote.

I had to cross the Skagway river and I didn't dare go over one of the bridges, so I selected a spot where I could not be seen from the town, and plunged in, now swimming, now stumbling over the stony bottom. Once on the other side, after a swift survey of the opposite bank to be sure no one had seen me, I crawled into the thick brush, found a good place to sit down, and there I pulled off my clothes, wrung them out, and put them back on again. Then I ran again through the brush and over an unfrequented trail that goes to Dyea.

In the Dyea valley I again had a river to cross but it only reached above my knees a bit, so that was easy. I had selected this route to Haines because it is the most impossible one. In fact, it is one that the Indians in the country say cannot be made, as steep mountains and glaciers bar the way. I have many times wanted to see if this could be done and I figured that they would never look for me along there. I moved slowly through the brush, over the logs and across small creeks. Where there were open glades in the timber I crawled on hands and knees for fear I might be seen by some one. I felt like a wild animal in the jungle. Then I heard the baying of dogs near by and the hair stood up on the back of my neck. I wondered if they were hunting me. I crawled ahead through the blueberry bushes on my hands and knees. Then I came to a trail and I cursed myself for not lying still when I had first heard the dogs. It is the old White Pass trail, I thought, and then there was a noise right ahead of me. I ducked down and crawled back into the brush. I head a loud growl and two big dogs came rushing through the brush toward me. I sat up on my

haunches and glared at them. "Mush on, you brutes," I snapped out at them, for it would never do to let them think that I was afraid. "Mush on, chuck, beat it, you curs," but the dogs circled round me and growled and barked. A man came along the trail. I could see him but he could not see me, for I was behind some brush. "Here," he yelled, "Towser, Queen! Come away from that porcupine." The dogs barked on. Then the man fired his gun and the dogs rushed away from me. The man passed and I crawled along through the brush till I was out of sight, and then I ran as fast as I could up the trail to get as far as possible from those infernal hounds, even though they were not hunting me.

I left the trail and struck up the side of the first mountain range I had to cross to get to Haines. It was a very steep mountain but I found a wooded gulch that made a gap in the wall and up I climbed. I felt as if I'd love to live up there, just browsing along in the mountains. A bear must be a happy cuss, I thought, when all he has to do is to mosey around and feed all the time, and when winter comes, just crawl into a hole and sleep. Why was I not a bear? Up and up I climbed through thick forests of spruce and jack pine with undergrowth of tangled blueberry bushes. I ate continuously from right and left as I worked my way through. There were blueberries, raspberries, salmonberries, cranberries and huckleberries. There were plenty of bear signs and I expected to come upon one any moment, yet I was not a bit afraid. It seemed to me that bears were friends compared to what I was getting away from. My way led up through long thickets of alders and longer steep meadows of high wet grass. The alder thickets grew fewer and soon there was only grass and moss, with here and there a stunted, low spread scrub pine. I was wet to the skin from the dew covered brush and grass, yet I was not cold but fairly warm and comfortable from the great exertion of climbing.

Now the great cliffs stood straight and black out of the

grassy slopes like giant guardsmen, with steep meadows of moss and grass between, like green-gold streets that led straight to heaven. Gophers and marmots came out and peeped at me, whistled and disappeared in their holes. They called from hole to hole and colony to colony, telling of my approach. Had I only had a gun, I would have had meat for supper. Supper? Yes indeed! The sun had passed across the sky and now hung low in the west over the peaks towards which I was making. I passed den after den of marmots and they came out and sat on their haunches, staring at me like prairie dogs. Grouse flew up in flocks ahead and around me and I became violently hungry when I thought of all the juicy meat so plentiful about me. I felt as if I were a degenerate animal without a hole to crawl into, or a nest or a nice limb to sit on and sleep, and not even able to use the food that was all about me in abundance. Yes, I was a man and couldn't live without my tools.

The climbing was growing more difficult as the evening progressed. There were steep, rocky gorges where small torrents came splashing down in countless cascades, and there were long, steep rock slides that were liable to begin sliding any time and grind one who happened to be upon them, to atoms. I reached the snow line and wound my way between the long patches of snow, often in mud up over my ankles. The temperature was getting low and the wind blew in chilly blasts from the glacier covered barrens above. But the cold did not bother me much, for the mountain was still steep and I was still strong and had energy to keep warm. I knew that the night was near and I wanted to get to the top of the range where I could look down upon the Dyasenki glacier which I had to cross, so I hurried up the muddy rocky lanes between the snow and monster cliffs and reached a place where there was nothing but rock and ice and snow. It wasn't steep but sloped gently to the black and white peaks that marked the top of the range.

It began to grow dark but I could see the reflection of the

sun's descent and could keep on in the right direction. A strong wind blew up; banks of fog drifted in from nowhere and a drizzly rain began to fall. The clouds shut out what light I had, and left me with only the southwesterly wind to guide by. It was dangerous to walk along after I could see no more, for there were great cracks in the ice and I never knew what moment I would fall down some precipice to death. Still, I couldn't lie down on the snow or ice, so I had to keep on and try to find some sheltering rock or cliff to cuddle in behind.

There were patches of rocky, slushy, muddy snow where I stumbled and fell repeatedly. My hands and feet were wet and bruised and cold. I reached a cliff that towered above me, enveloping me in complete darkness. I crept along on hands and knees, trying to find a place to lie down, and found a crevice in the rock. It was dry in there and there was just room enough for me to squeeze in, and there I sat and shivered in the night, a lost louse on the crust of the earth. I tried to sleep but my teeth began to chatter and my legs to cramp. I had to get out and rub and massage my legs and beat my arms.

Thus the daybreak found me, chilled to the marrow, rubbing life and warmth into my chilled limbs. As soon as the blackness took on a grayish hue, I crawled down from my resting place and slowly worked my way to the west. The rain ceased but everything was enveloped in a heavy blanket of fog. I could see nothing but the snow and rocks a few feet ahead of me but I knew that the wind was southwest, so I had a course. I also knew that the mountain was steep on the Dyasenki side and that it would be very dangerous to descend, more so on account of the fog. But I couldn't stay up there so I kept on, down ever steeper slopes of rock and snow.

I came to a bench that was flat and even. Suddenly, the wind and fog seemed to come straight up out of the earth at my feet. I stopped short and sat down. Then the fog parted and I looked down over the Dyasenki two thousand

feet or more below me. A few steps more and I would have been over the edge of a cliff to sudden death. I wondered why it was that I hadn't kept on and I thought of Marian. In my tired fancy it seemed as if she had held me back and that it was for her that I must live.

Below me the glacier wound its way from inland ice fields, a river of ice slowly, patiently moving to the sea. I retraced my steps and went along the side of the mountain. Soon I came upon a trail with tracks of goat and bear and wolf. I followed it, for in my experience I always get somewhere when I follow trails. It led along the mountainside and for a while I was afraid that it was leading me inland to some pass through the coast range, but then it dropped off down a deep gully to another bench and I was sure that it was leading to the glacier.

The sky cleared and the sun came out and shone and sparkled in the myriad things, the green-blue glacier, the polished walls of rock by its sides, the creeklets plunging down from rocky heights, the raindrops in the grass and moss. The whole world was like a jewel-bedecked picture. I was nice and warm again and had lots of vigor, but I was hungry, awfully hungry. I drew my belt up and kept on down the rocky slopes. The trail led me through canyons and over benches and then into a narrow gorge between a large cliff and the mountainside, the cliff being a slice of the mountain that had broken off and was leaning over the glacier, hesitating an age or two before taking the plunge. There was a little creek running down the gorge and along its sandy edges there were tracks of fox and wolf and bear and lynx, and many other animals that had come that way. The way was very narrow in places and once a rock had fallen down and jammed above the trail, forming a tunnel through which I had to crawl on all fours. Here and there along the sides in the broken rock were long hairs of brown and black bear, where they had rubbed along for countless years. The trail led up quite steeply for a way and then curved in and out again in a wide semi-circle, ending by

the open face of the mountain where I could look down to the glacier a thousand feet or so below. Here the trail led out onto a narrow shelf of rock where the moss was beaten hard by many feet. It was only a few feet wide and I walked along, hugging close to the mountain. I didn't feel dizzy exactly, but several times at the beginning I felt cold shivers go up my spine when I thought about falling and I fought them by swearing and biting my lips and kept on, trying hard not to look down. In some places it was so narrow that I had hardly room enough to place my feet and in other places it sloped till I expected every moment to slide off and plunge down. In one place the rock above was overhanging and I had to crawl, hunching along by inches, and then another time it was only a crevice where I had to step along face to the rock from foot hold to foot hold, clutching with my hands at cracks and irregularities.

Again the trail led to a narrow gorge in the side of the mountain. This crack was even narrower than the last. I could hardly squeeze my body through and I wondered how on earth a bear could walk where I could hardly squeeze through. I must have missed the trail somewhere I thought and I pushed myself out of the crevice again. At the entrance there lay a heap of large rocks, and sure enough the trail led down through a hole under them. I knelt down and peered in. It was dark in there and smelled of animals. I fet uneasy about it as I crawled in a few feet, then I thought I heard something move around inside and there flashed into my eyes a pair of green, glowing spots. I backed out hastily, the thing following me, spitting at me like a cat and yawling weirdly. It was a lynx and I thanked my stars that it didn't jump on me in there. I had had all the underground traveling I wanted, so I looked about to find another way. The walls were impossible everywhere and there were only the hole and the gorge so I took the gorge to see where it led. It went up and soon widened out so I could walk with ease. It was only a couple of hundred feet long and then I came out on the face of the moun-

tain again. I looked down and there a hundred feet below me ran the trail, plain and even over a narrow bench leading to a small knoll covered with brush and jack pine. The face of the mountain below me was full of cracks and in them grew bushes, jack pines and mountain birch. There was also a crevice in the sloping face of the rock beginning at my feet. It was full of moss and looked like a green velvet border on gray granite. I tried it with my feet to see if it would hold, for I had to go somewhere. It held and I moved along step by step, clutching at what projections there were. A jack pine grew about fifty feet away, only a few feet below the crevice I was traversing. If I could only get that far, I could let myself drop down to it and from it to another one that grew a little below, and from there it seemed easy to reach the trail. There were only a few feet to go, when the moss gave way beneath my feet, my knees banged against the face of the rock and I was falling. I grabbed for the crevice with my hands but I got only two handfuls of moss and kept on sliding, faster and faster, my fingers scraping against the rock and my sorely broken finger nails groping for a hold. I slipped by a clump of brush, grabbed, and it held. There was a crevice by my bleeding knees and they found a rest there. I looked down and saw a jack pine ten feet below me and to one side, and a little below it there was a small birch and from the birch there were only a few feet to the bench where the trail ran. The bench was only a few yards wide, showing a straight fall of cliffs to the glacier below. I wasn't frightened, strange as it may seem; my hands and knees hurt too much. I gave a push, and dropping, grabbed for the tree. I got hold of a limb but it broke and I fell against the rock and rolled over and over. My head banged against something and then all was dark, and I was falling!

I felt the sunshine on my face. Something was holding me tight around the hips; something was pressing against my head, and something seemed to have me by the throat. My legs were hanging loose below me. I moved them and

they hit against something hard. My arms were held close. Then I opened my eyes and looked about me. I was hanging in a tree by the neck of my coat and my hips were jammed in between the trunk of the tree and the face of the cliff. A limb had caught under my coat and had come out at the back of my head, and there I hung. Something warm ran down over my face and lips. I tasted it. It was blood and little by little I remembered how it came about. I looked about more intelligently now. The trail was at the foot of the tree, just a few inches from my feet. I squirmed around to get my hips loose. My body was sore but I had to free myself. I got my foot up in the crotch between the tree and the wall and got loose; then I let myself slip out of my coat to the ground. I could hardly stand and everything went round and round. I got my coat down with difficulty and walked slowly and wearily along the trail to the knoll a little distance away. The brush there was blueberry bushes, loaded with berries. A small stream came splashing down the cliffs and ran tumbling over the bench. There was a little pool below the fall and here I knelt and drank my fill and washed my hurts. My head had a deep cut on top and my hands and knees were skinned and bruised, while my finger nails were aching beyond all expression. The sun was low in the west so I knew it was evening and I must have been hanging in that tree most of the day. I felt very weak from loss of blood and lack of food and I dragged myself over into the blueberry bushes. Big, juicy blueberries! I ate some and then fell asleep on the soft, mossy ground. When I woke up it was dark and cold and blowing hard. A cold, drizzly fog was coming up from the glacier and the fiord. My body was so stiff and sore that I could hardly move it, and my head was hot and jumping like a motor. Water! I wanted water. My hands and knees felt as if I were crawling on red hot irons as I moved through the brush and over the pebbles, but I wanted water more than comfort. I ducked my head in the little pool and drank and soaked the fluid in, for while my body

was cold and shivering, my head was hot. I wondered how long I would last, for I thought that I was surely dying. I wondered if I had better crawl over to the edge of the cliff and let myself fall, and I imagined doing it and in the middle of these imaginings I fell asleep again by the pool. When I woke I was in a kind of stupor, delirious, imagining all kinds of weird things but trying all the time to keep control of myself. Thus I spent an age, now sleeping, now raving, now bemoaning my hurts and cursing my luck. The morning found me there, and, as the day grew brighter, I started down along the trail. It ran down a small canyon and thus it went clear down to the glacier.

My mind had grown clearer and my strength and ambition had come back to me, and as soon as I limbered up, I found that I was not as badly hurt as I had thought. My head stopped aching and the cool water that I drank tasted sweet and good. It was not so bad, after all.

Down at the edge of the glacier I could follow the trail no more, for it was covered with rocks, large and small, but I made out over them straight across the glacier. It was very muddy between the rocks and became more so as I progressed, but it grew less muddy again as I got farther away from the edge and soon it was pure, milky ice. I had seen several tracks back in the mud, so I was sure that I was going in the right direction, and as I followed a long ridge of ice the trail gradually appeared again and the honeycombed ice was broken and worn by many hoofs and paws. In and out the trail wound its way, around deep holes and along crevices that I dared not look into more than once, for they were bottomless and my fall the day before had unnerved me somewhat. Now I was crossing a big table of green ice, now on a sharp ridge with sides sloping down, God knows how far. A misstep here would mean not only death, it would mean cold storage till that part of the glacier had moved three or four miles down to the sea, to be melted and carried away. In one place I had to jump over a deep crevice. It was only about four feet

wide but it looked tremendous to me. It took all the strength of will I had to jump it and once across I threw myself on the ice, clutched it and screamed with terror. The fall of the day before had surely unnerved me. I pulled myself together, for it would never do to get hysterical. I could never cross that awful glacier that way. On and on, over sharp ridges and through sink holes I hurried, then through the mud and over the rocks to safe land again. I didn't look back for I was glad to be away from it and I never wanted to see the place again.

Then I went up over the second mountain range. It was not nearly as high as the first one, nor as steep. Once on top, I could look over the Chilkoot valley with the river and the lake. I could see the Chilkoot cannery with the many fishing boats lying round in the inlet. I thought of all the food that was down there. Oh, for a bit of food! I was starving.

I hurried down to the steep meadows where berries grew and spent a hour or so eating to my heart's content. Then I hurried down the hillside again and was soon below in the valley. Once there I had to be careful, for there is an Indian village at the lake and if any of them saw me, they would surely stop me or at least talk about meeting me for I was, no doubt, a sight.

I crawled cautiously through the brush, waded across the Chilkoot river and struck into the woods again across the valley and up the last mountain range that barred my way to the Chilkat river and the road. I had changed my mind about going to Haines and had decided to go to Klukwan, up through Pleasant Camp and then to the interior somewhere. I would rather be in there chopping wood over winter in White Horse or Dawson for my board than to be in a penitentiary for five long years. So, although I dreaded going over that mountain, I kept on.

I was beginning to get downright exhausted now. I was so weary that I wanted to lie down every moment. It seemed as if I had been going steadily for a week or more.

Every time I slipped on some root or stick, and fell, I wanted to stay down and never get up again, and it seemed as if I kept falling after I had hit the ground. The brush was so thick and tangled that breaking through was hard and slow work. The sticks caught in my rags and made them even more ragged. They knotted in tangles in front of me and constantly held me back. There were thickets of devilclubs and my arms and legs got full of stickers, but I kept on, for I had to reach Klukwan before I'd get anything to eat. I saw several bear tracks but that didn't worry me, for I was too tired to bother about anything but my hurts and my hunger. It was the lack of real food that ailed me, for my stomach cramped agonizingly and the berries didn't seem to do any good. I would sit down or lie down and rest, but not for long, for I kept falling asleep and I needed to get over that last mountain. I knew I would never make it that day but I wanted to keep on as long as I possibly could.

On a rabbit trail I came upon a lynx engaged in eating a rabbit. It saw me, hunched its back, and stood there spitting at me, its hair all standing erect. I made a stumble at it, for a dash it could hardly be called, and it scurried off into the brush in a hurry, leaving the half eaten rabbit on the ground. It had only eaten the head and the forelegs and I ate the rest. Yes, I sat down there and tore the red, bloody meat with my teeth and crunched the bones while the lynx circled around me in the brush, yawling angrily. It tasted good to me and I ate it every bit except the skin and guts. It gave me strength and again I moved up the everlasting upward trail.

My shoes were going fast. The soles were all right but the uppers were almost entirely worn out and the sides of my feet were full of stickers. My feet were sore and bleeding but my stomach was digesting that rabbit and it kept sending new strength through my body and I kept right on climbing and crawling. When I got out of the timber and up on the open, grassy slopes the wind began to blow and

soon it began to snow. Now I had another obstacle to fight. The hillside became very slippery and I fell down again and again, till I thought that I would never make it. I thought about turning back but I was near the top of the range so I kept on.

It cleared for a while just before dark and I saw that I was in a gap in the range like a pass with high, round mountains on each side. I hurried over the rounding saddle and was soon on the Chilkat slope. Another snow storm was approaching. It looked like a tremendous white wall rushing along. Then it closed in around me and I was in a cellar with white walls. It grew darker and darker but I couldn't get lost now. All I had to do was to go down hill. It must have been snowing all day on this side of the range, for the snow was about a foot deep and much deeper where it had drifted. Through the dark and the deep snow it was impossible for me to see where I was going. I knew that this side of the mountain was broken and precipitous and that there were numerous cliffs and holes and clear dropoffs, but I had to trust to chance to get me through, for to stay up there would mean sure death from the cold and I couldn't go back. So I kept sliding and plunging through the snow. I was numb with cold and far past the hurting stage, except when I stumbled over the rocks, and then I hurt all over. When I fell I didn't want to get up but lay whimpering, thinking that I was all in and sure to die. The wolves would tear my flesh and scatter my bones far and wide and no one would ever know what had become of me. Then when the cramps began to draw my muscles into knots I would force myself to rise and stumble down through the snow. Man is surely a poor excuse for an animal, that he must have clothes to be warm. Warmth! Oh, if I only could have warmth! I felt as if I had no feet and an icy hand seemed to be pressing against my backbone, but I stumbled on. I couldn't stay on my feet in places but had to sit down and slide. I didn't care much for anything any longer but let myself go as far as gravity would take me. It is a

wonder to me that I did not get seriously hurt, for it seemed as if I were going pretty fast sometimes. After a while there was no more snow and I came into the dark woods. Here I could see nothing, so I sat down on my haunches and slid little by little. It was remarkably smooth going on the mossy slope. The moon came out and soon I could see dimly where I was. I was safe on a sloping ridge with a canyon on each side. By some miracle of chance I had stayed on the back of the ridge and not slid down one of the sides to the deep, precipitous creek bed in the canyon. The timber was open and the mossy ground was good to walk on but I was too sore and exhausted to appreciate it and just stumbled downward. It seemed an age before I reached the road in the valley of the Chilkat river. I walked along it and saw by a mile post that I was ten miles from Haines. I had thirteen miles to go before I could reach Klukwan! I kept on up the road in a dazed, stupid fashion. In the early morning I reached the Indian village.

There was no one in sight, so I walked right through to where one of my friends lived and knocked on the door. My friend came out from behind the house where he had been splitting wood.

"Well, of all the men I ever expected to see, you are the last," he exclaimed when he recognized me. "But, Svend, where have you been? You look sick. What's the matter?"

An expression of pain and sympathy passed over his face. "Come on into the house and tell me about it." He held the door open for me and I entered the warm, cozy kitchen and sat down and told him my story. "I came this way because I thought maybe you would lend me a rifle and some grub to take me to the interior," I said, when I had told him all as briefly as I could.

He looked sadly at me and shook his head from side to side in sorrow. "You, Svend, in jail for burglary! My God! Sure, I will give you anything that I have that will help you, but you must stay here for a few days and rest up. You look almost dead. And you came from Skagway

to here overland! Do you know that the Indians say that is impossible? And without food! Great God, but you must be hungry! And you locked the jailer in," he chuckled.

His wife came down stairs. "How do you do?" she greeted, and we shook hands. She tried to look pleasant and not to notice my condition, kind woman, but I could see the pity in her eyes and the friendly sympathy she had for me.

Another friend came over to get his morning's milk. He took in my condition at a glance. I was down and out. A look of surprise and sorrow showed in his face. Then he brightened up. "By the way, Svend," he said, "I am in need of a helper very badly. Would you care to help me out? I have some freighting to do to Pleasant Camp, and from Haines here. That will be an all winter job if you care to stay with us."

I knew he did not need a man. The Indians of Klukwan could do as good work as any white man and would do it cheaper than any respectable white man would care to do it. He had seen my ragged clothing and wanted to help me out. I thanked him and made him understand that I couldn't stop. He didn't know what my trouble was but I told him that the other friend would let him know when I had gone.

They gave me some clothes and heavy woolen underwear and I took a hot bath and doctored my cuts and bruises with iodine, then I ate breakfast with my friends. I ate till I was ashamed of myself but they, good people, understood how it was and were glad to have me fill up.

Then I got some blankets, grub, a gun and a pair of shoe packs from the store. I had to get the shoe packs three sizes too large because my feet were so badly swollen. My friends insisted that I should stay but I knew that the mail would be up that day and I didn't want to be there when they read the papers. Nor did I want to have any one see me there, not so much for my own sake as for that of my friends who were helping me. So, although I was dead for sleep and could hardly keep my eyes open when I was

still for a moment, I said good-by to them, swung the ninety odd pounds of grub and blankets on my back, and hurried away.

I had gone about a mile when I heard some one running after me. I looked around startled, ready to plunge into the bush.

It was the missionary. "I want to say good-by to you," he said. "Sorry you can not stay. But two things I want you to remember. If you are ever in need of a friend, don't be afraid to come to me. I am your friend, no matter what your circumstances may be. And remember there is one above who keeps watch over us all at all times. God is good and he will take care of you if you will but ask him. Good-by, my boy. May God take care of you wherever you go."

He left me dazed and thoughtful. Surely God was good to have given me friends like that, and there on the road I sincerely asked Him to bless and keep those good people.

I didn't like to travel on the road, so at Wells where the Klihinah empties into the Chilkat, I went to an Indian friend who has a homestead there and told him I was in trouble and wanted to cross the Chilkat above Klihinah. I didn't have to say much, for an Indian needs only a few statements to understand and he draws his own conclusions as to details. He took me across the river in his canoe.

"I wish I was going with you," he said, and looked wistfully up the valley, "but I must stay here and take care of my foxes. Too bad, too bad," he shook his head slowly. "When you come back, come see me. Tell Paddy I am all right." We shook hands and he paddled back across the river.

Once more I was alone with miles and miles ahead of me. But I had a pack of grub on my back and a gun; enough to last me three months and a lot longer if I took good care of it and lived mostly on the country. So I was not lonesome, but I was awfully, awfully tired. The hot coffee and the warm food had stimulated me for the time being but now I was fast giving out. It began to rain and I realized

that I couldn't possibly make Boulder Creek where there was an old, deserted cabin, so I forded the Klihinah and made for Sunshine Hill where a friend of mine has a homestead. It took me quite a while to go the last mile or two, for my legs kept giving way under me in the most remarkable fashion and I had become ravenously hungry again.

My friend was not at home but the door was open and I went in and soon had cooked and eaten a meal. Then I fell into a stupor on the bed.

Late the next morning I awoke and got up and looked about. I had never been there before, though I had known the owner a long time. There was a little clearing around the cabin, and as I stepped out of the door into the garden, a grouse flew up to a branch in a nearby spruce tree with a loud whirr of wings, while a couple of rabbits scurried out of the cabbage patch into the woods. I hurried in and got my rifle and the grouse made my breakfast. A small river ran right past the house, and as I went down for water, a flock of ducks splashed off the little boat landing and swam quacking down the stream. Surely it was a beautiful place to live. The cabin was clean and snug. There were a table, two chairs, two beds, a writing desk and a cook stove, with pots and pans hanging on the wall in orderly fashion. I imagined my own cabin would look like that with her to fill it with cozy love and happiness. Then I realized how hopeless my ever having a home of my own had become. I was an outlaw and had to sneak around or hide, in order to keep out of the penitentiary. How could I ever have a home in Alaska and how could I ever expect her to trust me, a felon, a burglar, an outlaw. I threw myself on the bed and cried and wondered if I really had a friend in the world, and then I remembered what the missionary had said to me and I asked God to help me build my home, and while I was doing that, I thought of the dream I had had of her and I remembered the words she spoke, "All is grist, Svend. All is grist that goes to the mill." Then I felt better and stronger.

I ate breakfast and doctored my feet, picking out all the devil-club stickers and applying iodine to the cuts. Then I rolled up my pack and said good-by to the nice place, leaving a note to the owner on the table, and started out again over the trail.

The morning was clear and cold, with frost on the ground, and the air was very exhilarating. I was sore at first but soon I limbered up, and barring a few cuts and bruises, was in fairly good shape. I kept on at a pretty fast gait, for I wanted to get to Pleasant Camp that night and I had seventeen miles to go. Part of the way I ran at a trot, the Indian trot as Pete calls it, a kind of lope that gets a man over the trail faster than any other gait that I know. My lungs expanded and I drew in great draughts of pure, sweet air. I gloried in the beautiful woods, the glorious sunshine and the many colored leaves. Ah, but the woods are beautiful in the fall of the year. I had no time to worry about what was going to happen to me. I was on the trail and going somewhere through the most beautiful of days and I was glad to be free now and would be happy while I was free.

Soon I was off Sunshine Hill down in the Klihinah flats where the river winds its way, criss-crossing the wide, gravel-strewn valley that is its bed. Past Cottonwood Point I ran where the skeletons of old time stampedes still stand in the form of blown down shacks, tent poles and frames for large tent houses and barns.

I sneaked around Porcupine and towards evening I crossed the foot bridge over Jarvis river, went up a steep bank about a hundred feet or so, and then I was across the line. Now I could scoff at the marshalls and the jailers if they came to get me. At last I was really safe, for the time being, anyway, for there were no police nearer than White Horse. A narrow trail took me to the bridge across the Klihinah and soon I was in Pleasant Camp. I didn't think that anybody was there, so I put my pack in one of the

empty cabins and after gathering some wood, began to build a fire.

Some one came and opened the door. I whirled around and grabbed my rifle and then I saw that it was a man I had known in Haines.

We shook hands and he asked me where I was going. I told him that I had gone to White Horse and found nothing to do there, then had gone to Skagway and found conditions still worse, so I had decided to go to the interior again, taking the Kluane trail to the Shushanna district, where I thought I might get something to do.

"Well, well," he said; "you sure are some traveler. I wish that I were as young and strong as you. Come on down and stay with me and the missus. We got lots of bedding. You can sleep on the floor. It is a lot better than staying here."

"All right," I said, 'I'll come over as soon as I've had something to eat."

"No, no, you come right with me," and he took my pack which I had not yet unrolled. 'Gee whiz," he exclaimed, "what have you got in it, lead? Why, it must weigh ninety pounds or more. Leave that fire alone, the missus will make you a better lunch than you can ever make."

This is the next day and it is evening. I have been writing all day and the missus asked me if it were a book. But it is done now and to-morrow I start for the interior. My host says that there is snow on the summits now and I suppose I shall have a hazardous trip. But it is all in the game and I have to make it.

I am going to send this long diary to you Marian, and it may be the last installment for a long time. I know that I shall meet danger up there in those great wastes but don't worry about it, for I feel stronger and more capable than I ever did in my life before and I have a good chance of making it through. If I stay in there over winter, you may perhaps not hear from me till next summer, but if I can send a letter, I will. Good-by, Marian, SVEND.

CHAPTER XI

INDIAN FRIENDS

White Horse,
Sept. 19, 1914.

I LEFT Pleasant Camp early in the morning ten days ago. It was a wonderful, bright morning that filled me with zest and confidence in myself. The roofs of the cabins and bare spots on the ground round about were covered with a sparkling frost. It was the kind of a morning that makes one want to run into the woods, whoop, and jump about enjoying life. That was just the way I felt as I started out and my hosts said good-bye and urged me to come and see them on my next round. "Anyway," the missus said, "drop us a line and let us know how you fare in there."

I walked away at a rapid pace, wondering if they would regret having been so nice to me when they learned what a terrible outlaw I really was. I was now alone again and the chances were that I wouldn't see any one till I reached Dalton Post, seventy-five miles away. I thought of Dalton Post, Paddy and Princess, and knowing that I was welcome there, almost dreaded going. Would they tempt me to stay and become a squaw man? I knew they would tempt me but would I do it? I would be safe there. The Indians would never let any one catch me, once I had joined their tribe. They would let me know in advance if any one was coming for me and there were countless out of the way places where I could go where my capture would be practically impossible. And Princess would always be with me. We'd live a wild, free, fearless life out there in the mountains, hunting and trapping for our living. It seemed al-

most too good, yet I shuddered at the thought. I would never get to the outside again. I would be chained there, not only by the bonds of marriage and by my children, but by fear of the authorities who would know where I was and would be on the lookout for me at all times. And I would never even dare think of Marian again. No, no, no, I wouldn't stay in Dalton Post. I would hurry through to some place where I would be lost to the authorities and be really free once more. I put thoughts of Dalton Post and Princess out of my head and paid attention to the scenery.

Of course, when I write thus of Princess in my diary that I know Marian will read, I am going against all precedent. When a man loves a girl, he should, no doubt, think of nothing but her and never for a moment imagine marriage with another woman. At least, he should never let his girl know that he does. But though I love Marian and her only, I am writing the truth in my diary and I feel that I must tell the whole truth or nothing at all. Under the circumstances, it is only natural that I should consider Dalton Post.

I came through the diggings! my diggings! I did not enjoy that one bit.

I hurried on, keeping my eyes on the scenery about me. The mountains were truly wonderful. The road to Rainy Hollow ran up at an easy grade toward the summits ahead. There was snow up there where I must go and there was new snow on the tops of the mountains around me. I felt small and weak when I realized the magnitude of the things and forces around me. What if I should get sick up there in the mountains? What if I should fall and break my leg or get hurt so I could not travel? What if I should meet a grizzly bear determined on my destruction? What if I should drown in one of the many streams I had to cross? What if I should be caught in a blizzard up there in the vast, white desert? Fear, sickly, clammy fear was slowly gripping me. I stopped and sat down with a feeling of weariness and cowardice. Then I thought of what the missionary had said and I asked for strength and somehow

my fears faded away and I got up and moved on and was happy once again.

Up to the east of Rainy Hollow a monster glacier comes straight down a steep canyon between two mountain peaks. A giant, frozen avalanche of blue ice, mud and bowlders is sliding slowly down and as it reaches the foot of the canyon, melts into a gray muddy stream that tumbles, rumbles and roars down through deep canyons and over wide flats and is called the Klihinah.

Here ended the Rainy Hollow road. I took a steep trail that led up Mineral Mountain, one of the Rainy Hollow copper mountains. When I got up above the alders I left the trail, climbed to a small knoll and looked back over the country that I had passed through. Away down below me was the Klihinah, like a white streak from rapid to rapid, far down the valley as far as I could see, till the mountains swallowed it. The sun shone beautifully on the dark green forest below, spotted with patches of brown, red, and yellow-gold of the cottonwoods, birch and willow. Here and there in the depth of the forest shone small lakes like mirrors in the sunshine, and about it all was the pearl studded frame of the snow-capped, glacier-adorned mountains. The air was cool and refreshing and a fine breeze came up from the canyon. It was so wonderful that I wanted to embrace it all and live in it forever. Yet, there was something missing. I longed for a mate to share with me the beauty of it all. Oh, if I only could have had my mate at my side and said, "This is all our own. This whole world was made for you and me to live in and be happy."

But I had no time for idle dreaming. I had to push on, for the sun was about as high as it would get that day and I had a long way to go before I would reach my first camping place.

The bench that I was on ran up by a clear, tumbling creek so I stopped in a hollow and had dinner.

"Keep well to your left," Paddy had told me once about this short cut. "Keep well up on the left side of the canyon,

and when you get to the first lake, go right over the range to the left." So I kept on the left bank of the creek, up over a series of benches that were like giant stairs leading to the sky. There was a thin film of snow on the ground and the wind grew chilly. There were numerous whistling marmots and gophers making ready for the winter, I think, for they were rushing around with bunches of moss and grass in their mouths. And there were many tracks of caribou, moose and goats, but they were very old. I came to the place where the creek ran out of a lake but here the mountains rose almost straight up on my left and it was impossible to go over with my pack on my back. Then I began to wonder if I were lost, if I had misunderstood Paddy and if it were to the right that I should go. The snow grew thicker as I climbed higher and the lakes were filmed over with ice. Winter was coming fast up there.

I finally reached the summit and looked over the other side of the range. A wonderful sight greeted me. Below was the prettiest valley I have ever seen; green velvet grass everywhere, rolling hills and long benches of it, with a string of lakes down the center of the valley, connected by a tiny stream, like a silver necklace set with great sapphires. There was no wind down there, although a fresh breeze was blowing around me, and the reflections of the opposite mountains filled the lakes with fairy mysteries. I had to stop and wonder at it but the cold wind soon spurred me on. This was, no doubt, the lake that Paddy had spoken of, for to my left was a natural grade over the mountain.

I soon reached the summit and there again was a lake on the very top of the range. There was no ice here, for it was spread open to the winds that kept it in constant motion. A flock of ducks had settled on the water for a rest on their southward journey. They were tired, no doubt, for they allowed me to come quite close. Smack! smack! spoke my automatic rifle and with much splashing and quacking they rose from the water and flew to the other end of the lake where they settled again. But two of them were left be-

hind and lay at the edge of the shore. I pulled them in with my gun, drew them and strapped them on my pack.

A level stretch of mountain top lay ahead of me, and, as I was cold, I broke into a run. Never before did I run so far with a pack on my back without stopping to catch my breath. I marveled at the ease with which I covered the ground. Now the trail went down hill and below me as far as the eye could see stretched Mosquito Flats, while far away to the north was a little grove of trees in a hollow. That was where I intended to camp for the night. There is an old cabin there and it is called Glacier Camp. I ran down through a long canyon to the flats. This was a ptarmigan country, and from every patch of willows that I plunged through, families of them flew up and whirred off a hundred feet or so and then hid in the grass. I must have scared a thousand or more of them as I walked along that afternoon but I did not kill any, as the big mallard ducks were a-plenty for me for supper and breakfast.

I crossed a creek in the middle of the flats and came upon the old Dalton trail which made a straight line for Glacier Camp. In every muddy or sandy place I saw lots of tracks of bear and wolf. They use the trail to cross from the Alsik valley to the Chilkat valley and no doubt went that way long before man ever did.

Glacier Creek comes out from a deep canyon and crosses the flats three times, and each time it crossed I had to ford it through the ice cold, rushing water reaching to my waist. Finally, after much wading and getting frozen stiff with the water, I got into the grove of spruce trees that I had seen from afar on the summit. Another mile, and as the sun settled down behind the round mountains to the west, I made camp by the old rickety cabin called Glacier Camp. There was wood and a stove in there and I tried to make a fire but it smoked so badly that I made a fire outside and put on my tea water and rice. Then I plucked one of the ducks, fried a slice of bacon, cut the duck meat in slices and

fried it in the grease with a little water. Soon my supper was ready and I sat down to eat by the fire.

Suddenly I heard a noise behind the cabin, and as I reached for my gun, I saw through the smoke and the evening gloom a dark object come out through the brush. I jumped to my feet but soon saw that it was a man, an Indian. It was Hokashanta John.

"Hello," he greeted, "where you going?"

"Inside," said I. "Sit down and have a cup of tea. You eat supper yet?"

"Yes, I eat."

"All right, have a cup of tea, anyway. Where you go?"

"I go Haines. I catch young fox. Black fox. I go Haines sell. I buy flour, bacon. I got two pack horse. Maybe come back soon. You see Pete?"

"Yes," I answered, "Pete catch fifteen fox, ten days. Two cross, one silver, twelve red. Pete rich man some day."

"You think so? Pete fine man. All same white man. Pete fine Indian."

"How's Paddy?" I asked.

"Paddy, he Dalton House. He trap this winter, Clarence. Clarence fine man." Hokashanta John was evidently fond of praising people. "You see Paddy, Dalton House," he continued. "You tell you see me all right."

"All right, I tell him," said I and got up and entered the cabin. The conversation had lasted all through the meal, for Hokashanta spoke with great intervals between sentences. He was an old Indian, rather small of stature, very dark and wrinkled, with kind, twinkling, black eyes and an exceedingly sparse mustache hanging down at the corners of his mouth. I was about to roll out my blankets and make my bed when he came in and said, "You come my camp sleep. I give you blankets. You no take, you get sick. Pretty soon winter come. You freeze, maybe die."

He evidently thought that I hadn't enough blankets. I had a heavy piece of canvas and one warm, woolen blanket

and I could sleep very well, but I rolled up my pack and went with the little, old Indian to his camp. It was under a large, branchy spruce tree. There was a fire, a lean-to canvas and a great bundle of blankets. A pair of good horses grazed near by, their sleek sides glistening in the firelight. Two cages stood on the ground near the tree and I could hear the young foxes scurrying around in them.

"This my cache," John said, pointing up into the tree, and I saw all sorts of things hanging in the branches. There were strips of dried sheep and moose meat, skins of whistlers, bladders full of gopher grease and a sack full of dried salmon, while a big piece of canvas was spread over it all like a tent to keep the rain off. The Stick Indians have caches like that all over the country. They trap in the winter, and as blizzards are very frequent, they want to be always near a cache where there is wood cut and plenty of grub.

The old Indian rolled his blanket roll over to the lean-to and made the bed. There were two big, heavy blankets and three long robes of fur, one of whistlers and two of gopher skins. Then, when the bed was made, we took off our footwear and crawled in together. It was the first time I had ever slept with an Indian and I felt decidedly queer. He smelled of fish and gopher grease, for he was old, and I think, not very fond of water. He had rubbed himself in grease to keep the damp fall air away from his skin, and while the fragrance was very pleasing to his nostrils, it was beastly unpleasant to mine. I rolled in with him, nevertheless, as it would have been a violation of hospitality to refuse. But the smell was not the worst of it. When the old man fell asleep, he began to groan in the most horrible fashion, and it was lucky for me that I was dead tired and soon fell into a deep sleep. I woke up once or twice during the night when the horses snorted at some passing night prowler, put some wood on the fire and crept back into bed and slept on.

Before daylight Hokashanta John was up and had the

breakfast cooking. During the night a storm had blown up and it was now blowing a gale with a drizzly rain driving along. I got out my duck and soon had it plucked, and with duck meat and strips of dried sheep meat, we had a fine breakfast together. I helped the old man pack up his horses in silence, for the Indians are not fond of idle chatter and we had said all that it was necessary to know, at supper the night before. He gave me a big gopher skin robe and said that I could keep it and I thanked him. That was about all that was said till he went away, saying, "Good-by, big man. Some day you come back Dalton House. Come see old Hokashanta John. He good friend you. Maybe give you squaw."

"All right, John," I said, and we each went our way. Noon found me trotting and sliding down a small valley from lake to lake. Alaska, like Finland, could be called the land of a thousand lakes, for everywhere I have been there were lakes and more lakes.

In a canyon near the bottom of the Alsik valley there is an old cabin called Bear Camp. Its name is surely justified, for although I didn't see any bears, there were numerous tracks, ranging from small cubs to the twelve inch wide tracks of the grizzly that can be distinguished by the deep claw marks. There was a regular beaten path on each side of the creek, where for centuries bears have walked along fishing for salmon. It was after noon when I passed there but I wanted to ford the Alsik river before I camped for dinner, so I kept on down the trail and over the flat to the edge of the stream. But when I saw it and found that the water was higher than the last time I had crossed it, I decided that if I had to risk my life crossing the river, I might as well have the pleasure of eating first.

I built a fire, cooked two ptarmigan, a pot of rice, a bannock and tea and ate a hearty meal. Then I took my quarter of an hour's rest.

I took my gun and lashed it to my pack, took the pack and placed it on top of my head and then waded out into

the river. The water was icy cold but the red hot tea had warmed my insides; so it was some time before I felt the numbing chill. The water was up to my armpits for two hundred yards or more and it was lucky that the river was sluggish in this particular place. I was numb long before I reached the other side and several times I almost lost my pack when I slipped on the slimy bowlders. Cold and stiff I crawled out on the bank and sat down to pull off my clothes and wring them out. I did not take time to build a fire and get warm but went on as soon as I was dressed.

On that side of the river the foothills rose straight up from the bank and the trail led me up a steep gulch, then zigzagged up the side of the hill to a high, long bench. Away up ahead of me on the sloping bench I saw something move, or thought I did, something that was larger than a gopher or a whistler. Then a flimsy bank of fog came drifting up from the river and hid it from my sight and I forgot about it.

Suddenly the mist passed away and right there in front of me, digging like mad in a gopher hill, making the rocks and dirt just fly, was a monster grizzly bear. I stopped, struck dumb with surprise. I didn't dare run, for then he would surely see me and take after me, and that would be the end of the world for me. I was afraid to move for fear he would see me, for one never knows what a grizzly bear will do. He is just as liable to attack a man as to run away. The beast was too busy digging to see me, although I was less than a hundred feet away, but when a puff of wind blew my scent over to him, he gave a "whoof" and squatted on his haunches, ready to defend himself. He stared malignantly right at me. My heart stopped beating for a moment or two, then I slowly raised my miserable little .22 automatic rifle and slipped off the safety catch. I knew that it would be suicide to open fire with that gun there in the open. The brute would get to me in a few jumps, yet I would have shot if he had started toward me. I would have tried to shoot him in the eye, blinding him, for I was

not going to pass away without a fight. I unslung my pack as quietly as possible so that I wouldn't appear in any way antagonistic and the bear just sat there watching me, wriggling his ears as though he were amused at my presence. He was a big brute, about as tall as I as he sat there, and he looked as big as an elephant to me. His breath came in long, steady clouds of steam, for he was not a bit excited and his small eyes twinkled at me. I lost some of my first dread, for he didn't seem to wish me any harm and looked more curious than anything else. Yet, I couldn't stand there all day staring at him. He might take a notion that I was afraid of him and come for me. I had to do something, so I decided to pass him as if I didn't care anything about him at all. I put the pack on my shoulders and started off along the trail. I had to pass within fifty feet of him and it took all the nerve I had. The monster didn't even get up as I passed but just sat there, screwing himself around facing me. I kept my eye on him while passing and I kept looking over my shoulder when he was behind me. Then, when I had gone about a hundred feet away, he got up on all fours, walked over to the trail, sniffed at my tracks and in the air and then started after me at a walk. No doubt he smelled the bacon I had in my pack. I was panic stricken and it was only with the greatest effort that I kept from breaking into a run. Had I done so, I believe that the bear would have chased me and killed me. I kept on walking fast, looking back very often, and once when I looked back I saw that the bear was off the trail digging for gophers again. A small ridge got in between us and then I ran as I never ran before and soon I was some distance from where I had last seen him.

I came to a deep canyon with steep sides and a tumbling brook in the bottom. Here I should have camped for the night, for there was lots of wood, but I thought that I could make the next canyon, (there are three of them cutting up this long bench) so I climbed the other bank and hastened

to reach the next one. I suffered for it. The night caught me up there on the windy bench.

It was a good thing for me that Hokashanta John had given me that fur robe, for it turned cold, and with my damp clothes, I would have been pretty uncomfortable with only one woolen blanket and a piece of canvas. The gopher skin robe was soft and astonishingly warm, and I rested fairly well.

By daybreak my breakfast was cooked and eaten, my blankets were rolled and I was on the way. Five inches of snow had fallen that night, but I had been over that trail once before, so I knew the general direction and got along all right. After I had crossed the third canyon, the bench began to slope downward, ending in a long draw with a creek that began in a string of lakes that lay, one above another, on the bench. Here the woods began and there was no snow and soon I was traveling through a heavy forest. The sun came out and things began to look more cheerful. Rabbits ran across the trail in front of me and a big bull moose that was browsing on the leaves of a willow, snorted as he saw me come around a curve and rushed off into the deep woods, his antlers beating a tatoo on the limbs and small trees as he crashed through. He gave me quite a scare, too. I killed three spruce hens that flew up in a tree directly above me with a great noise and flutter. Whenever I stopped to rest I took care to select a spot where there were lots of berries, thus accomplishing two things at once. The trail dropped down a steep ravine to the Alsik. I forded the stream on a slanting riffle. I built a fire on the other side, dried my clothes, fried my spruce hens and had dinner. Then I found an almost invisible trail that led to Dalton Post. I crossed the Klukshoo river and there on the other side in the underbrush stood Princess.

Her hair was done in two long braids that hung, one on each side of her head and reached to her waist. She wore a coat and skirt of buckskin embroidered with many porcupine quills in fanciful patterns. The seams were finished

with little fringes of skin. Her little feet were in prettily embroidered moccasins. She looked very sweet and beautiful. I don't know how she knew I was coming, maybe she had seen me crossing the river, or maybe she had seen my smoke and guessed that it was I. She said that she had been waiting for me, and placing her hands on my shoulders, she kissed me squarely on the lips. I couldn't help it! she was so sweet and appealing that I kissed her, too. Then she broke away, and running through the brush, disappeared.

Another two hundred yards and I was in the clearing. Paddy Duncan was sitting outside his cabin and Princess was there talking excitedly.

"Hello, Hootsklahoo," he called to me as I hove in sight. "Welcome, welcome. Where you come from?" Princess slipped out of sight behind the cabin.

"I come from outside," I said. "I had big trouble in Skagway. Got in jail. Broke out. Locked jailer in. Ran away over mountain to Chilkat. Came over Dalton trail here." I could hear the squaws chatter excitedly behind the cabin.

"Where you get grub?" Paddy asked, surveying my pack that I had placed on the ground and squatted upon.

"Klukwan. Good friends Klukwan."

"I know," Paddy said. "Good man, him. You see Hokashanta John, Dalton trail?"

"Yes, I see him Glacier Camp. He's all right. Fox all right, too. He give me fur robe. Hokashanta good man. He told me to wait here. He give me squaw," I said, and laughed and there was a great commotion behind the house where a bunch of squaws had gathered and were eagerly catching the news at long distance. "Where is Clarence?" I asked.

"He go catch fish. Come back soon. You stay here rest. How much you pack?" He came over to my pack and lifted it. "Huh! much heavy. You strong man. How many days you come Pleasant Camp?"

"This is the third day."

"Oh, my!" He shook his head, "you bull moose. I glad you come here. You stay here. I give you Princess. I pay squaw. Princess say he like you. He fine squaw." He shook his head from side to side to emphasize the last word.

Clarence, who is married to a squaw at Dalton Post, came up to us with two big salmon. "Hello, Svend," he called, "where do you come from? I thought you were away in on the Yukon by this time."

I told him my story with more detail than I had given to the Indians. He could appreciate the small side lights. An Indian needs only to hear the main issues of the story and he knows or imagines the rest. When I told him of locking the jailer in, he danced a jig on the porch of the cabin and laughed and shouted. "You're all right and all man. There's nothing I like to hear better than that you got away from them low down polecats. Good for you! You stay right here and trap with Paddy and me this winter." Then he turned to Paddy and said, "Guess we can manage to get him a squaw, hey Paddy?"

"Yes," said the Indian, "I tell him Princess, he good squaw. I tell him he no pay nothing." (The Indians insist in saying he for she.)

"There, you see," said Clarence with great finality. "Princess is a fine kid. If I weren't married, I'd take her myself. We got all the grub we need and then some. You can make a good stake trapping here and live like a prince. What do you say to that?"

I didn't know just what to say. I thought of what lay ahead of me. I might get caught and be sent back to the jail and later to the penitentiary. We had gone into the house and I could see Princess watching me through a broken pane in the window, waiting eagerly to hear my answer and I hated to speak, but I had to and she might as well hear now as later. I turned to face Clarence squarely and said, "No, friend Clarence, I can't do it. I have a girl in California and I love her and expect to marry her some day. I

thank you and Paddy for your kindness and your good will but I cannot marry Princess. I am sorry."

"You don't have to marry her," Clarence spoke hastily. "I just thought I would oblige you by saying that. You can stay here and trap with us. We'll give you a cabin and everything. You can't go out, they'll get you, sure as hell and you're too good a man to rot in prison. I know you want to get where you can hear from your girl and know what's going on in the world, but you can stand it for one winter in here. I've been here fifteen years and I don't give a damn if I never get out."

Such arguments were hard for a man in my predicament to resist, but I knew myself too well. My intentions might be all right and my love for my white girl sure and true, but to spend a whole winter away from the world with hardly any news and with a pretty young Indian girl making eyes at me and wanting to marry me, would shatter my good intentions, for I was only human.

"No, Clarence," I said, shaking my head, "I thank you ever so much but I can't do it. I must get out and work my way through."

"All right," he said, "but remember, if you can't find anything to do and get in a tight fix, make you way back here. You are welcome any time and you can eat as long as I got anything to eat."

Paddy felt a bit abused at my refusing his offer. He couldn't understand why any man should refuse to marry Princess and he walked about the cabin saying nothing and shaking his head.

I left Dalton Post that same afternoon. Before I went away Paddy gave me a tin can and said, "When you get to Klukshoo lake you see lots bear. All bear go Klukshoo lake catch fish. Sometimes sleep near trail. You take tin can, put in small rock. Make big noise. Scare bear away. Sometime you come back Dalton House. I give you squaw."

I said good-by and left them all in the clearing looking after me.

When darkness fell, I stopped by a small creek, made camp and soon had my supper cooked, my shelter made and a goodly pile of logs and sticks stacked by the fire. I had to keep the fire burning all night for fear of the bears and wolves that infest this country.

I was very lonesome that night and lay awake a long time thinking of what had happened during the day. I wondered if I were right. Here I was alone in the woods with only a fire to comfort me, my blankets wet and the earth I lay on cold and damp beneath me. I might have been in a warm cabin with fur robes on the bed and a loving woman for my mate. Oh, well, this world is a queer place. I live in the future. When the future comes, shall I still live in the future, I wonder, or shall I have my mate and be happy? I doubted it that lonesome night, I doubted if I should ever be happy.

Then came the blissful sleep that only the man who has been traveling all day can appreciate.

In the early morning I found frost settling on everything out of reach of the heat waves that were radiating from my little fire. I had killed a spruce hen just before dark and this I had for breakfast with the customary rice, bannock and tea. Before long I was off again. All the sordid doubts of the past night were flown. I felt at one with the clear freshness about me. I felt that I maintained my integrity. True, I was an outlaw, but I had been tempted to lower myself to the level of another race and I had won the battle. And was not this enough of life and worth living for? Oh, the world was beautiful that morning! The blue sky over head and the promise of a sunshiny day seemed to make everything gloriously happy. Little squirrels sat around in the trees chattering gayly at me; bluejays flew along from limb to limb above me and peered curiously at me, occasionally scolding me for disturbing their peaceful woods with my presence, while now and then a flock of grouse flew up

in the trees above the trail and sat there looking at me, first with one eye, then with the other, as if to make very sure of me. A black bear trotted hurriedly into the underbrush as I approached and a little later a red fox crossed the trail like a streak, then stopped and sat there under a fallen log, watching me as I passed.

The trail went up and down over rolling hills, through little valleys and along mountainsides. Down in the valley through which the Klukshoo river ran from Klukshoo lake to the Alsik forming half a dozen lakes in hollows along the way, I found all kinds of bear tracks. Wherever the trail was soft, it was covered completely with the imprint of their paws. They were all going to Klukshoo lake, which is the spawning ground for the Alsik sockeye salmon. It is no wonder the bears were there, for the river and lakes were full of fish, white fish, grayling, trout and salmon. Everywhere they were jumping out of the water and falling in with great splashes. I had once heard that when the fish do this a storm is coming, and in this instance there was. While I was stopping for dinner the first blasts of wind came soughing through the treetops and big drops of rain began to fall one by one here and there. I hurried with my meal and started on my way as soon as I could, for I wanted to get as far as possible that evening. There was a good camping place between Klukshoo and Desdiash lake and I'd have to go some to reach it that day. Before I had gone very far the storm broke and great blasts of wind sent trees crashing to the earth and the air was full of branches and leaves. A heavy rain began to drive down and before long I was wet through. It was dangerous traveling, for I never knew when a tree or limb would fall on me, but I wanted at least to reach Klukshoo lake, where I could stop at the fish camp with the Stick Indians. I was sure to find shelter there for the night.

I was making pretty good time, trotting wherever the trail was even and clear enough, and at about three o'clock was approaching Klukshoo lake. Along the trail here and there

were rotting salmon that the bears had carried there and left to ripen. I had forgotten all about what Paddy said about making a noise with the can and it was lucky for me that the wind carried my scent ahead of me, for suddenly a big, brown bear jumped up from a clump of brush close by the side of the trail right ahead of me. It gave a vicious snort and a swipe with its paw in my direction and rushed off into the woods. I stopped right then, got the can off my pack, put my knife and some nails that I carried in my pocket in it, and made all the noise I could the rest of the way to the lake. I saw no more bears.

The fish camp was deserted. I made my camp under a shed where the Indians had smoked fish. I hung my blankets, robe and canvas up under the rafters and made a big fire to dry them. Then I gathered a lot of old rotten and broken logs and poles from nearby sheds and fish racks and piled them up beside my fire. I wanted to keep a good blaze going all night, for there were bear tracks everywhere among the sheds of the camp and I knew that night time was when they were about doing their fishing.

Down by the edge of the lake a flock of mallards was quacking and feeding in the reeds. I sneaked down there, crawling on hands and knees part of the time to get near enough and I got two of them before they had time to fly away. The water was shallow, so I waded out to get them. At camp I stripped naked and dried my clothes, in the meantime plucking my game. I stuck the ducks full of holes with my knife and in the holes I stuck peppered and salted bacon and sat there turning them on a stick over the fire till they were roasted through.

As I looked out over the woods and hills where no humans lived, it seemed to me that I was the first man in a world of animals. A primeval forest dweller sitting there stark naked in the crudely built shed roasting my meat over the fire. Darkness fell early that night and even before it was quite night, I could distinguish great, black shapes coming down through the brush to the lake. Splash, splash,

splash, went a monster brute right past my camp, jogging along in the mud. Then it stopped a few moments and, staring out into the darkness, I could see my fire reflected in its small eyes as it growled and glared at me, sitting there naked as itself with my pitiful little gun grasped in my hands. Oh, how grateful I was for that little fire that kept the beasts from getting too close to me. I didn't sleep very well that night. I kept hearing all sorts of noises and I roused often to keep my fire burning brightly. I heard at least a dozen bears pass by down to the water and they kept me pretty well awake most of the time but I was thankful to have lots of wood, and a roof over me to keep me warm and dry, for it rained hard all night long.

When morning came the world was gray and wet. I was wet to the skin before I had gone a mile and was neither comfortable nor cheerful. I hadn't rested well on account of the bears and now I had to keep rattling my can to keep those same infernal beasts from attacking, and it irritated me. Yet, everything has an end and before noon the sun broke through the clouds and filled the world with light and joy.

At noon I stopped at a river; I don't know its name. The water was clear and deep and the current very gentle. I could see grayling and white fish swimming about, and as I hadn't seen any game that morning, I got out my fishing tackle, cut a long willow for a pole, and soon I was having a fine time catching a dozen grayling for my dinner. In an hour or so I was on the trail again, traveling over a wide swamp on a carpet of moss that swayed under my weight and kept me worrying about breaking through and sinking into the mud, or whatever it was that lay beneath. After a while I stirred up a flock of caribou as large as cows from a grove of willow and cottonwood, and when I saw them gallop across the swamp, I knew that I would never sink through if they didn't. At the edge of the swamp a fine red fox sat in the middle of the trail looking at me as I came up to it. I raised my gun to kill it but before I could take

a decent aim, it seemed to divine my purpose and leaped into the brush and out of sight. The trail now led up over a small ridge and then up on the high banks of Lake Desdiash. This lake stretches along for about forty miles—a beautiful, beautiful sight; surrounded by forest clad mountains with white, pearly peaks in contrast to the dark green, and the brown, red and yellow of the autumn leaves. The reflection in the water seemed to be even more wonderful than the mountains themselves. And I had it to look at all afternoon as I walked along on the high banks through a meager forest of scattered spruce and small cottonwood. I got a couple of grouse for my supper and stopped by a row of cabins that are called Desdiash Village. There was no one there and the cabins were all locked with large padlocks, which is very unusual for Alaska. So I pitched my camp under a big tree and slept soundly through the frosty night.

The morning was clear and cold and I made good time. Through swamps, over bluffs and along long benches I went. I passed an old Indian fish camp called Yon Yack's fish camp. There I had a fine view of Yon Yack mountain, which is named after an old Indian who is supposed to be more than two hundred years old and who tells that when he was a boy the mountain was nothing but a knoll and that it grew with him and got larger and larger the older he grew. The trail led between this and another towering mountain on its way through woods, over ridges and across deep, flat-bottomed canyons that were filled with fine, white sand and dotted with willow thickets and cottonwood groves, and shady dark-green pine forests.

Along in the afternoon the sky was again darkened by clouds, so I made haste to reach some kind of a camping place. It was only four o'clock, but the clouds became so heavy that it suddenly turned dark. I could tell by the air that something tremendous was about to happen, so, in a small indentation in the bank of a canyon, I spread my canvas over a few bunches of brush and started a fire outside,

but no sooner was my fire going well than the rain came in a cloudburst. It simply flooded out of the sky. Out went my nice fire and down came my canvas over me. There was only one thing to do and that was to get everything under the canvas and stay there until the rain stopped. I raised a couple of sticks under the middle of it and with my grub and blankets in a heap in the center, I curled up and tried to sleep. I was not destined to sleep that night, however, for the water coming down the hillside formed a creek that ran right through my little lair. I dug a canal with my hands and hatchet and led the water around my grub but I had to stand by, repairing and making new ditches half the night while the rain lasted. It stopped as suddenly as it started. The sky cleared and the stars came twinkling out, wonderfully close above the tops of the trees. Then it turned cold and everything froze up. With cold fingers and wet wood, it was no easy job to build a fire, but after a lot of swearing and searching around, I found a dead cottonwood and got some dry pulp from a hole in the trunk, and with it soon had a crackling fire. I put my canvas so that the heat waves woud play against it and rolled up in my bedding for an hour's nap before it was time to cook breakfast.

I reached Champaigne Landing about nine o'clock. The village is on a low bench sloping down to the river. There are about fifty cabins, a large roadhouse with corrals and stables and a trading store. As I entered the village, a hundred or so dogs began to bark and rush at me in packs. I was quite frightened and swung my rifle at the first that came so they only circled around me, sniffed at my scent and slunk off to their respective cabins, where they lay and bristled and growled. Doors opened and the inmates crowded around to look at me, bucks, squaws and kids staring curiously. Then the men came out and followed me to the store. One by one they came and soon the little place was crowded. Then came questions and answers galore. I told them of the progress of the big war, and they were

were very much interested and one of them who seemed to be educated, said, "Damn fools, to be making war like that." I tried to get him into a discussion but he only said, "Huh," to everything I said. Where was I going? I didn't know. Maybe I would stop there if I could get a job. Maybe I would go to White Horse or back to Dalton Post. I didn't tell them much. They seemed to understand everything, anyway—White man come from Haines, through Dalton Post. Looking for job—it was very simple.

"Shorty," the man who owned the store, came from the back room and asked me where I came from.

"Dalton Post," I answered.

"The hell you do! The last time I saw you, you was going to White Horse. How did you get to Dalton Post without coming through here?"

"I came over from Carcross by Lake Arkell," I lied, for Shorty looked treacherous, not the kind of a man to whom a fellow tells the truth. "I am looking for a job. You don't happen to need a good man, do you?"

"No," said Shorty, and eyed me suspiciously. I think he was afraid that I would ask him for something. That's the way it is with some of these white traders. How different the Indians have been. As soon as they learned I was in trouble, they stretched out their hands in sympathy and friendship.

"There was a team passed through here to-day," Shorty informed me. "If you can make Stoney Creek to-night, you might get a ride to-morrow." This was probably to get rid of me, so I said so-long to the Indians and started out along the road to White Horse. I had nineteen miles to go and I made the mile posts fly past me that afternoon, reaching Stoney Creek by nightfall.

A stony-bottomed creek ran across the road with a road-house built on the brink of it. Two wagons stood there and four bearded men sat around a huge campfire in a grove of trees to one side of the road. I took my pack up under a big, spreading spruce tree and unrolled it. Then I made

a fire and cooked a hasty meal. After I had eaten my lone supper I went over to the fire and it did not take long to get acquainted. Three of them were prospectors, a father and his two sons. The other was a teamster freighting for Shorty. I estimated the old man to be about seventy and the sons between forty and fifty. They had prospected every summer for nine years and had worked every winter for a grub stake. They were ragged and had long whiskers, so that they looked like robbers in a story book. They had just heard about the war that day and the old man cursed the Kaiser and the Crown Prince roundly. He was not an anarchist, he said, but if he ever got the chance, he would shoot the scoundrels like yellow dogs. When I told them I had over eighty pounds to pack, they said that I could ride in the wagon with them the rest of the way to White Horse. They were sure I could get a job in the mine there, or if I couldn't, they knew a contractor who took contracts from the White Pass Company to cut wood along the Yukon for the river boats, so I came to think that I was safe in going to White Horse.

Next morning I ate breakfast with the men and listened to them damning the Germans and the triple alliance. The paper they had seen about the war, the only one, by the way, had told of the Russian offensive in East Prussia. The Russians were marching on Berlin. They must be pretty nearly there and the old man was sure that when we got to White Horse the war would be over. I said that I hoped this was so but that I knew about the German border and it was either swampy or mountainous, so I didn't think that the Russians could get through very fast. Then the old man thought that I was a German. My speech was accented, sure I was a German. All Germans or pro-Germans ought to be shot or hanged and it was only by the greatest effort that I was allowed to explain that I was a Dane and, therefore, as much against the Germans as anybody, probably more than most people, because my home country was anti-German, so I had been brought up to be so. This was oil

on the troubled waters, and the old man ceased to glare at me, merely remaining disgusted and ignoring me. When he learned that I was a foreigner, what little respect he had for me waned as he had no use for foreigners. I felt dejected and out of place when the wagon started. It was cold, too. I decided to warm up so I jumped off and ran ahead of the horses that were trotting along at a rapid gait. I kept this up for a couple of miles, until I was thoroughly limbered up and warmed through, then I let the team pass me, and placing my hands on the edge of the wagon, I jumped inside with more grace than I had imagined myself capable of. That made quite an impression on those three prospectors, for most men like that admire physical prowess. Then, after a while when the silence hung too heavy, I began to draw the old man out about prospecting. There is nothing an old timer likes more than to be asked questions and soon he was rambling on, telling all about it. I learned a lot and at the same time became good friends with the old fellow by merely acting as if I took everything he said for the gospel truth. The sons, too, seemed to take a liking to me, for Otis laughed uproariously when I told even a mild joke, which was a good sign, while Pete, who was driving, sat there and nodded his head and smiled. He was the older of the two and his hair was already turning gray at the temples. Once in a while I caught him scrutinizing me when I was not looking at him, as if he wanted to know my secret.

Once when the other two were in the back of the wagon, he said in an undertone that if I ever needed help some time, I could count on him for a friend. He had seen a thing or two himself, he said. In ragged, bewhiskered Pete I felt that I had a staunch friend. At noon we camped by a small creek and here again it came about that I showed off before them. My little .22 automatic was the last thing in accuracy when one knew its peculiarities. It shot just a little low and to the right. I had been a sharpshooter in the army and when Pete, Otis and I shot at a target on a tree

at a hundred feet, I beat both of them badly. Then I showed Pete, who was the better shot of the two, just what was the matter with the gun, and he hit the bullseye five times in succession. I did the same and we were tied. A small hawk came along and sat down in the very top of a tree near by. I took hasty aim and down came Mr. Hawk; then Pete said I was the best shot and that he wanted to buy that gun, but being broke, he couldn't. I told him that I had only five dollars but I would sell him the gun if I got a job in White Horse.

That night we stopped at the Takina river and camped on the bank of it. In the morning we hailed the ferryman and crossed on a big ferry that slides across the current, hanging to a cable. In the evening they would reach White Horse but I didn't want to go that far, so got off where the road branches to go to Pueblo Mines. I said good-by to my fellow travelers and with my pack on my back once again, set out to cover the two or three miles to the mine.

A young fellow came along the road just as I reached the buildings. He looked as though he might be a time keeper or something like that.

"Where is the office?" I asked him, for though I knew where the office was, I thought I might as well find out something before I went in.

"Are you looking for a job?" he asked.

"I am."

"Well, you're out of luck," he shook his head. "The mine closed down yesterday and most of the men are gone, only a few left to straighten things up."

Well, I'm kind of used to such things now but I had hoped to get a job in that mine. I decided that maybe I ought to go to Dawson and stay there, woodpile or no woodpile, jail or no jail. I set my course toward White Horse and reached there late in the evening.

Outside of the town Shorty Chambers has a barn and here the three prospectors were staying, camping in the hay loft. When I passed they asked me to come in and

stay with them, so I did. Last night a wood contractor said he could give me a job for all winter with a chance to make a grub stake.

I am dead tired. I came here to the free reading room early this morning, and except for a few minutes I spent buying a loaf of bread and some cheese and eating them, I have been writing all day. It is now almost twelve o'clock. The caretaker came in a long time ago and told me he'd have to close up but I said I was writing home and asked him to let me stay till I had finished. He said it looked as if I were writing a book, but he let me stay. I wanted to get it done, for I don't know what to-morrow may bring. Oh, Marian, I can't help thinking of you and loving you.

Svend.

CHAPTER XII

IN JAIL AGAIN AND OUT

White Horse,
Sept. 20, 1914.

MY dear friend Marian:

Well, Marian, I have at last come out from my prospecting trip. I reached here day before yesterday after a hard trip out. You were right in your expectations, I didn't find the gold and am broke, and worse than that, I am in jail. But don't worry, dear, they will let me out as soon as they see they have made a mistake. It seems there is some sort of a desperado around here by the name of Svend Norman who has done something or other and is wanted by the U. S. authorities. He evidently looks a lot like me, for they say I answer the description to a T all the way around, so there is nothing for me to do but to stay here till the man comes from Skagway to identify me and then, of course, they will let me go. I have already secured a job with a wood cutting outfit down the Yukon river, so I can go to work as soon as this farce is over.

I was standing down by Shorty Chambers' barn when a constable came edging up to me and two others came from behind the barn and arrested me.

I demanded to know what I was charged with and they said the sergeant would tell me soon enough, and of course, as there were three of them and they were policemen, I had to come along.

Once here they took me to an office and an official in civilian clothes asked all sorts of foolish questions. "What's

your name? What's your father's name? What's your grandfather's name?" And so on until I got so mad that I threatened to whale the devil out of him, the nervy cuss. Me, an American citizen to be treated like this!

What do you think these idiots have me charged with? Suspicion of having violated the immigration laws without reporting to the authorities. The danged fools know well enough that there are no authorities where I crossed the border at Pleasant Camp five months ago and it's pure meanness on their part, just because I am a free American.

But I'll be out in a few days and then I'll tell you what I think of them. I'll write again when I get out.

I am your friend truly,

Bill Roberts.

P. S.—My address is General Delivery, White Horse, Yukon Territory, and I'll have it forwarded wherever I go. With much love, Bill.

White Horse,
Sept. 25, 1914.

Dear friend Marian:—

Well, girl, the game is up. It's no use pretending any longer. They know who I am, all right, and the U. S. marshal is coming up to-night to identify me and take me away with him in the morning. I am in a cell four feet by six and have chains on my legs to keep me from causing any more trouble. They wouldn't give me this paper to write on till I kicked the door and made so much noise that the captain came and said to let me have all the paper I wanted, and so I am writing.

I got so darned angry the first day they had me here that I just tore loose and made as much racket as I could. A constable came running and after him a sergeant. The sergeant was in a rage.

"What do you mean by this, you dirty——"

I demanded to see the captain and after a lot of talk he left.

When he got outside I heard him say, "My God! but these Americans are a lot of trouble," and I knew I had him bluffed. I lay down to rest on the narrow cot and planned what I'd say.

The captain came about an hour later and I was let out to talk to him. I protested firmly that I didn't wish to be in jail, that I had done no wrong and that they had no right to keep me there. I was firm but more polite than I had been to the others. I could see that it made an impression and he came pretty near letting me out. On second thought, however, he said that he would telegraph to Skagway, and if I was not the man the U. S. marshal there wanted, of course they would let me go. He gave the constable orders to give me all the food I wanted and to be decent to me. I was placed in another cell where there were six cells facing out on a large room where I could walk about. You can see that my game of bluff was up, so that afternoon I planned my breakaway.

Supper time came and two other prisoners set the table out in the guard room. There were five constables out there standing around a heater, joking and laughing. Then my door was opened and I stepped out, my guard stepped back a bit and there was a moment or two of tension with everyone watching me. Then I turned to the table and with a sigh of relief the constables around the stove continued their talk. The door to the outside opened—some one was coming in. This was my chance. I put one foot against the bench by the table and whirled around with a leap. I took one constable with my shoulder, sending him flying into another one, and both of them sprawled on the floor. Then over the stove I flew. Some one got me by the neck of the shirt and pulled the whole back of it off. There was one of them in the doorway and I kicked him head over heels outside; one was hanging onto me and I dragged him outside with me, where he let go. I was free and out in the cold evening. I went like a streak around the corner and up the street toward the woods. I heard five or six shots and jumped side-

ways and zigzagged along to keep them from getting a good aim.

There was an old Indian cabin in this part of the woods and I knew there were a lot of old clothes there, so I made my way to it. I found a fur cap and a coat that fitted me, then I made for the road toward Champaigne Landing. I sneaked through the woods towards Shorty Chambers' barn, thinking to get my pack. But as I was lying in the brush at the edge of the woods, I saw two constables carrying my stuff out of the barn and away toward town. Well, I thought, I could get some grub from the Indians at Champaigne. That was only sixty-five miles, so I could get there all right without anything to eat.

It was pitch dark and I started out along the road at a run. I wasn't packing anything now and I felt as light as a feather. I ran at a loping trot with as long strides as I could take, walking only now and then to catch up with my wind. Before very long it seemed, I was at Takina twenty miles out and was hardly a bit tired. I got the ferry loose and let her drift over to the other side with me. There I turned her wheel to go back and then jumped off and let her drift back alone. Then I was off again. The road was frozen hard and easy to run on, so I made splendid time. I ran and walked, ran and walked all night long, constantly thinking and planning what I would do. I decided not to go to Dalton Post but to go through Champaigne to Yukon Crossing and there try to stow away on a river boat to Dawson. Or perhaps I could get a job in some wood camp along the way.

At daybreak I passed the forty mile post and there a trail led off at right angles to the road. I thought that it was a short cut, so I took it.

At a small creek that ran across the trail in a canyon I came upon an Indian camped with his squaw and his two small kids. I stopped, for my feet were getting sore and I wanted to bathe them in the creek, and I was also hungry enough to even bum an Indian for a dried fish or some-

thing. He was a low browed, evil looking savage and eyed me with great suspicion as I squatted by the creek and took my shoe packs off. No doubt, it was very strange to see a white man dressed as I was in a tattered, moldy, old coat and a woman's fur cap, for such it was, though I hadn't noticed it before daybreak, running along forty-five miles from town without blankets and without grub at that time of year. I wondered if he thought I was crazy and then a lucky idea struck me. I would act crazy and then he would be afraid to do me harm and would probably feed me, too.

After I had washed my feet in the ice rimmed creek and had drunk all the water I cared for, I stood up, and throwing my arms out as if to embrace the whole world, I sang a mighty song in Danish about the national hero, Holger Danske. I sang so loud that the echo of it rolled from one side of the canyon to the other. The Indians watched me with great awe and when I turned to the buck and gravely asked him for something to eat, he called to his squaw and soon after she brought me a lump of baked dough and two strips of dried white fish. I thanked him and bowed deeply to the squaw and then asked the Indian where the trail led to. He said that it led to Yukon Crossing and I was very glad. I asked him how far it was to the next house and he informed me in a dialect that I cannot reproduce that twenty miles down the trail lived an old white man, so I thanked him again and hurried on.

The trail was good but in the forenoon I began to feel a little weak. My legs were beginning to get sore in the muscles and I had a queer, weak feeling in the small of my back. I was getting very, very tired. Sixty-five miles is a long way to go in one stretch. My mind was awfully dull that morning and I can't remember what I was thinking about as I stumbled along over that trail through the heavy forest of brush and jack pines.

Some time in the day I came to a small clearing with a cabin and there stood an old man, chopping wood.

"Hello," I said weakly as I came up to him.

"Howdy, howdy," he cried, and looked at me with surprise showing in his kind, gray eyes. "Come on inside where it's warm. Why, man, you're as white as a sheet! Are you sick?"

"No," I told him, "but I am dead tired." I walked into the cabin and sat down on the bed near the fire. "I left White Horse last night after dark."

"By jove!" he exclaimed, "you look it." And then I told him the whole miserable story as briefly as I could.

"By jove," he said again, "you're entitled to get away after that. I'll tell you what to do. You keep right on this trail and about twenty miles from here is another cabin where an old friend of mine lives and traps. He will show you the trail to a large wood camp where you can get a job and they'll never find you. Them redcoats are hell on the trail, though, and they're liable to be right behind you. I'll tell them that you took my trap line to Champaigne Landing, and when they don't find you there, they'll think you got lost and died and'll quit looking for you." He was stepping around all the time, getting a big pot of beans warmed up and coffee made for me, and in a little while I was sitting down to a great, big feed.

I ate till I felt drowsy. The old man said that I could sleep a couple of hours, then he'd call me and I could make the rest of the twenty miles to the next cabin. "You can rest there," he said, "for I'll send them the other way when they come."

I had no sooner closed my eyes, it seemed, than he was shaking me and telling me that I had better move along, as the redcoats were liable to be coming at any time. I was so sleepy that I wouldn't have cared if they had come, but he kept shaking me till I came to and realized my situation. He had a big lunch made up for me and a pair of blankets rolled in a pack strap, and after a plate of hot beans and all the coffee I could drink, I was on the trail again with a "Good luck, boy," ringing in my ears.

Though my feet were sore and my legs ached with every

step, I was thankful that I was free, had food and was getting away.

It grew dark; my legs seemed to bump against every obstacle along the way and my ankles felt as if they had been worn to the bone. I tried to think it was funny and laughed aloud, but my laugh sounded crazy. If there had been any one behind me they would have thought I was a maniac and I wouldn't wonder if I was a bit crazy. No one but a crazy man would run like that through the dark wastes laughing at himself. I wondered if I would ever get away from the thing that reached out and grasped me when I thought I was perfectly safe. I thought of the warm guard room and it didn't seem so bad at that. There I would at least have a chance to rest.

It was lucky for me that the moon rose and blinked at me from over a distant mountain, for if it hadn't, I should have missed the trapper's cabin. It was standing back from the trail almost hidden by brush and I would not have seen it if the moon hadn't been reflected in the window pane. I stumbled over to it and knocked on the door. No one answered, so I raised the latch and went in. I struck a match and saw that there was no one there. A cook stove stood in the corner and a heater in the center of the little cabin. I made a fire in the heater and then lay down on the floor with my roll of blankets under my head, for I was too tired and sleepy to unroll them.

I must have slept a long time before I was wakened by the cold. The fire was out and it was bright daylight. I was so stiff and sore that I lumbered around like a lame horse, building a fire in the cook stove and making myself a cup of coffee to get warmed up inside. After drinking that and eating the rest of my old friend's lunch, I lay down on the floor and slept again.

. . . .

Some one shook me by the shoulder and I looked right into the muzzle of a big, automatic pistol. Behind it there was a red coated policeman, the one who had arrested me

down by Shorty Chambers' barn. I looked at him and felt more helpless than I ever had before in my life. I wasn't afraid of the gun, I hardly noticed it, but the presence of the big man in the red coat overwhelmed me with a sense of weakness. He was the power of society and in the right, and I was an outlaw and in the wrong. I had no chance. He told me to put out my hands, and when I did, he put a pair of handcuffs on them.

Then he smiled to me. "By Golly, lad, you're a game one and I hate like hell to take you, but I got to do my duty."

I grinned a sickly grin back to him. What was there to do? After all my running away and suffering, I was where I had started, caught! It seemed impossible.

"How did you find my trail?" I asked.

"The old Indian I met on the way told me you had asked him where the trail led to. Then old Bob, by the cross trails, told me you had gone to Champaigne and intended to go to Dalton Post, and of course I knew old Bob is the best kind of a fellow and wouldn't tell the truth, so I came this way as fast as I could. I knew you bloody well couldn't keep up the pace you had gone, and, since I had my horses, I'd get you sooner or later."

Outside the cabin were two horses, a saddle and a pack horse. The constable tied part of the load from the pack horse behind his saddle. "This is against rules," he said, "but you have walked far enough and we can get back faster this way. There are only thirty-five miles to Champaigne and you'll get a buggy ride from there to White Horse."

Thus we traveled along the trail all during the moonlit night. At the old timer's cabin we stopped, and after rousing him, had a cup of coffee. I gave him back his blankets and he was very sorry that I had been caught and said so quite openly before the constable.

On the way into Champaigne Landing we passed two Indians, big Jim and his son, Casey. As soon as they recognized me I made a motion with my hand for silence and then made as if to break my chains and pointed along the road to

Dalton Post and they nodded that they understood. The constable's back was toward us, so he didn't see the pantomime, didn't even notice that the Indians recognized me.

We stopped at a roadhouse and I was put in a room on the top floor. Here my guard took off the handcuffs and also took away my pants, my coat and my shoe packs and put a pair of cuffs on my ankles with a chain between them that was long enough to let me walk with small steps. He then brought food to me and slept on the couch opposite my bed.

I slept soundly all day long, and when I woke, the constable was gone. I got out of bed as quietly as I could and sat down before the window. It faced to the front of the house. Less than a hundred yards away there was a thicket of brush and further on were the woods, stretching away toward Dalton Post. If I could only get away out there in the woods! Before long my two Indian friends came past, walking slowly, scrutinizing the house. I raised the window and they saw me and signed for me to wait till dark.

The constable brought me my supper and left me alone again. It grew darker and darker. I heard a slight scraping against the outside of the wall and raised the window. A long ladder was extended to the sill and I could see two dark shapes down below me. I made a little noise with the darned chain as I slid out of the window, head first, but nobody in the house seemed to hear that. Thanks to the gymnasium at Fort Seward where I had spent many a winter day, I was able to get down the ladder without making any noise or using my feet. But on the hard ground, it was a different story. My blooming chain rattled and clanked along the frozen pebbly road. The Indians whispered for me to be still and hurry and I placed my arms across their shoulders, hopping along six feet at a step. But the chain made too much noise and we had to stop. Casey ran down into the village to get some clothes for me and something to wrap around the chain, while big Jim and I made for the nearby thicket as quickly and silently as we could.

But it was not for me to get away that night. The constable had heard the telltale clanking of the chain, had rushed to the room, and now came bounding through the dark toward big Jim and me just as Casey reappeared with the things. The Sticks dove into the brush and I surrendered.

The big redcoat chuckled. "I be hanged if you aren't all right. How the hell did you do it? How did you get word to those bloody savages? Who are you, anyway, that they help you like that? I never heard of the Siwashes helping a white man."

"Oh," I answered, "these Indians just happen to be friends of mine. I know a lot of Indians in these parts."

"I don't blame you for trying to get away," he said, "but I can't afford to let you go. I've got a little girl back in White Horse, and if I get my corporal stripes for this, we'll get married, don't you know," and he blushed.

I wished him luck and told him about my own girl and told him how I had come up north to make a home for her and how circumstances had driven me lower and lower till I made this last fatal mistake. The man in him was very sympathetic toward me and prompted him to let me go, but his red coat, his honor, duty and ambition, were the dominating influences in his life and I didn't blame him.

"Had I known how things were with you, lad," he spoke with feeling, "I'd never have caught up with you, but maybe it's the best thing, after all. Things have a way of turning out for the best. Take it from me, the best way out of a mess is generally the easiest way and I think you are taking the hardest."

He was American born, this constable, but had been raised in Canada. Strangely enough, he looked a whole lot like me, except that he had black hair. We became good friends that evening as we sat there in the room swapping yarns.

After an early breakfast, we started for White Horse in a buckboard, reaching there the next noon.

Once more I was searched, questioned and put in a cell, this time with irons on my legs. The marshal from Skagway will be here before long now and to-morrow morning we shall, in all probability, go on the train to Skagway and I shall have almost completed my second round trip, as my friend in Pleasant Camp called it.

I am very tired now, Marian. I am afraid I have run my last run for a while. They'll not give me another chance to break away and I suppose I am doomed for the pen.

But Marian, I like to write to you and you will let me write as long as I can, won't you? I'd not write love letters, merely of the things I saw.

I am your friend,
Svend.

CHAPTER XIII

ONE MORE ATTEMPT AT FREEDOM

Skagway, Alaska.
Sept. 29, 1914.

DEAR friend Marian:

At White Horse they put me on bread and water for five days. I protested to the Captain and asked him to have me fed properly, but he shook his head impatiently.

"Look here, Norman——"

"Roberts," I insisted, for I was still stoutly maintaining that my name was Bill Roberts.

"It's the rules that you stay where you are for five days on water and bread. We cannot change that. We tried to be decent to you, but you have shown that as soon as you have your belly full of food and feel strong, you try to break the whole building down. You can see that you have brought these hardships on yourself, but I can do one thing for you. This incident of your getting away—I'll not say anything about it. It's a damned disgrace to the whole force and we are not anxious to advertise it. The marshal is coming up to-morrow to identify you and if, by some strange chance you are not the man we want, I'll see to it that you get paid for the trouble we have caused you and I'll try to help you get a decent job if you want it."

That was all very well, but I knew the marshal would identify me all right and I begged the captain at least to let me out in the fresh air, but he was impassive and left me still arguing and pleading.

I slept, or tried to sleep, the rest of the day; ate my

bread in the evening and waited, waited, waited, through the long, long night for morning to come.

Morning came at last and I was ravenously hungry. My God! It was not so bad to be starving out in the mountains when I was going somewhere, but there with nothing to do but look at the other prisoners eating out in the guard room, it was agonizing! But I didn't yell—I had learned my lesson.

That evening, after a long day, when the marshal finally came, there was no more resistance left in me. I was too weak and hungry to think of fighting. They opened the door and let me into the guard room. There he was, the man who had first captured me, smiling to me in a friendly fashion.

"Hello, Svend," he said and held out his hand to me. I took it, for I wanted to make the impression that I had given up the struggle. "Well, Svend," he laughed, "you gave us a big chase, all right, and caused us a lot of expense, but they are not going to press the charge of jail breaking against you. The jailer is fired and I have to go the first of March, all on account of you. Don't think that I have any hard feelings, though, for I haven't. I would have done the same thing myself if I had been in your place, only I don't think I could have accomplished what you did. No other man has ever gone across those mountains you crossed. You have won a reputation around here and you'll have no trouble getting a job when you get out, after a few months in jail. They'll give you about three months, I should judge."

This, of course, was only flattery to make me feel good and come along without making trouble.

"Say, marshal," I said, "I haven't had anything to eat for God knows how long. They've put me on bread and water for trying to get out. Can't you send and get me something to eat?"

"Sure, I can," he said. "I'll see to that right away. We leave on the train early in the morning."

They brought me a large plate of pork and beans from a restaurant and I had all I could eat in my cell.

How quickly a body picks up ambition, once it has fuel! No sooner had I eaten than I decided to protest against extradition.

I asked for an audience and they led me to the captain's office, which was a few buildings away from the guard house. I still had chains on my legs and could only walk very slowly, so there was no chance of my breaking away.

The captain was sitting at his desk. "Sir," I said, "I protest against being extradited. You have no right to deport me. I have committed no crime in Canada and besides, I have a miner's license in British Columbia and have mining property there. I have a right to be here!"

"Where is your license?" he asked quietly.

"In Skagway."

"Well, how do I know you have a license? You told me a lie about your name. How can you expect me to believe you about this? What have you to prove it by?"

"I have nothing," I said, "but you have no right to deport me. Canada and the United States have no reciprocal extradition laws."

"Oh, that's the trouble. You needn't worry about that. We are not deporting you. We are only sending you to the line to be examined by the immigration officer."

Well, I will say that it was pretty clever. Put me on the train and take me to the line to see the immigration officer with the marshal by my side and irons on my hands and feet. Oh no, no deportation at all!

They took me back to my cell, where I walked up and down all night long, planning an escape from the train. In the morning two guards took me down to the station and aboard the train.

I had hoped they would take my handcuffs off when the train started, but they left them on, and to make my escape more impossible, the U. S. marshal came and sat in the

remaining empty seat in the section of four seats. That made one guard by my side and two facing me.

The marshal left us to go to the smoking car and I turned to the constable and said earnestly, "Look here, Jack, you don't want to see me go to the pen and I don't want to go. You can do something for me if you wish to. I'll promise not to try to get away from you till after we have crossed the line. I know that you have fixed it so this train will not stop at White Pass till it has crossed the border. Then the marshal will be on hand to grab me. Now, if you'll take off these handcuffs, it will give me a chance. As soon as we have crossed the boundary line, I'll not be afraid of you fellows any longer and the marshal is the only one. You know I can make it deuced uncomfortable right here and now among all these people if I make trouble. Say, give a fellow a chance."

The constable consulted with his partner, who until this hadn't said a word. "Sure," the other fellow said, "if he won't try to get away, I wouldn't keep the bloody things on him. And sure he cawn't get away from the two of us, anyway."

So the senior constable took the handcuffs off and promised, on my asking it, not to tell the marshal anything of what I had said. At noon the train stopped at Bennett and I went with my guards to the dining hall in the station to eat dinner without handcuffs, to the marshal's great surprise.

In the train again I began to think of what might have been. Had I been a good, steady worker this past summer, I might now have been on my way south to claim my girl, or I might have been building my home somewhere, perhaps by the little lake on the peninsula. And here I was on my way to jail to be tried for a felony. Yet, who knows if this thing were not necessary for my development, I thought, and I was not so bad off after all. I was at least respected by my guards. That was one consolation. Then my thoughts drifted back to more practical channels and

again I figured on my getaway. I looked the window over carefully. If it were pulled up half way, that would give me barely room to slide out. There was nothing that could catch my clothes and I would slip through like an eel as soon as the train crossed the border. I couldn't help smiling when I thought how I was going to fool the marshal again. The constables had been watching me and, no doubt, divined my purpose, for one of them winked at me and said quietly, "I hope you will make it."

As we were nearing the summit called White Pass where the boundary line runs, the marshal joined our little party. He tried to start a conversation, but I did not care to talk and neither did the constables, it seemed. I had opened the window some time before and, luckily, the car was close and stuffy, for the air that came in was decidedly chill and would otherwise have caused some one to request that the window be lowered.

Now the cars were jerked ahead, the brakes shrieked and we slacked up. We were entering the White Pass snow-shed. I was lounging in my seat, humming a song, but my mind was alert and my muscles ready to respond when the time came. I kept my attention fixed on the marshal, waiting for the moment the car would pass the White Pass station house. Then I would be in the United States and he would be my only guard.

The constables were watching both the marshal and me. They seemed to be waiting on their nerves. I did not let them wait long. Our car passed the lights of the station house and my hands, which had been lying idle on the window sill, now had the sill in a firm grip; my head and shoulders flashed swiftly through the little open space. But even as my body was falling, I felt something push against my legs and pin them to the window sill. It all happened in a second, but I was a moment too late. The train had stopped. I was hanging outside, my head and body down, and my legs held inside by some one's lying on them. Then I heard the marshal say, "I am the U. S.

marshal and I require your help in arresting this criminal." Then some more talk and then several hands grabbed my feet and legs and dragged me in through the window to the car again. They let go and backed away. A couple of men, brakemen off the train, and the marshal were facing me. I looked around to see if there were no other avenue of escape, but there was none. The marshal had his gun pointed at my breast, and by the way he looked at me, I could tell he would shoot, all right. I had failed and quickly made up my mind that now was not the time.

"All right, marshal," I said quietly, "I am ready to go with you."

'I don't like to do this," he said, as he fastened the handcuffs on me, but any one looking at him could see that he was mighty glad to get them safely on.

He took me into the baggage car away from the curious eyes of the passengers. I couldn't help liking him for that.

"By God, Svend," he said, "you must have been going some! How did you manage it? Where did you go first? You dropped out of sight completely and we were absolutely at a loss till we heard from Pleasant Camp that you had come through there with a big pack, a gun and everything."

I could see that he wanted to draw me out about the people who helped me and of course I couldn't think of telling the truth. But I told him lots of things about myself, my ambition and my object in being up there.

"It will not be so bad, I think," he said. "If you hadn't taken that money, you would have been O. K. and the commissioner could have sentenced you. Anyway, we are going to do all we can for you. Public sentiment is with you, and if you had stayed in Skagway when you broke out, you would have had an easy time getting away. Most anybody would have helped you. I haven't anything against you myself, but of course I got to do my duty."

There it was again. He had to do his duty. The public would have helped me get away; they didn't consider me

a criminal nor a menace, but the representatives of the public safety seemed in duty bound to lock me up and to make a criminal of me. I wondered if it were right that I should be locked up in a cage. I didn't believe it could do me any good, neither could I see where society could benefit by it.

The train rolled into Skagway. "We'll wait till the rush is over," my guardian said, "then we'll get off on the opposite side from the station and walk up town." So we waited a while and then went through the cars to the back of the train. I was much interested in the people we passed. Some of the women turned their faces away as if trying not to breathe the air I was polluting with my presence; some stared insolently at me, and some were keenly interested in me, while others even nodded a bit to me or smiled. Somehow, I didn't feel that I was an outlaw while I was out there on the street, but when we reached the courthouse and I was searched from the soles of my shoes to the rim of my hat and the heavy thud had shut me off from the world I love, the spell broke and I was a prisoner once more. Again in a gloomy cage!

There were two men in the jail now besides me. They looked me over and grinned to me. "Eh heh," one of them grunted, "you gave them a good chase. Why didn't you stay in some longshoreman's cabin right here in Skagway? Any one of them would have taken you in and then you could have made it out on a boat easy enough."

'I didn't know anybody here. I might have gone into the wrong cabin," I answered. "I took the trail they would least suspect me of taking over the mountain where there is no trail."

"Yes, you had them fooled, all right, for a while, anyway. Some cursed telltale up the river somewhere squealed and they learned where you was going, then Shorty Chambers in White Horse gave you away up there."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, that's easy. The marshal got a letter and I sweep

out his office. Take it from me, kid, the prisoners in any jail knows all about what is going on in the courthouse."

'Well, it's done with now," I said, "and it's no use figuring out how it might have been. How to do it next time, that is the question."

"The hell! the hell! you're not going to try it again, are you?"

"No, I don't think they'll give me the chance, but they'd better not leave the door open."

This was idle talk, however, for I was tired and soul sick. I lay down and rested till supper time. After supper, I turned in and slept soundly all night, awakening in the morning to find that my cell door had been locked while I was asleep. The new jailer was not taking any chances and did not let me out till the marshal was there, too, and one of them had snapped a pair of leg irons on my ankles, making it impossible for me to be anything but good. My partners in captivity think I'll get something between five and fourteen years. I don't believe I'd last even five years in prison. It seems I shall either die or go crazy if they keep me locked up very long. I am going to give these two long installments that I have written to one of the prisoners to get mailed for me. I had them stashed under my arm against my body and they didn't find them when they searched me. Day after to-morrow I am to be taken to Juneau.

I am your friend,

Svend.

Federal Prison,
Juneau, Alaska.
Oct. 5, 1914.

I am now in a real prison. We reached Juneau, my guards and I, in the night. They brought me up here right away. The air was heavy with fog and it was raining. The prison looked dreadfully big, gloomy and menacing to me as we approached it. It stands on top of a high bluff

by the edge of the fiord and it looked as if it towered to the very skies in the dark, misty night. At the foot of the structure was an iron door, which, at the knock of my guards, opened like the maw of a silent monster. I was pushed in and swallowed by it. I found myself in a plain cellar with white, concrete walls. A desk stood in the corner, a bench was against one wall and a few chairs were scattered about. That was all. There were four men sitting about, old men, they were, and in the pale light they looked wan and lifeless as they stood around watching my guards search through my clothes again for some possible knife, file or something. Then, when they were sure I had nothing, one of them opened an iron door at one side and there behind it was a cage, just like an animal's, with a walk around it. I had heard the marshal from Skagway whisper to one of the jail guards to have me put in the bad man's cage and I was expecting to be placed in solitary confinement, but there were inmates in the cage into which I was shoved, for I could dimly see them peering at me from their cells along one wall. Then the door banged shut behind me and the bolts and bars clanged as they swung into place and I was buried alive.

A table stood in the center of the cage with a bench on each side. A hydrant and a small sink were in one end, also a bathroom partitioned off, all in a space thirty feet square. I counted six cells with two bunks in each. As far as I could see, the cells were all occupied, so I sat down by the table and tried to sleep with my head on my arms. After a while the outer door opened and the turnkey ordered me over in the corner farthest from the door. When I reached there, the inner door was opened and two men brought in a mattress, pillow, and some blankets. There was an empty bed in one of the cells and I was told to make my bed there and go to sleep.

Several times in the night I was awakened by one of the guards walking around the cage, flashing his searchlight in through the bars now and again, peering at the sleeping

prisoners. It was all very strange, very crushing and very awe-inspiring. I was a prisoner in a real prison, being constantly watched over by armed guards!

Morning came and one of the guards rattled his keys on the iron bars of the cage. The prisoners all got up, washed and dressed. They were a motley lot, three Japanese, a mulatto, an Indian boy, a half-breed, two ex-soldiers whom I knew, an Irishman, who looked like a sausage German, fat, complacent and satisfied, besides two other men, one who looked like an old timer, the other a tall, pale, young person with an evil gleam in his eyes. I immediately took a dislike to him.

The three Japanese are in for murder; one of them has already been sentenced to be hanged. He looks like a nice, little fellow and it is a shame that he must be murdered like that. But he has killed a white man and the white men must have revenge. The other two are to be tried for killing a Chinaman at a cannery. The old timer, who has keen, sparkling, blue eyes and long, red mustaches, is to be tried for murder. He killed his partner while they were out prospecting. I must say that he doesn't look like a murderer, for his eyes are very kind and his face is good. Then there are the two ex-soldiers. They got drunk and took it into their heads to rob an Indian's cabin of a lot of furs and some curios that were very valuable. Then they took some of the things and tried to peddle them to get money for more booze. Of course, they were caught and have been sentenced to one year apiece. They are nothing but two fool kids who ought to be in some school instead of in jail. Surely, they are not learning to be good in here with nothing to do but to sit around and play cards and idle the time away. I, myself, am almost crazy from being here. My head has been aching ever since I came, and until I started this writing, I haven't been able to keep a constructive thought in my mind for two seconds. I have been walking and walking around, staring at the

bars, my head throbbing with pain. I know that I cannot live very long here. I shall surely die soon.

But I must forget about that and write while I can. That Indian robbed a store while he was drunk. He, too, is nothing but a kid. He doesn't know how old he is but I'll bet he is not over seventeen. Then there is the mulatto. He is not over twenty years old, and sings or whistles all day long. He knows all kinds of melodies, from American ragtime to pieces of Faust, Carmen, Orpheus and many other operas that goodness knows where he has picked up. He came up here two years ago, and immediately on his arrival, met an Indian woman and bought whiskey for her as she asked him. Then he was arrested and sentenced to six months. As soon as he got out, he repeated the offense and this is the third time he has been in, for a year this time. Punishing him like this evidently does not keep him from giving whiskey to the Indians, so why not send him to a school and give him a chance to learn something? He would make a splendid musician I am sure and I don't believe that would cost the people more than to have him tried repeatedly and kept year after year in jail. There is some misunderstanding somewhere.

The Irishman has forged a check and has just received two years in the Federal prison. Then there is the tall, young man I spoke of. He is doing ten months for stealing a watch out of another man's pocket.

That's the whole population of this little world. They are all pale and sickly looking, partly due, I think, to the electric lights, but mostly to being cooped up like this and not getting sufficient exercise. The trusties bring our meals here and take the pans and dishes away. Sometimes the tall, young fellow takes them from the door and sometimes Joe does. They are safe men. The rest of us must crowd up in the opposite corner of the room before the guards will open.

I am only allowed to send one letter a week. That, in spite of the fact that I have not yet been tried, and am

supposed to be considered innocent. The jailer reads everything that comes in here and everything that goes out in the way of mail. I don't think he has a right to read a man's personal letters before he has been tried and found guilty, for, according to my understanding of the law, a man is held innocent until he has been proved guilty. But maybe the jailer doesn't know this. I will have to write more letters than one a week, for I have many friends to whom I should write and I must write to my mother once in a while.

Marian, if you receive this installment of my diary, you must know that I never hope to have you for a partner, for when I am through here, if I do not die, I will be an ex-convict and no good to anybody. And when you meet the man who will be your husband, tell him about me and that I am writing to you only as a friend and that you do me a great service to let me write.

Federal Prison,
Juneau, Alaska.
Oct. 15, 1914.

I received three letters from her that were forwarded from Haines. They were written a couple of months ago, and as I read them the glorious times I had last summer came back to me and I am certainly thankful that I can live in the memories of them. Her letters cheered me, but still I couldn't help feeling crushed by all that I had lost. But I mustn't think about that, for when I do, my mind seems to quit thinking and I walk and walk around the cage, staring at the infernal bars that are barriers between me and life. Yes, it is life out there! I can hear the blasts of the mines up in the hills and the rattle of the ore trains. I can hear the steamboat whistles echo from mountain range to mountain range. I can hear the busy hum of the town below this fortress of living dead, and at times I can hear the sea gulls screaming. I can hear all these things but I cannot see them nor feel them nor smell them. All

around me are iron bars and iron doors that rattle and clang when they open and close, and every fifteen minutes the heavy footsteps of the guard as he walks around the cage peering at us from under bushy, gray eyebrows. Oh, this is death to me! I, who used to get up from my bed in the camp early, early in the morning to run and sing and shout with the joy of life; I, who used to climb the highest mountains to hunt the goat and the sheep; I, who used to roam along nameless rivers and through strange valleys like the freest and most fearless of animals, am locked in a dark and gloomy cage with a crowd of pale faced, unhealthy degenerates. I, who used to dream of love and life and the ideal, must live in a cell with no hope but death or ruin. Perhaps, if I knew how long I had to stay here, I would not mind it so much. I could begin to figure how many days I would have to stay, how many minutes. It is the uncertainty of it that is so depressing. I don't know what is to become of me. I don't even know if I am really I, or if this is some hideous dream that I am having. Oh, if it were only a dream and I could wake up some fine morning in my camp out somewhere in God's green woods! But no, no, no! I am shut off from it all, buried alive in this barred hell. My head is aching and I am very, very sorry for myself.

At Oden's Lake, Alaska.
Oct. 29, 1914.

I am free once more! I have run over the land and rowed over the water and have put a hundred miles between me and Juneau. But let me begin at the beginning.

When I had been in the Juneau prison about a week, I began to realize that I would surely die if I stayed there very long. I worried and worried, trying to think of some plan of escape. Finally, I decided to rush the guards and take a chance of getting through without being shot. The guards were very much afraid of me, however, and wouldn't open the door unless I was in the farthest corner of the

cage. I had to do something to get them to trust me, so I asked for an audience with the prosecuting attorney. I told the whole story and he wrote it down, word for word. I explained that I had decided to plead guilty and that I would like to be sentenced as soon as possible; that I had ceased to struggle against my fate and wanted to get through this trouble as soon as I could. He promised to have my trial hurried up, but made me understand that in case I should change my mind, they would not use this statement against me. I said that I was guilty and wasn't going to plead anything else. They led me back to the cage and the jailer shook hands with me and said he was glad I had stopped being foolish and that I'd not get more than six months if I'd be good. I said that I could see no use in being anything but good, and so I was locked up again.

The next day that young fellow, the two ex-soldiers, and Joe were taken to another cage, the big cage, they call it. Of the prisoners that were left in our cage, the little half-breed boy and I were the most safe, so we got the job of taking the dishes from the trusties at the door. The first few times the guards watched me pretty closely, but when they saw that I didn't make any false moves, they relaxed their vigilance and talked nicely to me whenever they had a chance. But I was planning all the time, now finding out one thing about the outside, and now another. One of the ex-soldiers became a trusty and he told me while he was sweeping around the cage in the morning, that there was a high wall on the outside of the building, but a path led down to the foot of the cliff and I made a mental picture of it.

After supper one night I gathered up the dishes and when the trusties came for them, I took them to the door. There were two guards besides the turnkey, one on each side of the door when he opened it. The heavy door swung open just as one of the guards was inquiring about my health. "I am fine," I said, and when the trusty reached for the dishpan full of knives, forks and plates, I threw them up against the ceiling of the corridor and darted in under

them to the passage that led to the kitchen. The dishes made an awful clatter and, no doubt, confused the guards tremendously, for I didn't hear them call "Halt" or anything. The outside door to the cook shack was open and I flew through it and around the corner of the building to where I thought the trail led to the foot of the cliff and the beach. It was pitch dark and I did not hit the path but ran right off the wall and fell into the darkness.

I landed on my head and shoulders and rolled over and over down a slippery, muddy slide, landing against a shack at the bottom. I was surprised to find that I wasn't all broken up. I had banged one of my knees against a rock or something and was bruised, and the little finger on my left hand was broken over backwards and out of joint. I picked myself up and looked about. Right above me was a plank road built on piles. I crawled up on it and ran along through the rain out of town and on to the Salmon Creek road without meeting any one. I was in shirt sleeves and bare headed and was soon wet to the skin, but I was free and on the trail and going somewhere. I passed Salmon Creek and came to where the road runs through deep woods with overhanging spruce trees. Here it was so dark that I had to feel my way with my feet and so could not go very fast. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a light a little way ahead of me. Some one was striking matches in the middle of the road. I stepped quietly down into the ditch and moved cautiously along. As I drew nearer I could see by the matches the form of a man sprawling on a bridge. I could hear him cursing and talking to himself and I thought he was hurt, so I hurried up to him and helped him to his feet. With many hiccoughs and curses he told me that he and his partners were going on a hunting trip on Admiralty Island. They had been camped outside of town about four miles, waiting for the tide to turn so they could get out of the channel and into Icy Strait. He had gone to town to buy some more whiskey and on the way back he missed the camp and "kind of lost my head," and kept

on walking till he reached Knudsen's ranch. There they had given him a handful of matches and sent him back on the right road to town. He was now quite sobered up but he was sick and couldn't see where he was going. I got him off the bridge and was about to leave him, when I thought that I had better post him as to what to say if he were questioned about seeing any one. He sounded like the kind of fellow one could depend upon, even though he had been drunk.

"See here, friend," I said earnestly to hold his attention, "I have just broken out of jail and am trying to make my getaway. If any one asks you if you have seen me on this road, you will say no, won't you?"

"You bet I will," he said with decision. "But say, I got it. You come with me. The bunch I'm with is all right. We're going to be hunting for a couple of weeks and by the time we get back, the excitement will have died down and you can step on board some boat and get below easily enough. Come on."

So we went back to town together, but when we came to their cabin, we found it empty! We rushed to the beach and searched for the boat, but it was gone. When the tide was right they had left, leaving my new friend behind.

This changed the situation entirely for me and I had to begin making a new set of plans. We decided to rest a while and then to go to Knudsen's ranch, cross the bar to Douglas Island and see if the men were encamped down there somewhere. We put some big chunks of wood on the fire and lay down beside it. I used an empty tomato can for a pillow in the Japanese fashion and rested very well indeed, but not for long, for my friend was anxious to be going and so was I. After putting out the fire we hiked off through the wet grass of the swamp to the road. Right after daylight we reached Knudsen's ranch. My partner was almost worn out, so we decided to try to get something to eat.

Mrs. Knudsen was very kind and gave us a good breakfast of hot cakes and coffee.

After we left them, we walked over a wide, grassy meadow to the beach. The tide was low and left the channel across the bar high and dry. We hurried across, for the bar is two miles wide and the tide comes as fast as it goes. We strolled along the beach for about four miles and then met a couple of boys who were going to Juneau. My partner went with them, but I kept on along the beach, hoping to find a boat or something in which I could get away.

Toward evening I came to a log cabin in the edge of the woods. I sneaked up to it and heard men talking inside. When I heard them speaking Norwegian, I came out of the brush and went in to them. I knew one of them, for he was in Porcupine when I was there, and had also been in the stampede. I told them how things were with me and they said they had a boat they would give me. I ate with them and after supper one of them fetched a small skiff from up a slough where they had cached it.

I asked them not to tell any one they had seen me and they said they wouldn't. As soon as darkness fell I started across the bay. I had decided to row the hundred odd miles to Skagway and to try to get aboard a Canadian steamer there. I felt sure that I could borrow money from some of my soldier friends, and by disguising my appearance a bit, I could get through Skagway all right. The weather was calm and it was pitch dark, but I was not afraid of getting lost, for there were lighthouses and blinkers all along the beach and I knew that if I stayed with the shore and kept on rowing, I would get up Lynn Canal past Haines to Skagway sooner or later. At daybreak I came to a small island where I landed and tried to make a fire, but the matches my Norwegian friends had given me, had become wet and I was out of luck. They had also given me a half loaf of bread and four large potatoes. They hadn't had much themselves and I was

very thankful for what they had given me. I ate the bread and saved the potatoes for another time; then, as it was raining and I was getting cold, I climbed into my skiff and rowed cautiously on along the cliffs of the islands till I came to Berner's Bay late that afternoon, almost fifty miles from Juneau.

The Norwegians had given me an old hat and a rain coat, but they were both worn out and I had been wet all night and day. But I had a good big meal before starting, and with the rowing and the half loaf of bread in the morning, I had kept quite warm. Out in the middle of Berner's Bay a cold north wind with rain sprang up and I had to buck it, and in spite of the hard rowing I had to do, I grew cold; but I kept on for about four hours until I reached the other side of the bay. When the bow of my boat finally scraped on the pebbly beach of the cove I entered, my fingers were so cold and stiff and tired that I could not let go of the oars but had to break them loose on my knees. I ate a couple of raw potatoes and tried to sleep on the moss at the foot of a tree that stood close to an overhanging cliff, but I was too cold and wet and couldn't make it. My body shook and my muscles knotted in cramps. There was only one thing that I could do and that was to keep on rowing, so I went back to the skiff and rowed on along the shore.

The wind from the north had died out and the water had quieted down, except for a heavy ground swell that came from the other side of the fiord where, through the evening gloom, I could see white breakers driven along by a north gale. I rowed along a ragged shore with innumerable points and little bays and reefs. Darkness came and the cliffs began to look like houses and the rocks along the beach like docks and stairways. Several times I thought sure I saw a little cabin in there and rowed in to investigate, but every time it was only some large rock. The swells pounded on the beach and they made a noise like trains rumblng past and once or twice I thought I saw a train

passing when a long swell broke against the rocks. The moon came out and shone on the sleek, gray, granite cliffs, making them look like long rows of houses with lighted windows. Constantly I wanted to make for the shore and go up those nice stairs to the people who called to me from the streets, but my inner self told me that the hum of voices I heard was only the pounding of the swells against the rocks and that it was better for me to stay out on the water and keep rowing. I was so sleepy and tired that I was not quite sure I knew where I was but I kept on and on, for to keep on was what I was in the boat for and I never failed to be aware of that.

I passed some piles that were standing out of the water and in a little bay there was a cabin. I was sure about it this time, for the moon was high and shone on its window panes. I rowed up to the sandy beach, broke loose my fingers from the oars, threw over my rock anchor and walked up to the cabin. It was open and there was no one there. There was nothing there. I felt on the shelves and in the cupboard, but they were empty. I could not even find a match. There was a bedstead but no bedclothes, and there wasn't a rag of old clothes or anything that I could see.

I took off my rain coat and put it over me as I lay down on the bare boards of the bunk. I lay there and shivered all night long. Toward morning it seemed to grow warmer and I actually fell asleep. I woke up some time in the forenoon and began to look around for something to eat. I ate the rest of my raw potatoes and I saw where a smoked salmon had lain on the floor. The mice had eaten most of it, but the skin was left, as were a few scattered crumbs here and there. I picked up each minute piece and ate it, chewing it well to make the most of it. Outside the door I found a half slice of bread in the grass. It was all swollen and like mush from the rain, but it was food and I ate it, too, taking care not to waste one bit of it. I searched all over but that was absolutely all the food that was to be

found around there, so I went down to the beach, emptied the water out of my boat and started toward the north again. A strong north wind was blowing and I made but little progress. During the day I passed another trap cabin, but it, too, was absolutely devoid of food, though I found an old, soiled quilt, which I took along with me.

I rowed against the wind all the rest of that day, stopping now and again at some creek to drink water, for water was all that I would get till I reached Haines. In the evening the wind died down and I made better time. Just after dark I passed Point Sherman and then the wind sprang up from the south. It came in sharp, stiff puffs at first, but grew steadier and steadier and at last became a strong gale that swept me along over the water. Away ahead, in the middle of the canal, I could see the lighthouse on Eldred Rock. I knew that there was a lighthouse tender there and decided to make for it and try to make a landing. The keeper would surely feed me and take me in and no one would think of coming there to ask about a runaway prisoner.

It didn't seem so very far to the light, but though I rowed and rowed and was blown along by the wind, I apparently got no nearer. The waves grew larger and long white caps began to break all about me. I began to be worried and when a breaker came over the stern of the boat half filling it, I became really frightened. I grabbed the bailing can and bailed out as fast as I could, then I plied my oars, headed for the lighthouse again, but a great breaker rose out of the black, phosphorescent deep and with its white crest, rushed up on me and broke into the boat. This time I was nearly swamped, and, as the water kept coming in, it was a long time before I got my little craft bailed out again. The lighthouse was still a long way off and I saw that I could never make it in that sea so I headed for the shore.

I rowed close in to the shore, but there was no place to land, just great, big mountains rising straight up from the

water's edge. There was a point ahead of me. I could see the dark outline of the rock and the white line where the waves broke madly on the reef. There might be shelter behind that, I thought, and held out a little to keep off the reef. There was the thunder of crashing waves as I passed and swung the nose of my skiff toward the shore. A few hurried strokes and I was in a little bay some twenty feet deep and only six feet wide. It was merely a crevice between two great bowlders that had fallen off the mountain to form this little harbor. I fastened my boat to one of the rocks and crawled up on the shore, looking for some sheltered spot so that I might lie down, but the cliff was bare and the wet wind swept over it. There was shelter down in my boat, though, and I climbed down there again, bailed her out and lay down in the bottom, the wet quilt over me. Here I stayed all through the night, shivering and shaking and with cramps in my arms and legs, bailing out now and again to keep from lying in the water. The tide went out and left us high and dry but I didn't sleep. I just lay there and suffered with cold till the morning broke through the night clouds and filled the fiord wth a gray, misty light. The wind had abated somewhat, and as my business was to find warmth and food, I pushed my little boat off the seaweedy rocks and started another day's work. The rowing didn't seem to warm me up, if what I did could be called rowing, it was so desultory and ineffective; but the wind was with me and kept me drifting along.

I felt that I could not possibly reach Skagway without food, so I decided to make for Haines. I had to cross the fiord, so I turned the bow of my skiff toward the islands on the other side and rowed on. The sun broke through the clouds and warmed things up a bit and I grew very, very sleepy. I kept dropping over on my oars and my eyes would close. It seemed as if there were some one in the boat with me who talked and kept shaking me to keep me awake. I would wake with a start, trying to remember where I was, then my head would clear and I would row

a while before dropping over again, and again some one would shake me and shout in my ear. I cursed him and fought him and we didn't seem to be in a boat at all but up on a street where many people were passing, or standing looking on at my fight with that fellow. Street cars were gliding past, clanging their bells, and trains rushed overhead with shrill blasts of their whistles trying to wake me, all trying to wake me. I rowed and swore and my back was numb and aching and my hands froze to the oars. The wind died down and evening fell. I had long since passed the Chilkat Islands and was past Point Seduction half way up the peninsula. A deep bay lay ahead of me. "It must be Flat Bay," I thought dully and rowed on half unconscious.

The bow of the skiff grated on the gravelly beach. I looked up in wonderment. Where was I, anyway? I couldn't remember. Everything seemed blurred and strange. I tried to get to my feet, but the boat slipped from under me and I fell into the water. A great dread settled over me. "High tide line," I thought. "I must reach high tide line."

I crawled out of the water and started up the beach on my hands and knees. My God, would I never reach high tide line! I lay down time and again and wanted to sleep, but the thought, "High tide line," kept coming into my head and driving me on. My body was so heavy! I could hardly drag it over the pebbles. My head kept dropping down into the gravel, my face hurt, but it would drop down. I crawled on desperately. Now my hands were in a lot of slimy seaweed. There were some sticks—a little farther and everything would be all right. . . .

Something hard was pressing against my head. I moved and it hurt; I moved again and began to wonder what it was. I found myself lying on my face on a pile of seaweed, sticks and stuff. I tried to get to my feet, but my arms and legs were almost paralyzed and would not respond to my efforts. I lay a long time trying, before I could get to

my hands and knees. It was morning. The sky was clear and there had been a frost, for everything on the beach was bedecked with a coating of white crystals. I crawled up the beach to the ridge, overgrown with tall grass and weeds and there, a little distance off, was a house, a real house! I could get to my feet now, so I staggered over the meadow to the place. I knocked on the door but no answer came. Then I went in. It was a real house with a kitchen and a living room. Nobody had been there for some time, however, for there was moldy food on the table and the clock had stopped. I rummaged around and found some bacon, onions, flour, sugar and everything I needed. There was kindling ready in the woodshed and soon I had a fire going in the stove and bacon, potatoes and onions cooking. I couldn't wait until they were done, but ate out of the frying pan all the time they were cooking. I put a batch of biscuits in the oven and made syrup and when the biscuits were done, I ate and ate and ate. Then I fell asleep right there in the kitchen, waking up to eat again. After that I slept till late the next day, when I began to plan as to the next move. It was dangerous to stay there. I wasn't acquainted with the man to whom the house belonged, but in my case, necessity knew no law. I had to take some of his grub, but I resolved to pay for it as soon as I got on my feet. I didn't take much, though, a chunk of bacon, a few pounds of flour, some potatoes and a few other things that were necessary. I put it all in a pack and carried it over the beach to this, my lair, in a thicket on the brink of Odin's Lake. This is the place I had picked for my home. Here I had hoped some day to be happy with my mate. When I came here two days ago the sun was shining on the lake, the trout were jumping clear out of the water for the last bugs of the season, bluejays were hopping from limb to limb to investigate their new neighbor and a flock of ducks swam round in circles out there on the sunshiny water, quacking disturbedly over my presence. Oh, I have lost the finest place to live that I have ever seen! The quiet,

forest-enclosed lake surrounded by deep green spruce trees with a rim of birches drooping over the crystal-clear water, and the high, silent hill standing guard against the north wind! And I have lost it! If they catch me, I shall never be able to take up a homestead, for I shall be a citizen no longer but an ex-convict. If they don't catch me, I can never live here, for I am too well known. I wonder if I could bequeath this paradise to Marian, so that if she ever wishes to marry a man who wishes to take up a homestead, she can send him here to look at this place first. It is worth a long journey, just seeing this spot.

I walked to Fort Seward yesterday to see a friend about getting some money to get away on. I learned from a soldier that the sergeant I was looking for had gone on a fishing trip and was not to be back for several days, so I came back here to stay for a few days longer. I am camped under a large spruce tree in a very close thicket. There is a cliff between my camp and the fiord and no one can see my smoke from below. They would have to climb the cliff and look down on me to find me and no one would think of doing that. It would be perfectly safe to stay here, but that can't be done. I must out and away somewhere where I am not known and where I can live like other men. I'll go to the States or Canada and the little world up here will soon forget that there ever was such a person as Svend Norman.

I am getting drowsy and I think I will lie down and sleep a while. I have some blankets I borrowed over at my neighbor's ranch. I'll return them when I leave here. When I go to Fort Seward in a couple of days, I will post this installment.

CHAPTER XIV

FEDERAL PRISON, JUNEAU

On board the *S. S. Evans,*
Nov. 4, 1914.

NO, I am not on my way to freedom but on my way to jail. I have been struggling against Fate, unchangeable Fate. I am doomed to the penitentiary, I can see that plainly enough now. I was safe, quite safe, and yet I was caught. They were hunting me, of course, but they had no idea where I was and were just strolling about, hoping to find some trace of me and accidentally, ran right into me. But I might as well tell how it came about.

Two days ago I went in to the Post to see my friend. I found that he would be back that evening. I didn't want to be seen hanging around, so I hiked out into the woods and hid during the day. It was cold and gray that day, everything was frozen hard and toward evening it began to snow. I made my way down to the Chilkat beach to seek shelter in an old cannery there. A boat lay down on the beach and I was curious to see whose it was. It was not fastened, and as the tide was coming in, it was about to float away. I pulled it up a bit and was taking the painter to tie it to a rock, when I saw some one coming along the beach. He looked like a soldier and I thought I would send a message to the Post by him, so I sat down on the prow of the boat to wait.

When he came closer, I saw that he was not a soldier but an old man, and then I supposed that he was a fisherman and that this was his boat. When he came within fifty feet of me he pulled out a great big, long revolver and yelled

for me to put up my hands. Even then I didn't suspect that he was an officer, but supposed that he was a bit queer, as so many old men are up here, and that he thought that I was trying to steal something from his boat.

"Hey," I yelled good naturedly, "put that gun up. It might go off. I'm not trying to steal anything from you."

The man came closer, stuck the muzzle of his gun right into my stomach and just as I was wondering if I ought to grab it and take it away from him, he said sternly in a voice I seemed to know, "Put up your hands, Svend, and cut out your foolishness. I've got you."

Then I recognized him. He was one of the jail guards. I was so surprised that I forgot all about getting away, but sat there in a daze, staring at him while he put handcuffs on me. After all my trouble, this was the result!

"Will you promise not to try to get away, or shall I put leg irons on you, too?" Egan was saying.

"Promise? I promise nothing," I said bitterly enough, "My business is getting away."

Three soldiers were coming along the road and the guard hailed them.

"I need your assistance to get this man to jail."

One of the soldiers was a sergeant and he took in the situation at a glance. He laughed heartily. "Lord, man, you've got chains on him and you have a gun in your hand. What more do you want?"

"I don't care," Egan said angrily. "He allows he'll get away from me and he's as bad as they make 'em. I'm a U. S. marshal and I deputize you fellows to help me get this man to jail. He's a dangerous criminal."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know whether you have a right to do this or not," he said, "but let that go. What do you want me to do?"

"You fellows stand by and follow us and if he tries to get away from me, grab him!"

"All right," the sergeant said, and winked to me on the side as if to say, "Kid, if you make a break for it, don't

worry about my getting you." Then we started along the beach to town.

Of course I didn't get any chance to get away. Jack Egan stayed right with me and had me by the arm with one hand and a great big gun in the other. There was no need for the three soldiers behind us at all. Besides, I wasn't so very anxious to get away. I was hungry and hadn't been extra warm out there in the woods and if I stayed with my guard, I would soon get food and warmth and, what was better than anything else, some mail from my friends. Best of all, I might get a letter from her and that last was perhaps even worth going to jail for. So I came along without trouble.

Egan told me that the whole army was out looking for me. He said that they had men on every road, at Porcupine, Pleasant Camp and Dalton Post. This last was, I knew, a pure and simple fabrication, for it is impossible to get across the summit at this time of year. He told me that they had a regular cordon across the peninsula and that I had no chance to get away. He tried to get the sergeant to corroborate this, but the sergeant said that he knew nothing about it and that he believed that the marshal was talking through his hat.

"I will report you to the captain for assisting this criminal, by God!" Egan swore at him, and later I learned what had made him so angry. After I had been locked in jail, he was telling the Haines marshal about it.

"These are the damnedest people I have ever seen right here in this town," he growled as he stamped up and down in the little guardroom. "I knew damned well they all knew where he was and not one of them would tell me. Several of them even said they were sorry they didn't know, because they would help him get away. I asked one of them point blank if he would help an escaped prisoner and he said, 'You're damned right. I'd help Svend Norman any time.'"

And there it is again. My own townspeople would help

me against their own law administrators. I know better than to steal. I couldn't steal again. I've learned my lesson and I think I have already paid sufficient penalty for my sin. But the marshal would shoot to kill, should I try to get away from him. The marshal has nothing against me particularly, but he has to do his duty to society, which doesn't care particularly to have me in jail and would rather have me out. Even the man whom I robbed came up to see me when I was in the Skagway jail and said he was sorry for me and that everybody sympathized with me.

In Haines many of my friends came to see me. Some of them came who really felt sorry for me and they offered financial assistance and real help, while others came only to look at me. My guards were very anxious about my safe-keeping and kept irons on me all the time. The night I spent there I was locked in the dark cell with irons on my legs and Egan slept outside the door. He would be sure I did not get away among all those criminally friendly Haines people.

In the early morning the boat came and they took me on board and locked me in a stateroom. This evening we will reach Juneau and the jail again. But there will be letters!

Federal Prison,
Juneau, Alaska,
Nov. 10, 1914.

I received her dear and cheerful letter. I oughtn't to consider myself so unfortunate with such a good friend as she is. It was very good of her to say that this business doesn't make any difference in our relations, but from my standpoint it does make a deep difference, for before I had hoped some day to be able to make her my wife, while now the most I can hope for is to be allowed to remain her friend. When I get out, if there is anything left of me to make anything out of, I'll go to Australia or some other country and begin life anew. I have taken the opinion of

every prisoner here in the cage as to what length my term will be and the average is eight years. Jail breaking is a very serious offense, and though the guards say that I will not be charged with that, it may be that they are only telling me that to keep me from worrying. Anyway, I am not going to break out any more. I have had my fling at it and have lost. Now I am ready to take my medicine. What it will be is a constant wonder and worry to me. The Grand Jury sits in Ketchikan on the twentieth and I shall be taken there for trial.

The ex-soldiers have been moved back to the bad man's cage because they got into a fight in the other place. I received a hearty welcome when I came back here from my mad dash for liberty, and the Irishman, who, before my escape, had treated me somewhat aloofly, now respects me quite a lot.

I don't believe I have said anything about the Kangaroo Court. It's quite an institution. The first morning I was here, one of the prisoners took out a large, loose leafed book and called for order in the cage. This was Harry, one of the ex-soldiers. The other, Carl his name is, took the long bench from the side of the table and put it against the wall. All the rest of the prisoners came and sat down on it in silence. Then Harry, who was judge, rapped with a small gavel for silence and Carl, who was sheriff of the court, came to me and said that I was under arrest. I had to smile, he was so serious about it. He escorted me to where the judge was sitting, watching the proceedings soberly. Then Carl called loudly, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! The Kangaroo Court of this jail is now in session. Honor the judge," and sat down.

"What's your name," the judge inquired.

I told him and he put it in the book.

"It is customary in this jail to try each prisoner by the Kangaroo Court," he began. "First, I want you to understand what this court is and how it benefits every man who comes here. Every new prisoner who enters this cage is

tried by us and fined two dollars. This money is used to buy sugar, milk, apples, tobacco, stamps and stationery, which are used in common by all of the prisoners. If a prisoner hasn't the money but has prospects of getting some, we can wait till he gets it. If he hasn't any money at all, he is sentenced to work out his fine at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, either cleaning the table after each meal, or sweeping the floor after each meal. Article One reads: 'Any man who enters this jail without the consent of the inmates will be fined two dollars.' That is what you are charged with. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am guilty," I said.

"All right, are you willing to pay your fine?"

"I am," I assured him, "but I haven't any money yet. I have some coming from a friend. I don't mind sweeping the floor, but I'll pay the money when I get it just the same."

That was all right, the judge assured me, and after signing my name to a bill for an order on the money when it should come, the court was adjourned and I was a full fledged member of their organization.

It's a very useful thing, this court. The sheriff keeps a timetable, making every member take his turn at sweeping the floor and scrubbing the table. Every Saturday the whole bunch turns out and scrubs the cage and in the bathroom the sheriff has a tablet where each prisoner records when he takes a bath. When a man who is lousy comes into the cage, the sheriff sends for insect powder and sees to it that the man gets rid of the pest, and I suppose there are many other ways which I don't know about, in which Kangaroo Court is beneficial.

A new prisoner has come here, a French Canadian named John, charged with forging a check for six hundred dollars. He says he is guilty, so it won't hurt if I write about it. He was a steward aboard one of the boats and found this check belonging to a fisherman, in a stateroom. He took it up to a bank in Juneau, getting the owner of a pool

hall here in Juneau to indorse it, and with the money got away to Seattle. There he had a great time spending it, he said, but two plain clothes men arrested him and brought him here.

"I'll probably get a year," John said. "I'll make six hundred dollars in that year, and the only difference from working is that I won't have to work and I have already spent the money."

Now, that's what I call a queer way of looking at the matter. Evidently jail has no terrors for John. He doesn't seem to think he has done anything wrong; indeed, he thinks he was pretty smart to get the check cashed and get away with the money before they caught him. What to do with a man like that is a real problem. What he lacks most is a social conscience. He doesn't realize the interdependence of all men. Now, I know it was wrong of me to break into that store and I feel that I ought to make reparation. I am not a child nor a fool; I knew better, and had society put me to hard work for a month or so and taken my earnings to pay for the damage done, I would surely have felt that I was being justly treated. I think that if John were put on hard labor until he had made good the damage he had done, he would understand before it was over that he had committed a wrong against his fellow man.

I am still bothered by headaches, but I think I shall get over them. Ito, the little Japanese who is to be hanged, told me he used to have headaches, too, when he first came in, but that he gradually became used to being here and now he is perfectly adapted to it. He is a remarkably nice little fellow; so pleasant, so little and so dainty. He is like a little yellow pansy growing among tall weeds. It seems impossible that he would have killed anybody, and still more impossible that he is to be hanged. In the early morning, before the other prisoners are up, Ito goes quietly to the bathroom and takes a cold bath; then, when he is all fresh and clean, he goes into his cell and offers up his morning prayer on his knees by his bunk, whispering to his God. At

breakfast his face is quietly radiant, the face of a man whose soul is at peace with God. He seldom speaks to any one in the cage except when he is spoken to, but then he is as pleasant and accommodating as can be. He is always on the lookout to help or do some kind deed. I didn't have paper to write on when I first came, for the two sheets the jailer had given me were used up. I was not through writing and was about to call the jailer to ask for more paper, when Ito saw my need and came with a whole handful of sheets.

"I have lots," he said simply and pleasantly. "My friends give me."

John had no hair brush and was using the Irishman's, who didn't like it a bit and looked angry and scowled and it would have ended in some kind of a row, but Ito produced an extra brush.

"I give you," he smiled. "I got two."

I am beginning to find out that being in jail is not as bad as I thought it was. I walk around and around for exercise, besides doing the setting up exercises that I learned in the army. I think I shall at least be able to keep my body in good shape while I am here. The Irishman tells me that at McNeill's Island where the Federal Penitentiary is and where I am sure to go, there is a big farm and a rock quarry and all the prisoners work every day. I had imagined that I would be locked up in a cage to sit and repent, and I knew that would soon kill me, but if they let me work, I shan't mind it. Thus, I am becoming resigned to my fate, whatever it be. Whenever I see Ito's kind and peaceful face, I feel ashamed of myself for having made such a fuss over my trifling troubles. He is to be hanged by the neck until he is dead!

The other two Japanese are very different from Ito. One is Yamaguchi; the other Yamashita, yet they are not brothers and are as different from each other as they both are from Ito. Yamaguchi is short and strongly built, is swarthy of complexion and has flashing, fiery, black eyes

that gleam through narrow slits. I can imagine his killing a man, all right. He is quick of action and his talk is like a machine gun's fire, it is so rapid and forceful, but under his fiery surface Yamaguchi is kind, too. The other day when one of his friends brought him a bag of apples, he gave every one of us one of them, gave Ito two, and ate only one himself.

Yamashita is rather tall for a Jap and looks more like a Chinaman than a Japanese. His head is as round as a ball and his nose is flat and he grins all the time, except when he is praying in the morning. He says his prayers in a sing-song voice, kneeling on the floor with is arms stretched out and his face on the bunk. Yamaguchi doesn't pray. He scoffs at the others and doesn't believe in it.

"There is no God," he said vehemently when I asked him about his religion.

But Yamashita thinks there is a God, though he says he can't explain it in English. I always used to be prejudiced against the Japanese, I don't know why, but now I find that I like them pretty well, perhaps even better than some of the white men here.

The jailer is complaining about my dairy letters being too long. He has to read every word of them, he says, so I'd better not make this one any longer.

Ketchikan, Alaska.
Nov. 22, 1914

I am getting to be quite a traveler. If they keep me traveling like this all the time I am in jail, I won't mind it a bit. This is the fifth jail I have been in since I got into this trouble, and while each is a little different from the rest, there is one thing about them all and that is that now I am used to them I feel quite at home.

There were sixteen of us who came from Juneau and at Wrangell and Petersburg they picked up several more, all to be indicted by the Grand Jury. When we left here,

the guards took us out of the cages, chained us together, two and two in a long line, and thus they marched us down to the steamboat. A gang of kids followed us, chasing up and down the line, now looking at one pair of us, now at another. I was chained to John and he laughed and made grimaces at the kids, and before we reached the dock, the whole bunch of them were laughing and yelling around John and me and I was glad when we got aboard the Alki away from the racket.

The guards locked us in staterooms and then took off our handcuffs. Mine were not taken off, though, until they had a big pair of leg chains around my ankles, and these were kept on till we reached Ketchikan the next afternoon. Then we were chained up again to be taken to the jail there.

This courthouse, like the one in Juneau, stands imposingly on a hill, as if to dominate the town. In Europe I have seen many cities and small towns and when there is a hill like this in or near the town, usually there is a church or cathedral on it, with the houses of the people clustered about it like sheep seeking the protection of the shepherd. Could it be that this courthouse stands in the position of the church and that I am really a wolf about to be tried by the good shepherd? I cannot say that I feel like a wolf or even like much of a sinner. It seems that I am experiencing a great adventure. Since I have seen and lived with Ito, I have received lessons in fortitude, and had I but a fraction of the trust in God that he has, I should be a very happy man.

There are lots of different men in this jail, most of them charged with giving liquor to Indians. It seems that the men get drunk and then some Indian man or woman comes along, asks for booze and gets it. Then the Indian comes back for more and threatens to have the man arrested if he doesn't give him more, and the end of it is quite inevitable; the Indian becomes very drunk and the man is

put in jail by the marshal. The Indian is called as a witness before the Commissioner, the Grand Jury and the Court, drawing a witness fee all the time. One can see where an Indian might find it an easy living, or quite a help on the grocery bill, to get white men to give or sell him liquor. Some of the men here claim that several of the Indians actually make a practice of this business.

There are three Swedes here who built a log cabin for themselves somewhere in the woods near Ketchikan. They had no furniture, so they took some from an old deserted cabin near the town. It happened to belong to some one and he had the three men arrested for larceny. I don't think they have ever been in jail before, for they are all broken up about it and quarrel constantly about which one of them was actually to blame. I would like to be at their trial, for I think it will be very interesting to witness.

There is a little Japanese here who is the most beautifully colored man I have ever seen. He is olive tinted, rosy pink and his cheeks look so smooth and silky that one fairly wants to touch them. He calls himself Richard and I believe he is part white, for although he has no education except what he has picked up, he is not tongue bound like most orientals. What English he speaks, he pronounces correctly and without accent.

I am getting pretty well acquainted with some of the other men. One day one of the Mexicans asked me to write a letter for him and since then I have written quite a few. Some days they all get a writing streak on and I have to do a dozen or more. One thing I find, and that is that no matter how bad they are or what awful thing they have done, there is some good in every one of them and a lot of good in most of them. Even Julian, the Apache whom the others call the Snake, has kindness in his heart, for he gives away everything he has, from money to the clothes off his back. To-morrow I expect to be taken before the Grand Jury to be questioned and indicted.

Ketchikan, Alaska.
Nov. 26, 1914.

A few days have passed and I have caught up with my corespondence. There is no limit to the letters we can send here and everybody has been very busy writing or having me write for them. I have written letters of love to sweethearts, wives and mothers; letters to friends asking for their assistance and letters thanking friends for favors. The little Japanese had me write four letters of thanks to people who had been good to him and had tried to help him out of his present trouble.

He just told me the story this morning. He was working in a sawmill in Ketchikan and had become acquainted with an Indian girl, whom he had taken to the moving picture show, to dances and around to various places. Some Indian lads had become jealous of him and had threatened to do away with him if he didn't quit his attentions to the girl of their race. One night when he was home, they had come and knocked on his door. He got out of bed and took a penknife, the only weapon he had, for he could tell by the noises the Indians made that they were drunk. He quietly drew the bolt and threw the door wide open, tumbling the Indians in on him. He slashed to right and left, cutting up two of them pretty badly, and all three withdrew, whereupon Richard, thinking it was over, went to bed again. The Indians, however, went to the marshal and told him they had been attacked by a Japanese and had him arrested. This happened two months ago and Richard has been here ever since, waiting for the Grand Jury to indict him. He is charged with assault with a dangerous weapon with intent to kill. It will be interesting to see what his luck will be.

I was taken up before the Grand Jury yesterday. They were in a large office with chairs all around the wall. Most of them were elderly men, and though they were there to investigate my case and others, they showed remarkably little interest in their work. They were sitting round

in groups, talking and smoking, and the air in the room was pungent with the unmistakable odor of stale whiskey. My indictment was read aloud by some one and then one of them asked me if I were guilty and when I said I was, that was all there was to it. They didn't investigate why or how. The indictment read that I had willfully, unlawfully, maliciously and feloniously with premeditated forethought, broken into that store and stolen said goods. Evidently, they had made it appear as bad as they could, but the Grand Jury didn't care. They seemed merely to be putting in the time to get it over with. I was taken back down to the cage and another man taken up there, and so it went all day. What's the good of a Grand Jury, anyway, when that is all they do?

Have I actually committed a malicious felony with premeditated forethought? It doesn't seem to me that it was that way. I can remember that I was very hungry. It seems to me that the paper they read was more malicious than I have ever been. I have seen many drawings of justice with the scales and blindfolded eyes. The person who drew up that paper must have been very prejudiced against me or he must have been stark blind both to sense and justice. I wonder who it could have been. Surely, not the man from the store, for he seemed kindly disposed toward me. Was it the Skagway marshal? I doubt if he knows that many wicked words. If he did do it, he is a hypocrite of the first water, for he was very nice to me. I'll have to find out who makes those indictments, after dinner. . . .

I have found out about the indictments. They gave some of them to the men who are to plead not guilty, so they or their lawyers can study them and prepare their defense. They all look and read almost alike, with the exception of the actual details of the various crimes of which they are accused. They all did willfully, unlawfully, maliciously and feloniously with premeditated forethought commit their mistakes. It's merely a form they have of saying it

and it seems to me that they have chosen the most damning form they could find. If I plead guilty to committing my mistake, for that was what it really was, in the manner they have put it, I brand myself a vicious criminal, not fit to live among men. If I plead not guilty, my trial will probably be delayed a long time, for they haven't made ready to prosecute me. I surely want to get over this as soon as I can, yet I don't like to plead guilty to doing such an awful thing, but I did break into the store and I wouldn't deny it to any one. Well, time will show what it is to be.

CHAPTER XV

MY TRIAL—JOHN PUTS IT OVER

Ketchikan, Alaska.
Nov. 30, 1914.

AT last it is over and I know my fate. All the prisoners who have promised to plead guilty were notified that they were to go before the court yesterday morning. They all shaved and spruced up in grand shape, borrowing shirts and collars and whole suits from the men who are to be tried later. They evidently wish to appear as respectable as possible before the court. John shaved himself and got a face massage from one of the men who is a barber by trade. Then he put on a brand new shirt, collar and cuffs with gold buttons and things. He put on a fine new suit of clothes he had bought with his stolen money and he offered to loan me his other suit, but I felt that I would be more like myself in my overalls and mackinaw. When John got through, he looked more like a chorus leader than a forger about to receive his sentence.

I didn't dress up but went as I was. We were taken to the court in the afternoon. There were a dozen of us and we just filled the two benches that were standing at one side of the judge's throne. One by one we were called up and asked if we had a lawyer. None of us had any and the judge appointed for each of us the same lawyer and then they sent us into a side chamber to consult with him.

Once again in the courtroom, the judge set the trials of all the men who were to plead guilty for that same evening and we were sent to the cage again for supper.

At eight o'clock we were all called up again and taken to the courtroom. Our indictments were read one by one, and after each had been read, the prisoner would stand up and plead guilty. The lawyer would say a few words and ask the judge to be lenient and the judge sat with his elbows on the desk and his head resting on his hand and said wearily, "Six months: one year: three months;" and so on, whenever the lawyer was through.

Then John's case was called. His indictment sounded bad, very bad. John stood with bowed head, a white, perfumed, silk handkerchief in his hand, with which he wiped his eyes now and then.

The judge was moved to kindness by his misery. Such a clean, well dressed young man, it was too bad. "Have you anything to say for yourself?" he asked.

"I—I—didn't do it on purpose,"—sniff, sniff, John whined, "Your Honor—I was going to give the man his check,"—sniff, sniff—"but two of the other stewards said I was a fool and made me cash it. They helped me spend the money,"—sniff, sniff—"I only got a suit of clothes and my teeth fixed,"—sniff, sniff. To look at him, one would think he was a hard luck fellow, all right.

The prosecuting attorney, after asking the court's permission, said, "Your Honor, I have investigated this lad's career and have written to his father. He comes from a very good and respectable family and has always been a good boy till this thing happened. His father wrote me that John has been following a straight and narrow path since he left home as far as he knew. Your Honor, I would like to ask you to be lenient with the boy. I don't think he is a criminal at heart and I am sure he won't do anything wrong again."

The judge sat pondering a while, his head on his hand. He was evidently surprised that the prosecuting attorney should defend instead of prosecute. "Do you understand," he began, talking to John, "that the crime that you have

just plead guilty to is generally punished with from three to fifteen years in the penitentiary?"

John burst into tears and boo-hooed like a child but he didn't answer.

"I have considered your case, however," the court continued, "and I have decided to be lenient with you. I will give you fifteen months to be served in the Federal Jail in Juneau."

"Thank you, Your Honor," John sniffed, and then my name was called and I stood up.

My indictment was read by the clerk and the judge looked coldly at me all the while, giving me the stubborn feeling that I was facing an enemy. I had decided to tell how I had come to make my mistake and that made me even more determined to do so. After the thing was read, the judge asked me if I were guilty or not guilty.

"I am guilty," I said, and was about to speak when my lawyer was recognized by the judge.

I don't remember all he said, but I made up my mind that when he was through I would speak for myself. The judge asked the usual question,—"Have you anything to say for yourself before I sentence you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and he motioned for me to begin and get it over with.

"I went over the Dalton trail to White Horse to look for a job," I began. I would tell as much as I could, anyway. "I had been prospecting and my money was all used up. There was no work in White Horse, so I hiked over the railroad to Skagway, where I got enough money for a nugget pin for a couple of meals. Then I was without money again and was trying to get to Haines. I tried to stow away on the Georgia, but the captain saw me and chased me off. I was cold and hungry and it was raining hard. I know now that I should never have let myself get so hungry. I should have begged some food, but it is too late to know that now. As I walked there in the street that night, I thought of all the food that was in the stores

and all of a sudden I began planning to break into one of them. And I did so. I took a gunny sack full of stuff and some money. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the money, but I had been broke so long that I was doing wrong anyway, so I took it. That's how it happened. I had never done anything like that before. If the court will investigate my record, he will find that I have been a decent person. I have no one here to defend me. There is no one here to tell that I have been decent and respectable before I got into this trouble, so I must do it myself. I have recently been discharged from the United States army and I have an honorable discharge here in my pocket if the court cares to see it."

The prosecuting attorney was about to get up and I could see by his eagerness to speak that he was about to remind the court of my jail breaking, for the judge was now plainly interested in me. I beat hm to it, however.

"And, sir, I have lived an outdoor life, always. I don't believe I have ever spent a whole day inside a house, for I can never remember having been sick. Then, when I was locked up in jail, it depressed me awfully. I thought that I would surely die and I escaped whenever I had the least bit of a chance. Did you ever see a wild bird just caught and put in a cage? It flies about frantically, and give it the least opportunity, and it is gone out of the cage to the free, clear outside. Your Honor, I was just like that. To get out was all I could think of when I was first locked up. You can't blame me for trying to get away. I have learned that it is no use and that the law is stronger than I; I have learned, also, that living in jail is not as bad as I had thought it would be but, sir, if you will let me go free and I can get a job, I can promise that I shall never do any wrong again if I can help it. I ask the court for a suspended sentence." It was the longest speech I have ever made and I was surprised at my own eloquence. The judge, too, was surprised and the prosecuting attorney

stared at me as if to say, "You sure have a nerve asking for a suspended sentence after what you have done."

"Let me see your discharge," the judge said and I handed it to one of the guards who stood by me and he took it to the bench.

The judge read it through carefully. "You have been honorably discharged from the United States army," he spoke and looked more kindly at me. "It says here that the character of your service has been honest and faithful and that your character is excellent. Now, Norman, this is as good a recommendation as any one can have, one that I must take into consideration. On account of your jail breaking, it is impossible for me to give you a suspended sentence. You have caused us enough expense and trouble to justify our sending you to the penitentiary for a long term. Let me tell you that if I send you there, they will cut your hair close, put you in a suit of stripes with a number on your back, and when you get out again, you will be no good, no citizen and nobody will have any use for you. During the time you have been in jail, you have shown yourself to be stubborn in your determination to obstruct justice and we are forced to protect ourselves against you, so I will sentence you to the penitentiary for fifteen . . ." he lingered on the word and for a moment desperate thoughts of fifteen years in the pen flew through my head. My hands were resting on the back of a chair and my fingers gripped the wood till my knuckles showed white. I would leap for the window and jump out and fall to the foot of the cliff on my head. Better death than fifteen years! But the judge said months—"fifteen months to be served in the Juneau Federal Jail. I put it like this so that if you make any more trouble for us, we can send you to the penitentiary to serve your term."

I sat down, thankful and dazed. The next case was called but I didn't hear what was going on any longer. I only thought of what I would do in those fifteen months. John, who was sitting along side of me, jabbed me in the ribs and

leered a wink at me. "Fifteen months, Svend," he whispered. "We get out on the same day."

Once more in the cage among the hubbub of voices, "What did you get?" was the constant question. I lay down on my bunk and tried to think. Things had certainly turned out better than I had dreamed. If I got my six days off for each month, which the law allows for good conduct, then I would only have to serve one year. I would be released on November 29th, 1915. In the meantime, what would I do? I would try to get some books to study and I could write down my experiences on land and sea. That would make the time go.

John came and sat down on my bunk. "Fifteen months, Svend," he said, "Gee, but you are lucky! What did you think of my spiel up there?" and he grinned a cunning, wicked, joyous grin.

"Punk! Damned punk!" I said with disgust. John had a way of making a fellow's flesh creep. I turned my face to the wall as if to go to sleep and he went away. The ways of justice seemed very strange to me, but I thanked my God that I did not have to go to the penitentiary. Thus thinking, I fell asleep, and woke up this morning with eleven months and twenty-nine days to do. I don't know when we are going back to Juneau, but I don't think it will be until after all the criminal cases have been tried. That will surely be two weeks or so, anyway.

CHAPTER XVI

SERVING MY TERM

Ketchikan, Alaska.
Dec. 7, 1914.

RICHARD, the little Japanese, has been given a year in the Juneau Federal Jail. The judge said, among other things, that in America men did not fight with knives, but I'll bet that if Richard had used a gun or club or anything else, he would have received the same dose. Although the whole thing is too bad, I know that Richard will make the best of it. He will study and learn the English language, and his punishment may become a benefit to him.

Aside from the three Swedes, who are scared to death, I have yet to see a prisoner who speaks respectfully of the court of justice. Justice! These men don't think there is such a thing and I, myself, am beginning to doubt if this court represents justice.

Juneau, Alaska.
Dec. 25, 1914.

It seems like a long time since I have written. I have been here for about two weeks, but it seems more like two years to me. The weather has been very bad outside and we have heard the rain splashing on the pavement away out there through the thick windows. The world outside is dark and wet and cold and our cage here in the cellar is damp and gloomy, chilly and monotonous. I have tried to write my experiences, but I don't seem to be able to do anything but walk around aimlessly. I have been very depressed the last few days. Everybody here has been, for

that matter. Maybe it is because it is Christmas and we would all like to be with our friends. Every morning when I wake up, I think of the long time I have to spend here, and that since yesterday, only one day has gone by. I now have eleven months and four days to do. It seems an eternity, but I mustn't whine like this, for the time will pass all right and I may yet have a chance to build my home by Odin's Lake.

Juneau, Alaska.
Jan. 29, 1915.

I am still here in the cage with my fellow cage-men and I am not going to escape, as I am quite adapted to the life here. I have cut down on my food, till now I only eat a few crusts of bread for breakfast and very little at the other meals. I have found that the headaches were the result of eating too much and not getting enough exercise.

I sit down most of the day now, either writing or reading. I wrote to the high school superintendent here in Juneau and asked him if I could borrow some text books. He sent me a whole set of high school text books and I study them every day. In the morning after breakfast, I write of my experiences until noon; then we have two slices of bread and a cup of coffee. After that I sit down again and study my school books till four. Then I walk around the table for an hour or so till the trusties bring the supper, and when we have eaten and the floor is swept and the table scrubbed, I sometimes read a magazine and sometimes sit around and talk with the other prisoners. The days pass swiftly that way and are gone before I know it. Besides these interesting things, we hear everything that goes on in the courthouse. The trusties come in the morning and sweep the walk around the cage and in an undertone they tell everything that is of interest to any one, and so we know all that goes on. We are also allowed to read the daily papers, both morning and evening. In our cage, Mike, the Irishman, reads them aloud so that we can get

through with them quickly, and thus we keep track of what is going on outside in the big world.

Bill, the old timer with the blue eyes and the long, red mustaches, is being tried for murder. He goes out to see his lawyer every day, and when doing so, he gives his letters to him to mail. I am going to send some of my letters out by that route. Bill told me his story the other day and here it is. He was mining with his pardner up on Christmas Creek near Porcupine. They worked and worked without any success and Charlie, his partner, was the kind of man who was very pleasant to work with when things went well, but who became a sullen brute when things went wrong. He became worse and worse as fall approached and Bill said he was constantly expecting him to go crazy, the way he carried on.

One morning Bill decided to go into Porcupine for the mail when Charlie announced that he was going to town.

"I am going, too," Bill said.

Charlie swore. "I am going and that's enough; you stay here."

"I am going for the mail," Bill said. "You can do as you please, but I am going."

"What's the use of the two of us going? We'll never get to bed rock by running to town this way."

"I am going, anyway," Bill said doggedly; and then all of a sudden the other fellow sprang up and stood shaking his fist in Bill's face, swearing at him and abusing him and threatening to beat him up.

Bill grabbed a hammer that was lying on the window sill and then the other fellow swore that he would kill Bill "deader than hell," and rushed to the gun rack.

Bill jumped up and hit him on the head with the hammer, then leaped past him and, grabbing his rifle, turned around, just as Charlie was reaching for his gun. Bill blazed away from the hip and shot the other fellow through the head. Then he finished dressing, ran down to Porcupine and gave himself up.

A coroner's just went up there later on and found that it was a case of murder in self-defense and Bill was released and went back to Chicago, having decided to quit the north for good. He bought himself a little chicken ranch, a horse and a buggy, and was getting along fine, when one day a bunch of men came out in a big auto. They surrounded the house and took Bill prisoner, giving him barely time to turn all of his chickens loose and open the door to his barn so his horse could get out, before they took him away to the jail in Chicago. In Chicago they kept him for a month and then he was shipped to Alaska to be tried on the charge of murdering his partner on Christmas Creek.

The doctor who had examined the dead man had been satisfied at the time with the verdict of the coroner's jury, but later he began to wonder if the blow of the hammer hadn't been sufficient to knock the man out, thus making the shooting a cold-blooded act of murder. He had gone up to Christmas Creek, dug up Charlie's body and found that the skull had been broken by the hammer blow. Then he had sworn out a warrant for Bill's arrest.

Bill has a letter from Charlie's wife in which she thanks him for delivering her from fifteen years of slavery, and by word of every one who knew him, it was plain to see that Charlie was just naturally no good. This doctor, however, seems to be determined to see Bill hanged, and so far has been able to put up a strong case against him. The old timer is not worried, however. He knows he is not guilty of murder and he is sure of being set free, at least he says so, but I must admit that he looks pretty agitated. I guess any man would be agitated when he was being tried for his life, except, perhaps, Ito.

Ito is just the same as when I came, quiet, studious and serene. A lady who lives in Juneau brought him a Christian Bible written in Japanese and he is very busy reading it. He took an English Bible that we have here in the cage

for the prisoners to read and showed me the Proverbs and said they were very good.

Every Sunday morning some men and women of some sort of a religious sect come here and, sitting out in the corridor around the cage, they sing to us and pray for us. They are very kind people, I think, to bother about us fellows in here, and when I asked the leader if I might have one of their song books to sing from during the week, she was very glad to let me have it and asked if there were not something else that I would like to have. I said that I would like to be free again and she said that if I asked Him, I would not only be free to come and go, but that I would be free from the sin that brought me here. She said that she would pray for me and I have no doubt that she does.

I am writing down my experiences in several stories, beginning with my boyhood when I first went to sea at the age of twelve. It is amazing how many things I have lived through when I come to write about them. I start to put down a few words about some little incident, and immediately it unfolds itself and I write and write as I remember more and more of it. It seems that I have experienced several books full of adventures; and who can tell, some day I may write about them and become an author of sailor stories.

Some of the other prisoners are following my example, and maybe before long we can make a school room of this cage. Harry, the ex-soldier, is writing a book of his experiences and Richard, who is with us, is studying English. John, too, is doing school work when he is quiet and not cutting up, and Fred is practicing penmanship. The jailer is very well satisfied with us, and when visitors and sightseers come and walk about the cage looking at us, he tells them that we are the best prisoners he has ever had, which is very nice of him and encourages us to further efforts.

Mike, who is an Atheist, and I argue a lot as to whether there is a God or not. He was educated to be a priest but whiskey got the best of him and he was expelled from the

college he was in. He knows the Bible from first to last and maintains absolutely that there is no God and proves it by picking the Bible to pieces. I said the other day that God was light, truth and wisdom and that the more of those things we have in us, the more of God we can understand, and he quoted Ingersoll for half an hour to prove that I was wrong, and I came back at him by showing him that while Ingersoll said that there could be no God, yet he showed great godliness in his own spirit by his love for all mankind and the ideals he championed. Thus, we argue and I believe we both benefit by it.

Ito believes there is a God but worships him through Buddha and he is so sure of his belief that I feel he is just as right as the lady who comes and prays for us to her God. It seems to me it must be easy for her to be kind and to love her fellowmen and do good for them, but for Ito, who is sentenced to be hanged, to be so kind and eager to do good, it surely must take great faith!

Juneau, Alaska.
Feb. 10, 1915.

I have received a box. A box from her! Words fail to express the gratitude I feel. Paper, stamps, books, candy—that divinity fudge, shades of all confectioners, but it was good! I divided it with the rest of the prisoners and the verdict was unanimous. I don't know how I shall ever be able to thank her. Words fail me. I'll just have to be like a Swede and say "Oy, oy, oy!"

Old Bill has been set free. He was found not guilty by the jury. The prosecutor tried his best to have him convicted but he didn't make it. The trial took several days, and when his attorney had completed his defense, the old man asked permission to speak a few words to the jury himself.

"I am an old man," he said, "and have passed the three score mark. I am not a fool and I'm in my right mind and I say that if I am guilty of coldbloodedly murdering my

partner, I ought to hang for it; if I am not guilty of murder, I want to go free, so don't you bring in a verdict of murder in the second or third degree or something like that. I want to either be hanged or set free and it is up to you. You hang me or set me free!"

It seemed that there was somebody on that jury who wanted to hang the old man pretty badly, for they stayed out all night and until ten o'clock the next morning, but they set him free.

The two Japanese, Yamashita and Yamaguchi, were tried, too. The first was set free and the other got fifteen years. Yamaguchi was stoic and uncomplaining but the other radiated joy and was all smiles as they led him out. He came back the next day with bags of fruit and nuts and candy and gave them to us who were left behind in the cage.

Juneau, Alaska.
March 1, 1915.

Time is passing and I have only eight months and twenty-eight days to spend here. I have some good news to put down. First, I have been elected judge of the Kangaroo Court. Harry and Carl are both trusties now, for they have only a few days to do. I think they are to be released on the fourth of this month. Mike was elected sheriff and I was elected judge and we have promised to carry out the Kangaroo laws to the letter. The second news is that I am going to make an application for a parole. Three of us, Mike, John and I are trying to get released on parole. I have written to several of my friends to send in recommendations for me and I think that I will make a go of it. The jailer says he would like to see me get out and I have great hopes.

I am interrupted considerably in my studies these days, because we have a lot of new prisoners and the cage is full to overflowing. There is hardly room to walk around the table on account of the extra bunks that have been brought

in. Among the new men are three soldiers who were trying to get out of the army by committing a felony, thus getting a dishonorable discharge as soon as convicted. They gave whiskey to an Indian and then telephoned to the marshal to come and get them.

It has been quite a common thing for soldiers to go out of the army by the Juneau route, as they call it. Usually they get three months and then their yellow discharge is sent to them. Well, the three lads were arrested, brought to Juneau and put here in the cage and they were as happy as meadow larks. They told the jailer and every one else they saw just why they had done it and they expected everyone to sympathize with them. Their spokesman, Jack, said to me that he would tell the judge why they had done it and ask him to give them at least six months so they would be sure to be kicked out of the army. I told Jack that I would go slow with the judge, for he might not see the thing from their point of view and might give them a much longer sentence than they would like. I tried to make him see that they had deliberately committed a felony in order to balk established laws and rules and that wouldn't appeal to the judge, but Jack could only see it one way, and to make matters worse, he wrote a letter to the judge and told him all about it and used some strong language about the commanding officer at Fort Seward. It happens that this officer is a close personal friend of the judge and the two of them exchanged letters with the result that when the three soldier boys were tried and joyously plead guilty, expecting the judge to come down and shake hands with them and say that he would see that they got their discharges as soon as possible, the judge solemnly explained to them that they had committed a very serious offense, besides disgracing the uniform they wore, that he would give each of them fifteen months in jail and that the commanding officer had requested that they should return to the post when the term was over. There was a bunch of mad soldiers in the jail

that night. Here they would have to spend fifteen months in prison and then go back to the army.

Juneau, Alaska.
April 29, 1915.

Two months more have slipped by and I have only seven months more to do. John, Mike and I have put in for our paroles and they are on the way to the board of paroles in Washington, D. C. to be approved of. We were taken up into the marshal's office and asked a lot of questions and then the vote was taken by the local board. I don't know what the result of the vote was, but the jailer, who is one of the board here, said while I was up there, that I was one of the best prisoners he had ever had under his charge and that he thought I ought to get a parole if any one did. Yet, I had the feeling that I wouldn't make it. The chief deputy asked me a lot of questions about my jail breaking and I felt that he was very antagonistic toward me. He is one of the board, too, and I am almost certain that he voted against me. Anyway, it won't matter much. It will be at least three months before we hear from the paroles again.

Juneau, Alaska.
May 22, 1915.

The winter has gone and the spring has come. We have had several evenings when the rays of the setting sun managed to pierce through the layers of screens and windows to our cage here in the cellar. It was very wonderful. When one sits up on the partition to the bathroom, one can look out through the bars and screens to the sun-bathed world beyond. True, there is only a hazy blur of the mountains and the channel, but it is the outside just the same and very, very beautiful. Through the long, dark, rainy days of the winter, when the only evidence of the outer world was the constant splashing of rain water running off the roof of the courthouse to the pavement, I had almost forgotten that there was such a world as that I have felt and seen the last

few days. In the morning early, before the din of the town below begins, I can hear the birds sing in the nearby gardens. It is very faint, but it is bird song, nevertheless, and when all the windows and doors are open once in a while, there comes a waft of fragrant spring air filled with the freshness and flavor of growing things.

Some of the prisoners are allowed to go out about the courthouse and clean up, make gardens, and break rock off a cliff that stands behind the cookhouse. I am not allowed to get out of the cage, for they are still afraid of me and I must go up in the corner when they open the door. Of course they know I am not going to run away with only six months to do, but, nevertheless, they take no chances. Oh, but I would like to be out there in the warm sunshine where the green grass is coming out of the earth! I see the other men come in in the evening and I sniff greedily at the freshness they bring with them from the outdoors. It seems that I would give my chance to go to heaven for just one little bit of outdoors, but it is not for me. I must wait. Next year the sun will shine again just as sweetly as it shines to-day, and the birds will sing to me, and it will be very, very wonderful if I can only wait.

Even Ito has been outside, though they kept a guard handcuffed to him all the time. His hanging has been postponed till some time in December and he is very happy. He trusts in his God to save him. He is innocent of the thing they have sentenced him for, he says, and God will not let him be hanged as long as he keeps his faith. I believe that he is right about it, though I don't know just why, for I haven't a thing to base my convictions on. I would ask him to tell me his story but, somehow, I feel that it would be indiscreet and I am afraid I shall never know it.

John has got religion. He has joined the mission folk that come here and sing on Sundays and he is to be made a trusty very soon on the strength of it. I have a suspicion, however, that John's religion is not very deep rooted. He is a pretty shrewd character; since he wanted to be a trusty,

he took the shortest route. He testifies every Sunday as to how he got salvation, but there is an amused twinkle in his eyes when he weeps for us poor sinners in here, steeped in sin and ungodliness and I am constantly afraid that he will burst out laughing in the middle of a prayer for us. However, I may be mistaken, maybe it's the real thing after all.

Juneau, Alaska.
June 25, 1915.

I have changed my residence. No, not a parole, but I've been moved to the large cage and that is a step upward in society. Before I was a dangerous prisoner, now I am a short-timer but not yet quite safe. I am not yet allowed outside but in this cage there are many windows only a few feet from the bars and plenty of light and air come through them. The men here are a motley crowd. It would take too long to describe them all and what they are in for, so I won't attempt it.

Ito told me his story before I left the other cage. I would like to write it just as he told it, dialect, quaint little phrases and all, but I am afraid I cannot do it justice and I'll have to tell it in my own words.

He was foreman at the Dundas Bay cannery. Under the Chinese contract system the contractor agrees to supply so many men for a given sum. Then the foreman has to be very strict as it is his vital business to keep the men at work and if he allows one of the men to quit the camp, run away or die, the foreman loses fifty dollars of his pay. These cannery hands are the roughest and most ignorant of Chinese and Japanese coolies, and the foremen have to use stringent measures to keep the men from breaking their contracts.

It has been charged that Ito kept the doors to the bunkhouse closed at night at all times, but Ito said that he had only kept it locked when some one was suspected of wanting to run away. "I had to, then, to protection myself," he said in his quaint way.

This man, Dunn, who was killed, had signed a contract

with the big boss contractor in Seattle and had drawn about forty dollars in advance. Being foreman of the crew Dunn belonged to, Ito had to take the note of debt from the big boss. Later, Dunn bought goods in the cannery store and Ito also had to stand good for that debt. Then, when Dunn found that the work in the cannery was not to his liking, he threatened to run away. Had he done this, Ito would have been out about a hundred dollars. This, of course, Ito could not afford, and when Dunn threatened to leave the cannery, he took the measures to prevent his going that are commonly taken by the foremen in the Alaskan canneries that work under the Chinese contract system. He had Dunn watched during the day and had the door to the bunk house locked during the night and this he intended to do until Dunn had at least earned the money he owed. Dunn spoke freely about trying to get away, and said that he didn't give a damn about any Chinese contract.

About a week before the trouble, Dunn stayed in his bunk one day and told Ito that he had quit his job. The foreman told him that if he was sick and could not work; if he had trouble at home; if his father or mother was sick or dead, he could give him leave and let him go any time. "I tired all time trouble," Ito said. But if he was just anxious to quit, the Chinese contract made it impossible for him to let him go. Then Dunn said that if he would only give him some whiskey, he would go back to work, but Ito had no whiskey to give him and Dunn, after threatening violence and protesting that he was an American citizen, free to come and go as he pleased, had finally gone back to work.

The night the trouble occurred, many fishermen were coming and going to and from the cannery. Dunn stayed on the beach most of the day, helping the fishermen to get gasoline, and Ito saw him enter the bunkhouse about twelve o'clock that night. He thought it would be a good idea to lock the bunk house door for the night and he sent Fushima, a Japanese boy, over to attend to it. Then Nakayama, who slept in Ito's house, came home and the foreman told him

to go to the bunk house and watch. When Nakayama got over there, Ito said he heard a big noise and much talking and angry tones. He grabbed a cane he had, a sword cane that a friend of his had given him a long time ago, and ran to the bunk house to quell the fight. When he came to the scene, Dunn was alone on the platform of the bunk-house, having knocked both Fushima and Nakayama off to the beach, six feet below.

"What's the matter with you?" Ito demanded as he climbed the steps to the platform where Dunn stood, swearing at him, urging him to come on and calling him all sorts of names. Ito raised his cane to strike the obstinate fellow, but Dunn grabbed the cane with one hand and struck the foreman in the eye with the other and sent him tumbling backward from the platform. The pull on the cane had unsheathed the sword and when Dunn, also, lost his balance and fell off the platform on top of Ito, he struck on the point of the weapon and was pierced from the right shoulder to the left side, right through the heart.

Ito said that then his mind had become dead from the fall and that he didn't know that the lad had been killed. He had pulled the sword toward him, thinking that it felt very heavy and wondering if he had cut the boy. He was still very excited and had rushed up the ladder, his sword in one hand and his revolver in the other, to lock up some Mexicans who were throwing tin cans and bottles at him. His pistol went off without his knowing it and hit a Japanese boy, "a good boy," Ito said, in the breast but did not kill him. The foreman did not know this until the next day. He ran to the superintendent's house, met the superintendent when half way there and, turning the sword over to him, told him what had happened as well as he knew.

Ito went back to his own house and it was not until morning that he learned the man had been killed. Then he immediately went to the superintendent and asked leave to go to Juneau with an interpreter to explain to the authorities about it. The superintendent said that there were no boats

going and that Ito had better wait until the marshal came.

It was three days before he came and took Ito to jail with him. Had Ito wanted to, he could have escaped a dozen times, but he did not feel that he had committed any wrong but had merely carried out his duty according to the contract he was under. He had no urge to escape.

During the trial the Mexicans testified that they had seen Nakayama and Fushima hold Dunn while Ito stuck the sword into him. Race hatred had run high at the time. A Japanese had killed a white boy and a white jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and he had been sentenced to be hanged. Fushima had been tried and had been given twenty years but when they got to trying Nakayama, there had been so much contradiction going on among the imaginative Mexican witnesses that the prosecution had been hopelessly tangled up and had dropped the case against Nakayama. During Ito's trial, however, the Mexicans had been unanimous enough and the Court of Appeals had not been able to find a flaw in the trial, so Ito had been denied a new trial. The United States Supreme Court also made the same ruling and there is now no hope left for Ito, except a pardon from the President.

Juneau, Alaska.
July 29, 1915.

I have only four more months to stay here. Somehow, I cannot imagine how it will feel to be a free man again, and sometimes I have a panicky dread that when the time comes, they won't let me go. They let me out to work about a week ago. I had to give my word of honor that I wouldn't try to escape. Of course, I gave them that and they let me out through the long corridor, the one down which I had once escaped. I had a slight thrill when I thought about it, but I saw my own reflection in a window and forgot everything else. I was as skinny as a scarecrow, gaunt and bony, and my clothes hung on me. Of course I knew that I had become thin but I didn't realize to what an

extent until I had seen myself in the windowpane. In the store room I found that I weighed only one hundred and fifty pounds, whereas I used to weigh two hundred. If I stayed another year in a cage, I'd be nothing but a shadow.

When I stepped out of the building into the sunshine, I became so dizzy that I reeled and had to hold onto the side of the cook house. It was quite a while before I was strong enough to go about unconcernedly. I was to break rocks and take them to the edge of the cliff where two of the other prisoners were building a wall, but I did not do very much the first two days. I used to think while I was in the cage, that I was almost as strong as I ever had been, but I am not. If they hadn't let me out before my time was up, I wouldn't have been worth a cent to any employer but now, if I can work outside almost every day, I shall be pretty skookum when I am released.

Mike has received his parole and is working in one of the mines near here. The jailer said that his was the only parole that had come back so far but that they expected John's and mine any time now. One of the trusties who cleans out the marshal's office, told me that he had seen all three of them and that John's and mine had been refused.

I have some other good news to relate. I have found a means of making money here. They let me have a knife during the daytime and I make small models of ships and put them into bottles. I sell them for one dollar up to five dollars apiece, according to what I think I can get. They are worth five dollars, all right, for it takes two days of hard work to make one, but I rarely get more than a dollar or two for one. I have already made thirteen dollars that way and now I am making a big boat for the cook. It will be two feet long and have everything on it that a brigantine has, from anchor winch to sails and running gear. The cook will pay me ten dollars for it and I figure it will take my spare time for two weeks to finish it. Of course, I am neglecting my writing to do this but I feel that it is more

important that I should have some money, so that I shall not be penniless when I get out.

The missionary from Klukwan was here to see me the other day. He was very kind and insisted that I accept some money from him as a loan till I get on my feet again financially. If every prisoner had a friend like that missionary, there would be mighty few of them going back to jail again.

Juneau, Alaska.
Aug. 21, 1915.

I have been elected judge of the Kangaroo Court here in the big cage. In an election where six men were candidates, I was chosen judge by a good plurality. We hold court almost every day, so it keeps me pretty busy. I get two dollars a week out of the Kangaroo funds for doing this, so you see, my little fortune is constantly growing. I now have to my credit forty-three dollars and money is continually coming in. The cook liked the ship I made for her so well that she gave me fifteen dollars for it instead of ten. She said that I needed it more than she did and insisted that it was worth fifteen dollars.

I haven't written anything on my stories for the last month or so, and I'm afraid I'll not be able to write any more while I am in jail. Since Mike has been out, I have been reading the paper aloud to the other prisoners. I am not as good a reader as Mike but I am improving all the time and it helps my English very much.

We had a fellow here by the name of O'Reilly. He was a short, stocky fellow with glaring brown eyes set wide apart under a protruding forehead. His bulky looking head was covered with a curly growth of brown hair. It made one think of a buffalo and he had a way of leaning forward and wagging his head from side to side as he walked up and down the cage, that heightened the impression. There were several charges against him and everybody was sure that

he would be sent to the penitentiary for a couple of years anyway.

One day a fellow they call Red said to him, "By George, O'Reilly, I'll be jiggered if you don't look crazy. They ought to send you to Morningside instead of to the pen."

Red's words evidently gave O'Reilly a new idea, for we soon noticed that he began talking and acting mighty queer. One night after everybody had gone to bed, he jumped out and, pulling his bedding onto the floor, began sweeping it frantically with a broom. He turned over one of the benches in doing it and the guards came rushing in to see what was the matter. O'Reilly kept on sweeping, yelling to them that his bed was full of bugs and that they were eating his legs off. After a while when he had satisfied himself that there were no more bugs on his mattress and blankets, he made up his bed and went to sleep. Naturally, the rest of the prisoners shunned him the next day, for they had no doubt now about his being insane. I had an audience with the jailer and told him of the various eccentricities I had noticed and the jailer told me to keep a watch on him and report everything.

The next morning O'Reilly got up long before any one else and, taking all the shoes, placed them in a long column on the floor, four abreast with some on the sides and in front. I was watching him from my bunk and when he got them all in ranks like an army, he let out an unearthly yell that made all the men fairly jump from their bunks, and he began to curse and swear at the shoes on the floor. He gave the command to advance and when they didn't move, he called them cowardly curs and cursed and swore and damned them till he frothed at the mouth from rage. In a short time he collapsed on the concrete floor completely worn out. All the while the other prisoners were looking on, dreading his next move. When he fell down, I jumped out of bed and called a couple of them and we packed O'Reilly to his bunk and put him in.

The jailer told me that morning to get ready to go to

court and to get O'Reilly ready, too, as he was to be tried for insanity. When at eleven the turnkey opened the door, O'Reilly and I went upstairs to the commissioner's court. I was sworn in as a witness against him and on the stand told what I had seen. Then two doctors examined and cross examined him and O'Reilly told quite rationally and sanely that he had been a commission merchant in Chicago and had had a good business there. Then he turned to the jailer who was sitting next to him and glared at him, his eyes bulging from their sockets.

"That's the fellow who's to blame for my failure," he yelled, and the jailer got up and moved away four seats. "He was the food commissioner there. I know him, his name is Murphy. He was one of Hinky Dink's gang. That's how he got his job. But he didn't last long. He's a crook. I know him. He threw four carloads of oranges in the river on me. But he didn't last long. He was too crooked even for Hinky Dink."

After this, O'Reilly collapsed in his chair, and after the doctors had made a few futile attempts to get him to answer them again, the commissioner sent the jury out and O'Reilly and I were sent back down to the cage. They took him away the next day and yesterday we learned that he had escaped from the insane asylum the second day he was there.

Juneau, Alaska.
Sept. 28, 1915.

Time is beginning to go more and more slowly. It seems that I shall never get out of here. Each day drags along when they don't let me go out to work and there is an eternity between rising time and going to bed time. Luckily, I can sleep well. Some of the men can't sleep and they lie and plan all sorts of things nights. There is one man, for example, who told me that he had found a way to make lots of money. His plan was illegitimate, of course, and when I asked him why he wouldn't try something he

wouldn't get in jail for, he spilled a quaint bit of psychology. He said that he had to get even with them for this lost time and opportunity.

"I'm not lying awake nights in this hole for nothing," he said, and looked menacingly around the cage.

There is another queer case here. He is a Roumanian and his name is Oniga. He was pinched for giving whiskey to Indians, and tried, but for some reason the judge let him off with a lecture and gave him five dollars to start life on anew. Oniga is an old man not endowed with too much intelligence. As soon as he got out, he invested his five dollars in twenty-five cent bottles of whiskey, went down into Indian town and began selling them right and left. Of course he was arrested and put in here with us again. He is sure he will get at least twenty dollars this time and I cannot tell him anything else. It is much easier than to work, he says, and he has it all figured out that he can double his money next time before they can catch him at it and he is sorry that he didn't know about this when he first came to this strange country two years ago. He would have been rich now but he hopes to soon have enough to go back to Roumania on the strength of this new business.

I read an article in a magazine the other day about the penitentiaries in Switzerland. The prisons there are small republics in themselves. Every prisoner is allowed to choose a kind of labor to do while there and he needs to spend only a few hours a day working if he wishes to study. They employ some of the best teachers in the land and support themselves and their school wholly by their own labor. Of course there are state officials there to overlook things but the prisoners are practically self governing. As I understand it, the theory followed is that the cure for a lack of social conscience is coöperative living and ideal conditions. When a man is released from a Swiss penitentiary, he has an education if he has cared to get it, and has been taught to be a member of society.

As a consequence only three per cent go back for a second

term. In this country over seventy per cent return for a second term and many for a third or a fourth, some of them spending practically all their lives in prison. I started an argument with some of the men on the subject and one of them said that that was a hell of a place. Why, everybody would go to jail if it was so pleasant and would never care to get out. It seems to me that if all the ignorant men broke in and got an education, it would be the best thing that could happen to any nation.

I have been wondering if any one has staked the homestead around Odin's Lake yet. My chief thought these days is to make a home for myself, and if they let me out in November, I intend to work here in the mines this winter, then to go up to Haines in the Spring, and if Odin's Lake is still free, I shall claim it for my own.

Juneau, Alaska.
Oct. 23, 1915.

The pendulum of my progress has swung back and I am locked in the dark cell cage with the bad men, a dangerous prisoner. It is very discouraging. The chief deputy quit his job to work in a bank and a new man took his place. This man is a crank on authority. He wanted to show his power so he came down the first day and inspected the jail. It happened that I was reading the paper when he came down and he saw the prisoners there clustered about me. For some reason which I cannot fathom, it displeased him and he ordered us to hand out the paper and told the guards not to let us have it any more. Naturally, this peeved me—it was such a little thing to do—and I said that I had been there a year and we had always had the paper before. He answered me very curtly, telling me not to give him any of my lip, that he was running this jail. I said no more and walked up and down in the cage singing quietly to myself.

"Cut out that singing," he commanded.

"Certainly," I said and smiled at him.

I didn't like him but I had only forty days to do and he was in a position to make me serve three months longer.

Naturally, the prisoners all were sore and the cage was a hubbub all day, the men standing around in clusters talking about it and expressing their opinion of the new chief deputy. That evening when the other shift of guards was on duty and the evening paper came, they handed it in as usual and I began reading. Pretty soon the chief deputy came down and bawled out both us and the guards, threatening to have me put in the dark cell and forbidding the guards ever to let us have the paper again.

The next day I got orders to get my things together, as I was to be removed to the cell cage again for stirring up trouble among the prisoners. I am worried, too, for I am very much afraid that they won't let me out when my time is up. But I mustn't think about that, it is too dreadful. I have only thirty-six days to do but that is a long time to wait with nothing to do except worry. I am not allowed to work on my ships in here and I am too worried to settle down to writing on my story or reading.

CHAPTER XVII

A CAVE-DOWN IN THE MINE

Juneau, Alaska.
Nov. 30, 1915.

I HAVEN'T written at all this last month. I was so miserable that I could only have written about my troubles and that was not worth while. It was enough that I should be miserable without putting it into black and white. But the days dragged by and finally came my last day in jail.

That was a long day for me. I thought it would never end. I lay awake most of the night thinking of the great event that was to come to pass the next day. I was to be free once again. Free, and with no fear of being caught. I would have served my time and my trouble would be wholly over.

The morning came and I packed my things in my war bag and said good-by to my fellow prisoners who were to be left behind there in the cage. The jailer came and the cage opened and the heavy door banged behind me with the rattle of bolts and locks for the last time. It sent a shiver through me and I promised myself never to do anything again that they could put me in a cage for. The jailer gave me my money and then he and I and John, who was also being released, went down to a store to get out twelve and a half dollar's worth of clothes. John bought shirts and ties and I bought a pair of eleven dollar working boots and five pairs of socks. Then I said good-by to the jailer and walked down the street, my war bag on my shoulder, a free man looking for a place to room.

I thought I would feel very exalted and joyous when I was free but I was only fairly happy, though I felt more at

home in my place there on the street among the other people than I had ever felt in the cellar under the courthouse. I thought I would feel like a cage man set free; instead I felt like a free man who had been in the cage and had come to his own once again. I longed for the woods and the mountains, so I put on my new boots, as soon as I had established myself in a room, and hiked out of town on the Salmon Creek road. There was a foot of snow on the ground and it was cold but the sun shone and the fiord was blue in contrast to the white shore and the deep green spruce woods and I was very, very happy with it all. I walked all day and did not come back to town until long after dark, very tired and very hungry. I had a big meal in a restaurant and went to bed, sleeping the sleep of the just.

This morning, after I had eaten my breakfast, I decided to bring my diary up to date and it has taken me all the forenoon. I am going up to the mines this afternoon to try to get a job.

St. Anne's Hospital.
Juneau, Alaska.
Dec. 8, 1915.

There was an epidemic of La Grippe here and, naturally, being exposed to the raw winter weather after spending a year in a cellar, I caught it.

My friend, Mike, who got a parole, has worked himself up into quite a high position in the Perseverance Mine. He takes care of the hospital in the mine and has charge of the hardware department on the side. When I came up, he spoke to the foreman in my behalf and I got a job as a mucker. I was given a brass tag and told to report to Jim Dolan, the shift boss on 9 East.

I had no idea who Dolan was nor where 9 East was but I followed the crowd that was going on the night shift, got my dinner pail from the bucket man at the end of the great dining hall like the rest of the men, and went along among

them in through the shops to a long tunnel that went into the mountain.

I felt decidedly queer as I got further in. From the compressed air pipes along the sides there came a noise that sounded like gnomes hammering away deep in the earth. The pressure of the air around me began to make my ears pulse and I expected my ear drums to burst long before I reached the mine. This tunnel was at least a mile long and led to a great hollow or rather a cave. This was called a station and a shaft ran through from away up to away down below it. Electric lights everywhere made it almost as light as day, which lessened the uncanniness of it. An elevator came gliding down the shaft and stopped. I was told by a short, fat man to step back and wait till the last cage. I didn't know what the last cage was but I supposed he meant the elevator and I stepped back away from the crowd that surged toward the elevator, scrambling to get in every time it came, jamming it full like herring in a barrel till the station tender could hardly pull the door shut. The first ones went to the five hundred level, then came the six hundred level men, and so on till all the nine hundred level men had gone up and there were only five men left with me in the station. The fat man motioned to the rest of us the next time the cage came and we all stepped in and were jerked up a short distance and then let out in a place very similar to the one we had left. It was the station on 9.

The fat man, who was Jim Dolan, our boss, led us through a long tunnel from which many ladders ran up through dark holes in the sides. At one place the boss took two of the men up a ladder and told the rest of us to wait below till he came down. Here and there from far off in the rock came rattling noises like woodpeckers boring in dry logs. Then there came a dull pop from somewhere and the heavy air in the tunnel vibrated and pulsed in my ears. They were blasting somewhere in the mine. After a long time the boss came back down the ladder and motioned for us to follow him. He took us to another ladder up through a

narrow hole just big enough to climb through without touching the rocky walls which were dripping wet. It ended in a low tunnel where we had to bend our heads to walk. A lot of dinner pails were standing around and the boss motioned for us to put ours down, too. Then we crawled down another ladder to a great cave below us. This was a stope and a dozen or more machine drills were rattling away making a deafening roar. The fellow who was with me was put to work helping a machine man, and I was put to work shoveling rock away from the entrance to the cave through which we had had to crawl on our hands and knees. Then the boss left us and that was the last we saw of him that night. I had a terrible headache and was sick from the thick, gassy air that I breathed. I thought I could work it off so I shoveled as hard as I could and sweated a lot but my headache only became worse. Finally, one by one, the machines stopped rattling and the men went past me and climbed up the ladder. I followed and up in the low tunnel, which they called the crosscut, they were all sitting eating lustily. There were no electric lights there but each man carried his own lamp or candle. They looked like gnomes and dwarfs that were pictured in fairy tales I read when I was a kid. An elderly, heavy-set miner came over and sat down by me. He was an American and he was glad to have some one to talk to, he said. He told me that I had been working too hard, that I had done as much as four men would do and there was no need for that. Everybody took it easy here, he explained, for one was liable to get killed any time, so why kill one's self working?

I told him that I had a headache and had tried to work it off and he laughed at me and said that all men had headaches the first few days they worked in a mine. It was the gas, he said, and promised me that I would soon get over that.

I took his advice and worked more slowly during the rest of the shift. It was a good thing, for I was not used to work at all and my hands and back became very sore. I

would, perhaps, have had to quit had I not slowed down. I was in a sorry shape when the shift was over and I wearily followed the other men to the station, got down with the cage and walked out of the mine through the long tunnel. I had no appetite but went directly to my room where I fell into a stupor on my bed.

My room-mate, a Russian, woke me up and said it was dinner time, but I was too sick to eat and went back to sleep, not getting up till supper time. My head still ached but I ate a bite, got my lunch bucket and followed the night shift into the mine again. When the boss saw how sick I was, he looked kindly at me and said in a rich Irish brogue to take it easy and that I would get over that in a couple of days.

I was very weak when I came out of the mine again that morning. My appetite was gone and I had a pain in the chest. I told Mike about it when I saw him and he said I had the Grippe and that I had better let him send me to the hospital. I didn't like the idea of giving up right away, however, so I decided to try it another shift. I slept the whole day, and after a slender supper, went into the mine again. My head was swimming all that night, and on the way out of the mine that morning, everything went black and when I came to, I was here in the hospital in Juneau. I feel better now and expect to go back to work in a couple of days. The doctor says that I am in no condition to go to work in a mine, but what can I do? It is winter time and there is hardly anything else that I can get to do, so it is up to me to go back and see if I can't get used to it like the rest of them.

Perseverance Mine,
Juneau, Alaska.
Jan. 11, 1916.

One does not feel much like writing when he has just come out of a dirty old hole in the ground; he is full of dust and gas and so sleepy he can hardly keep his eyes open. I

am afraid my diary will be sorely neglected while I work here, but that cannot be helped. I usually go to sleep as soon as I have washed the grime off under a shower bath in the dry room and have eaten my breakfast, or supper. It seems the gas makes me so sleepy that I cannot get time to do anything else but sleep when I am away from work. But I only get the headaches once in a while now when the gas is especially heavy down there. How I hate that hole in the ground! Every time I go in there at the beginning of the shift, I wonder if they will carry me out feet first like some poor devils I have watched go by. There are men hurt every day and one or more killed almost every week. It is dreadful! Just a week ago two men were killed right beside me, and probably I should have been killed too, if I had not been so scary of everything. We were working on number two stope in 9 East. I was helping with a machine run by an old Scotchman called Mac.

The boss had told me to stay out of any place that I thought was not safe. "The company," he had said, "is not making money by having men killed."

We were working in a very soft wall of rock that kept breaking off in places, sending masses of loose muck grinding down into the chutes. My nerves were all on edge and every time a rock broke off, I ran like a scared rabbit for the hole that led up to the crosscut. Twice during the first part of the shift, Mac stopped his machine and yelled for the other men to stop theirs and listen, and each time there was a cave-down above the middle of the roof. The roof of the stope kept sloughing off in chunks. I had the feeling that something terrible was about to happen and I dreaded entering that stope to help the old fellow. He didn't blame me and did everything he could alone while I sat in the manway near by, watching him, ready to run over and give him a hand if he motioned for me, but more ready to rush up the ladder at the first sign of danger. Two men were working farther up in the stope than we were and they were loth to stop when Mac yelled to them. Mac took a wrench and

went over to them and told them that if they didn't cut out working when he told them to he would knock their blocks off. They were very arrogant and asked Mac if he was the boss and said that they would work when they pleased; if Mac was so scared, why didn't he get out of the mine? One of them had given me the ha-ha that night when I rushed for the manway, startled by the muck rumbling down the chutes when the ore was being drawn from below in the tunnel. Mac said that he would go out before he would stay and work with such fools and the two of us made for the manway. We had just reached it when Mac yelled, "Run! for God's sake, run!" and we scrambled madly up the ladder away from the smashing, grinding, cracking stope that was caving in below us. Some powder exploded down there and it blew out our lights, leaving me lying terror stricken close to the wall of the crosscut, while Mac lit his lamp and hurried down to the tunnel to telephone the boss and bring help. Some more men came up from the stope. One man they carried; a flying rock had torn off his arm. Another one had a great gash in his forehead. He had fallen in the dark. They were all white faced under the grime and very scared. There were two men missing but no one wanted to go back down there into that hell hole to look for them.

The shift boss came rushing up with Mac and a dozen men at his heels. They hurried past us and descended to the stope. After a while we followed. The appearance of the whole place had changed. Where before there was a low hanging roof and a deep hole below to the chutes, there was now a high curved roof like that of a church and the chutes were full of muck. Where the machines of Mac and the other men had stood, there was a great pile and there were no signs of the two men who were missing. The boss set us to work digging. Under eight feet of rocky muck, we found them and their machine. It was too horrible to describe. We carried them out and took them to the station and they were sent out of the mine for the last

time. The rest of us sat around and waited for the shift to be over, for there was no more working for us that day.

It makes one feel very small and helpless to be down in a mine and have something like that happen. Death hovers about at every turn and one never knows when the whole works will cave in and bury forever all men who work in this mountain. I don't mind the idea of dying so much; it is being crushed by those horrible rock slides down in the dark mine where the rats scurry about and there is never any sunshine. I wouldn't mind lying dead under some nice grassy mound where the sun could shine softly in the evening, but down there in that deep, black hole—oh, I couldn't bear it! I wouldn't go back down there again if I could find anything else to do, but down in Juneau all work has stopped for the winter and I cannot afford to lie around. I shall have to stay here till March and then I will go to Haines and see about my future home by Odin's Lake.

In a letter from her she asked me if I still thought of her as I did when I left. Oh, how could she ask! Does she not know that I am ever longing to break my vow not to write of love until I am again respected by my fellow men? Oh, Marian, do not ask me now! Let me make a man of myself once more, first. If I never succeed in getting ahead and building my home, then I shall never ask her to come.

Perseverance Mine,
Juneau, Alaska.
Feb. 20, 1916.

In a letter from her, she tells me that I have not been lowered by my past experiences. But I know that every week I have been in there, every moment of revenge, every hatred, has left its mark on me and I have yet to prove that these marks are for the good of me. If I can stay away from jail for a year without having trouble with any one; if I can keep climbing upward till I am on an equal footing with other men when the year is up, then I shall write and ask

her to come to me, or I shall go to her. Most likely I shall go to her, for her people have never seen me, and though she tells me they read my diary, it is but a poor medium of acquaintance. In this coming year I ought to be able to stake my homestead and build a cabin large enough for two.

The men here know who I am and where I have just come from and some of them shun me, while others, more daring, try to get me to tell of my experiences, but I have no desire to live them over again, so I have to disappoint them every time. Once in a while a fellow comes uninvited into my room, sits down on my bed, and talks confidentially of his own experiences in various jails. This is to give me confidence in him. Then, after a while, he hints that he has worked out a fine plan to get some quick cash, a big haul, or some easy money. Some of these men are spies for the marshal's office, who want to know what I think of such things; others are men who would like to have my help in making a big haul so they could place the blame on me and skip; others, again, are real honest thieves who are looking for a partner for some exploit. Some of these men I would like to throw out of my room on their heads but I mustn't do that, for part of my program is not to make any enemies. So I tell them that I am through with such things, that I have a job and that honest toil pays best in the long run. I am emphatic about this and they soon learn that it does no good to fool with me.

I am a full fledged miner now and have my own machine, a helper and everything. Mac quit after those two men were killed and I was put to work helping on two water leyner machines run by an Austrian and a Montenegrin. They were so jealous of each other that when I helped one of them to do something, the other became violently angry and vice versa. I told the boss about it and he said to help each of them put up their machines, bring sharp steel to them, take away the dull steel and do nothing else.

"The less you do for those fellows, the better they will like you," he said.

And he was right. I told them one morning when I had them both together what the boss had said to me and that if they didn't like that, they could go to him and tell their troubles. They were very much surprised and angry with the boss and were going to tell him all sorts of things, but when he came, they were all smiles and didn't say one thing about it. I had an easy time after that and it is a fact that the two machine men liked me much better, too. When I occasionally did help them or run their machines for them for a few minutes, they appreciated it and showed their appreciation by bringing a piece of steel or two for me when they came back. I learned a great deal about machine mining and it was not long before I knew how to set up a machine and how to get the holes in to the best advantage; also how to take a water leyner apart and put it together when something went wrong inside.

One day we were told to go up and go to work in number one stope, north on 5. We put our machines, hose and everything on a car and took it along with us. The stope up there on the highest level was a great monster hole in the mountain. It looked like a church with a high concave ceiling. It was eight hundred feet long and I don't know how deep. We set up our machines near the entrance to one of the crosscuts and started drilling into a pillar that held a great mass of rock from caving down. When we had worked about an hour, we saw a lot of lights rushing along the footwall and disappearing into one of the crosscuts. A lot of small cave-downs could be heard in the other end of the stope. I dropped the drills I was packing and ran for our crosscut as fast as I could. My partners saw me run and, leaving their machines, followed. We lay down close to the crosscut wall and waited.

Before a large cave-down a lot of smaller bodies of rock generally come down. They call that the key rocks falling out and whenever that happens, it is everybody's business

to get out of the stope as soon as possible. A great cave-down generally gives warning and if a man pays attention he can save himself. So it was in this case. Key rocks fell out the whole length of the stope, crashing into the chutes below with a constant grinding roar. Then, suddenly, there was a tremendous noise like a thousand cannons going off. A blast of air surged through the crosscut, blowing all the lights out and sending empty powder boxes and dinner pails flying through. One hit me on the head as I lay there hugging the wall in the dark and I thought that this was the end of the world. The whole mountain shook and quivered and rocks were falling off the roof of the crosscut and rattling down the manways. Then it was over and men began to light their lamps and candles and crawled up to the entrance of the stope to see what had happened. The stope had caved in the whole length and there was a fifty foot hole in the roof where the daylight shone through, giving the great cave a ghostly appearance. The whole stope that had been empty before was filled up to the level of the crosscuts and much higher in places. Our machines had been buried beneath a hundred feet of rocks. No one was killed and only a few had been slightly hurt by rocks falling off the roofs and walls of crosscuts and tunnels. It was estimated that five hundred thousand tons had caved into the chutes and I'll say that they are right when they call it cheap mining.

There was no hope of our getting our machines back again before the ore was drawn from the chutes, so we were sent down to work in a new stope where there was not much danger. Here we worked for a week or so, then a machine man who was working near us quit, and I took his machine. It is not difficult to do at all, merely a matter of setting up right and keeping the drills straight in their holes. I get three dollars and a half for this, which is fifty cents more than I was getting before, so I have made one more step upward in life.

Juneau, Alaska.
March 15, 1916.

I am through with the mine and I hope I shall never have to work underground again. The outside is plenty good enough for me and I am going to stay there if I can.

To-morrow I leave for Haines. I wonder how all of my old friends will receive the black sheep returned to the fold. Some will, no doubt, snub me, while others will be as friendly as of old. The Indians will probably come sneaking around trying to get me to get booze for them, for the man who gets into jail usually has no scruples about peddling a little booze on the quiet. It will be very interesting to be there once again. Of course all my soldier friends are gone, as the regiment has been taken away and another has taken its place. But I will not have much time to be hanging around with friends, anyway, as I shall be very busy staking my claim and building my home.

I had heard that a man convicted of a felony could not take up a homestead, so this morning I interviewed the judge who sentenced me and he said it was all a mistake; that I had just as much right as any one to a homestead, and to go ahead and get settled as soon as I could. He even offered me help if I needed it. So you see, even a judge has a kind heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY CLAIM ON VIKING'S COVE

By Odin's Lake.
March 30, 1916.

I AM sitting under a big spruce tree and in front of me a lusty camp-fire is burning, while beyond it lies Odin's Lake. It is covered with several feet of ice and snow but it is very beautiful just the same—a white glade amidst the woods.

I came to Haines a couple of weeks ago and met all my old friends once again. There were Johnny and Tim, and Al and Joe and George. They all gave me a hearty welcome and asked what they could do for me. Of course I needed no help but it made me feel pretty good, just the same. Jack asked me out to his ranch and I stayed there about ten days helping him with this and that about the place. Then one day I decided to go down and see about my homestead. Three Swedes had taken up the land down there the summer before but they were city lads and had soon wearied of the silent places and had hurried back down to Portland, leaving several unpaid bills behind them with the store keepers. I had written to the land office asking if there were any notices of claims on this land and they had replied that there were not.

I started out with a small blanket roll and a little grub, a frying pan, a stew pot and a new rifle that I had bought in Juneau. It was a fine, cool day. There had been a frost in the night and the snow had frozen on top so I could walk on it anywhere in the woods without breaking through. The trail led through the army post, across the peninsula to the Chilkat; then along the beach for five miles

to Smokehouse Bay where O'Brien, an old Irishman, has his homestead. I stayed with him for a while, had a cup of hot coffee, and then started out again through the fine woods across the peninsula to Flat Bay. Here the tide had gone out, leaving the long bay high and dry. Indeed, Flat Bay is an appropriate name for it, for it is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and when the tide is low, one can walk across it, while when the tide is high, it is like a big lake, reaching clear up to the woody edges. There were clumps of seaweed, shells of mussels and clams, and many other interesting things that had drifted from some place and anchored there in the bay. I felt as if I were walking on the bottom of some extinct ocean.

There is a ranch on this side of the peninsula, too. It is the one I came to when I had broken out of jail the last time. There was no one there so I kept on along the beach a mile further where the trail leads up to Odin's Lake. No one would know there was a trail there, the ground was covered so deeply with snow. There is a half built log cabin near the beach that had been started by the Swedes and I camped by it the first night. I slept under an overhanging spruce tree with a great big fire built of driftwood to keep me warm. There was a mild south breeze and little waves lapped on the pebbly cove like a low, sweet lullaby. It was very wonderful to be in the outdoors again and to be all alone in the peaceful woods. I lay long in the night and gazed into the fire and up into the sky where the stars were tumbling out one by one and in clusters, blinking and twinkling down through infinity to me, filling me with cheer and hope. It seemed that they were laughing and singing to me, telling me that my troubles were over and that now I could take my reward, the earth, the woods, the fiord, the mountains, the beauty and the peace. Then the wavelets lulled me to sleep and I woke up in the morning joyous and happy to be there; not in a mine or a jail.

I cooked some hot cakes, ate and went out to stake my claim. On a rocky point that is the end of my cove and

which I named Viking's Point, I chopped down my first spruce tree and made my first stake. From there I walked up through the woods in a southerly direction, blazing a tree now and then and counting my steps. I would take my full allowance, three hundred and twenty acres. Seventeen hundred and sixty yards I stepped, and then made another stake and planted it, blazing a lot of trees all around to make the place conspicuous. It was not accurate measuring, but the law reads to measure to one's best ability, and stepping off the distance was the only way I had of doing it. Then I went eight hundred and eighty yards in a westerly direction along the side of the hill that lies behind Odin's Lake, and post number three was planted in a grove of big hemlocks with trees that are four feet in diameter and which will make good saw logs some day when I have a little saw mill rigged up on the creek that runs out of the lake. From post number three I walked straight down to the fiord again and put up a stake the right distance from post number one, and my homestead was staked! I put up a notice in a box on a tree where the trail to the lake leaves the beach, and made a duplicate notice that I shall send to the land office when I get back to Haines. This work took me all day, for there were many thickets to cut my way through, and several times I lost count and had to go back over my line to get it right. I moved my camp up to Odin's Lake in the evening and found a place under a branchy spruce tree where there was no snow, making it a good place to camp. I have been resting a couple of days looking things over and trying to decide where is the best place to start clearing and where I ought to build. There is a low bench down by the cove that is covered with a thick growth of willows and alders. I think I will start down there, making that my first field.

Odin's Lake lies right in the center of my land and around it is the best sort of a valley with patches of alder, birch and willow, and a sprinkling of spruce trees. It will be comparatively easy to clear, and if everything goes well,

I ought to be able to make a good farm out of it. I shall try to get a little piece cleared this spring so I can put in a small garden, and as soon as I can, I am going to fell trees for the cabin. There is a fine grove of young spruce trees where I intend to build, and all I'll have to do is to cut them down, notch them, and pile them up, and there is my house. I am chock-full of plans for what I am going to do and the only trouble is how will I ever get the time! Yet, Rome wasn't built in a day, so why worry about time.

I am going back to Haines to-morrow to get an outfit of grub, tools and things, and I'll try to get a boat to transport them down here. The sun is going below the rim of the peaks, so I had better stop writing and get my supper.

Viking's Cove,
Haines, Alaska.
April 20, 1916.

When I came to Haines from Juneau, the school teacher invited me to spend an evening with him and his wife and we talked of Vikings and Norse Mythology and read poetry about Vikings. Then we spoke of how this country was so much like the Northland where the old Vikings had lived. It was that talk that caused me to name my point Viking's Point. When I rowed in here with my outfit the last time and the nice round cove seemed to welcome me, I named it Viking's Cove. Indeed, I felt like a Viking. Was I not one from the land where the Vikings once lived, and was I not even now starting out, a young rover building my home in the wilderness of a new land as they did in the old days?

I bought a lot of things in Haines, a tent and some more blankets, cooking utensils and grub. I got a saw and a new ax, a grub hoe and a shovel and the many other things I needed. Then I bought a fourteen-foot skiff from a soldier. It was not a very good boat and one side was broken in, but I got it cheap and borrowed some tools from the post engineer to fix it up so it would float. I got a gallon of coal tar from the painter and when I have time some dry day,

I'll haul the craft up on the beach and paint the bottom of her with tar. When I had everything bought and ready, I loaded my things into the skiff and started rowing for my home.

It was a fine day and the fiord was as still as a mill pond. Great flocks of ducks quacked about along the shores, and loons and divers swam around and dove and came up and dove and came up again, always keeping at a respectful distance from the man rowing along in his heavy craft. I shot a couple of ducks near Battery Point, landed there, built a fire and cooked my dinner. I am never as happy as when I am camping out, sitting before a campfire, turning my meat on a spit and watching the rice boil in the pot. Sea gulls came gliding past, looking inquiringly at me and my camp, and great eagles soared overhead, making wide circles across the sky.

I got into my skiff again and rowed along easily. The boat was heavy to pull, as I had a big load on board, but there was no hurry so I just moseyed along with slow strokes, gliding around the rocky points and across the rounded, pebbly coves.

Along in the afternoon I reached my own beach. I packed my outfit up the beach and made my camp under some big spruce trees near where I intended to make my clearing. There was very little snow and I soon had a cleared space large enough for my tent and my ten-by-twelve home pitched over it. I cut enough spruce and hemlock boughs to make a soft mattress and spread my bed on top of them. Then I ran up to the lake and brought down the rest of the outfit I had cached there, cooked supper and went to sleep.

The next day, after making my camp as comfortable as I could, I made a trail over to my future clearing and began cutting down trees and brushes and piling them in windrows on top of the snow. It was great fun, for my ax was sharp as a razor and it fairly mowed down the alder brush. By nightfall on the first day, I had quite a hole cut in the woods and I felt very proud and ambitious. I was hewing

a farm out of the wilderness! I was putting my mark on the face of the earth! Where now stood great forests of brush and trees, I would have fields of clover and gardens full of fruit and flowers. I felt that I was doing good and really accomplishing something, not only for myself, but for the good of the whole country. I was making Alaska more habitable. That was worth working for.

I have been slashing two weeks now and have made a large clearing. Any one passing Viking's Cove on the fiord can see that a ranch is being made and I am very grateful that I am the one who has the privilege of making it.

The blue grouse have begun to hoot and the good, warm spring is here. True, there is still snow everywhere, but it is going fast, disappearing visibly day by day.

A few days ago I climbed up the hill that forms part of the backbone of the peninsula. There is a grand view up there. Lynn Canal stretches down toward Icy Straits, flanked all the way by mountain fastnesses and pearly white peaks, dotted all along with small, spruce clad islands. I could look far up the Chilkat river to the ice bound interior behind, all white, glistening white snow and ice wastes. Over across the Chilkat inlet I could see four or five ranch houses. There was Joe Curry's house at the foot of Davidson Glacier, where there are miles and miles of meadow lands covered with sweet native beach rye. It is an ideal place for cattle ranching, if there were only a road and a ferry by which to cross the inlet. That, of course, will come in time, for all along that shore there are wide grass lands that are bound to be taken up some day. It is a great country and there are thousands of acres waiting patiently for man to come and live on them. If we had roads up here, the whole country would be settled up as quickly as were Washington and Oregon when those territories were discovered to be habitable.

On the way down from the mountain I killed a big hooter grouse. It is out of season but I was very meat hungry and he sat on a branch right above me. I made a big stew and

though he was a little old and tough, it was very good. I am going in to Haines to get a few things that I need and to see if I can get a job when I have finished slashing and piling the brush on this five-acre piece that I started on. It takes money to build and I must earn enough this summer to build a house and live all next winter.

An owl is hooting over in the deep woods and it is getting shadowy around my camp. The fire glows brighter than before and throws shafts of light up in the branches when the flames leap from the logs. Soon I will get in among the warm blankets to sleep and to-morrow I'll take the trail to town once more.

Haines, Alaska.
May 15, 1916.

Time has passed swiftly and I have been very busy. I have finished slashing the five acres of my ranch, and as the brush was as yet too green to burn, I loaded my tent and household goods on my boat and came into town. I landed on the beach near Fort Seward and picked out a good place to pitch my tent and then made my little home as comfortable as I could with a spruce bough bed and a little table. I went over to Haines and bought a Yukon stove with a cast-iron top and put it in one corner of my tent. It looks like a real little homely kitchen with my small pots and pans hanging about. I had brought my sourdough pot in with me and I hung it in a good warm place. In the morning I have sourdough hotcakes with an egg in them and lots of butter and syrup.

I have begun taking cold baths, plunging in the fiord in the morning. At five o'clock when the sun is only a little way above the mountain top and the little spears of grass that have just broken through the black earth are strung with drops of dew that gleam like diamonds in its rays, I roll out of my warm blankets, slip off my night clothes and step out of my tent. Out there in the cool morning breeze my flesh shrinks from the touch of the wind and only by

clamping my teeth together can I keep them from chattering. My body says it would be much nicer to get into warm clothes, but my brain thinks of how fine my body will feel after it is all over, and I walk determinedly down to the water's edge, wade in to my waist, and dive under. Once under the water, I usually get stricken with a joyous panic and scramble out as fast as I can but sometimes I keep my head and swim around a little before I get out and climb up the beach. The wind no longer seems chill and the sun seems to have become very warming. It envelops me in a billow of warmth as I rub myself dry and my whole body tingles with the joy of life. I would like to run, run, run! Then I light my fire and my hot cakes begin to splutter in the skillet and the coffee sends up a refreshing aroma. When my stack of three-frying-pan-size cakes are baked and buttered and soaked in syrup, I sit down to eat joyously my lonesome breakfast. I am, as a rule, perfectly happy to be alone in the morning. I have all sorts of things to think about and to do and I get enough company when I am with the men I work with. But some times in the evening when the sun is low and I am tired from the long day, I sit outside of my tent at the edge of the wood, the good warm sun casting its last, long, slanting rays through the tree tops and the robins singing their evening song to their mates on the nest, and there comes to me an overwhelming sense of loneliness. I could go over to the post or the town and see and talk to all kinds of people but that is not what I want or need. I have often had that same loneliness in a crowd. It is a mate I want. One to whom I can talk and who will understand, so that there would be perfect sympathy between us. I have become a full grown man and I am in the best of health. I am strong, much stronger than most men and by rights I ought to have a mate. But now I must not only be strong, I must have intelligence and must demonstrate my strength and intelligence by building a home and making myself a place in society. Thus, I do

not rush off to seek my mate as my loneliness prompts me to, but I wait, and while waiting, I dream and look at her picture and read her letters and think of how it will be when she is up here in the northland. As long as I strive for my goal and keep clean and true to my ideals, I feel that it is my privilege to dream and that my dreams will come true. Yet, in spite of my ideals and the fact that Marian is the only woman who occupies my thoughts, I am unconsciously seeking a mate. I didn't realize it till the other day when I was over in town and saw a girl I had never seen before, on the street. She was coming toward me and I wondered idly who she could be. Up here one knows everybody living in the town and a stranger attracts attention. When she came nearer and I saw by her figure and dress that she was a young girl of perhaps eighteen, my pulses quickened and I examined her minutely while she was yet a little way off; and she looked inquiringly at me, perhaps for the same reason. When she came closer and it was no longer polite to look closely at her, I turned my eyes away and didn't glance at her again.

I am writing this down because it is so and because I want Marian to know me as I really am. I am a full grown male and I am interested in single females, in spite of my love for the only woman in the world for me, and I would be a liar if I let her believe that I was different.

I work on the pile driver here and get four dollars a day. It costs me about fifty cents a day to live, so I am saving money. If the job lasts another month or so, I shall go back to my ranch and burn my slashing and put in a small garden.

I was over to my neighbor's town house the other day and he told me that he used to fish salmon off the beach where my homestead is. He said it was a very good place to set nets and I have made up my mind to get some nets from the cannery if I can and see if I can make anything at it. It would be a great help to me if I could stay right at home making money fishing, at the same time working on

my ranch, building the cabin and clearing the land this summer.

Haines, Alaska.
June 8, 1916.

I went to work painting the barracks of the Post as soon as the pile driver work was over and I have been working steadily every day till to-day. It is raining and the boss painter laid the whole gang off because we were doing outside painting and that can't be done when it rains.

I have bought an old Indian war canoe, forty feet long and eight feet wide amidships. It looks more like a Viking ship than anything else I can think of to compare it with; it is long, low and has upturned ends. It belonged to some soldiers but they were neglecting it. They had left it lying sideways on the beach where the waves reached and pounded on it every time there was an extremely high tide. I offered them five dollars for it and they were so happy that they gave me a lot of stuff they had bought the summer before when they had been very enthusiastic and were going to make all sorts of money with it fishing and freighting. There was a lot of wire for rigging, rigging screws and blocks, ropes, two large sails, tools and things that were worth at least thirty dollars, so I really made a successful deal.

The canoe was considerably battered and had two long cracks in the bottom, but I have her up on the beach above high tide, and now that I have her bottom fixed up, she looks like a right good craft. I spend some time on her every morning before I go to work and every evening when I can, and when I get her calked up and painted and her rigging on, she will be a real sailing ship. I will load her up with grub and things, sail her down and cast anchor in Viking's Cove. It will be great fun.

I am sitting on my bed of spruce boughs using a dry goods box for a table and I am quite happy. The rain is drumming on the tent and everything outside is dripping

wet, but here in my little home, everything is dry and warm, for the stove is lustily eating up the woodpile, filling the tent with comfortable warmth. On days like this I like to lie and read or write. There will be many such days next winter if I do not go south, when the wind will be driving the snow or rain and I'll be dry and warm in my cabin. I'll perhaps have a typewriter and get some of my manuscripts copied. Oh, I'll not be so very lonesome with all those things to do.

I have been wondering the last few days if it would be right to ask a woman to come up here and live the life that I live. Marian said in her letter that it would be wonderful to live in a world so primitive, strenuous and virile. That is the way I feel about it. It is fine but I am not sure that she realizes the drawbacks there are here. It is very well to think of this glorious land in a general way. In a broad way it is wonderful, splendid, desirable, but when it comes right down to living here, making a home of it, many things appear which I would consider exceedingly unpleasant for a woman who has known nothing but comfortable circumstances. I wouldn't like to have Marian think that I am trying to discourage her. What I want to do is be fair and explain all there is to it, for I don't know whether or not such a girl could like or even bear to live the life I lead. As far as I am concerned, I love it. When I was down at Viking's Cove, I saw something new every day and I became more and more attached to the place. I think of it already as being home to me, though it is still nothing but a wilderness. Its possibilities are infinite. A mine has only so much ore, a forest only so many trees, but a piece of farm land is a never ending fortune. Once I get the best of the wilderness, I can live on it; my children can live on it, and my children's children, the soil, with careful working, becoming richer and richer, a continually growing source of wealth. But that is going rather far into the future and not at all what I intended to write about. I know from Marian's last letter that she is growing restless. She is

young and strong and wants to make her own way, feeling impatient of the home ties that bind only too securely for the comfort of the young wanderlust. If I only had my cabin built, I would feel safe in asking her to come up here to look things over, but I have nothing but three hundred and twenty acres of wilderness, a couple of old boats, a tent, some tools and two hundred dollars. That is a great improvement on what I had six months ago when I was released from prison, but hardly a safe foundation on which to marry. I don't dare ask her to leave the comforts of the civilized world and yet I believe in the equality of the sexes and that man and woman should make the home together. Still, I don't know whether it works or not. If only she were not so civilized—but she is and I have to wait till the cabin is an actuality before I ask her.

The rain is drumming on the tent and the waves are booming on the beach. The world is gray and chilly outside and I feel a little forsaken and alone. How the wind soughs through the tree tops! I feel very far from her, someway. At first her letter gave me cheer and comfort. I imagined that she might even come up here to visit and I pictured our courtship and love here in the woods, but then I thought of how little comfort I really had to offer and how many trials there are for a woman up here and all the obstacles came to my mind. But that doesn't mean that I have lost all hope of having her. I am more or less a fatalist, and if it is our fate, we shall come together sooner or later, and if we are not made for each other, it is useless to buck the Fates. If we did, it would only end in disaster. If we go on living as we have been, doing the best we can and letting things come as they will, it will all come out for the best in the end and we shall be happy.

Haines, Alaska.
June 15, 1916.

My Viking ship is now ready to sail away. She lies at anchor out there in the bay riding the waves gracefully, like

a swan. She drifts this way and that, blown by the breeze that comes in from the fiord and tugged at by the tide that runs out and she pulls on her anchor rope as if she were anxious and impatient to be let loose, free to go somewhere.

It is warm. The spring was late in coming but when it came, it rolled down on us like a wave of sweet blessings. It had been rainy and chilly for quite a while. The buds on the trees were swelling more and more but they dared not open for a frost might set in any time in a spring as chill as this. Then in the middle of May there came a few sunshiny days and on the morning of the nineteenth the leaves broke through suddenly, flooding the woods with pale, green light. The spring was in full swing. As if touched by a magic wand, the woods poured out myraids of flowers and everything bloomed, lived and loved life. The song birds, the squirrels, the scurrying rabbits, all were joyous and loving, finding their mates. Living alone there on the beach by the edge of the woods, working most of the day in the post and the rest of the time with my boats, I was quite lonely.

I sailed down to the Chilkoot cannery one day and got two set-nets to fish with. I also got two pups that I intend to use as sleigh dogs next winter. While down in the Indian village of the cannery, I had two small adventures. I walked along, nodding howdy to the Indians I knew and inquiring about pups, and one of them took me to a squaw who had a pup she wanted to sell. He was a nice lively little fellow and looked as if he'd make a pretty good dog. I asked how big his father and mother were and bickered with her about the price. Pups had been selling around there at a dollar apiece but this woman wanted two dollars and a half for hers. I beat her down to a dollar and a half, and, while doing it, she offered me her hand in marriage. She knew a fine place to set-net, she said and we could put out outfits together and live Indian fashion. She had been married to a white man, she informed me, but he

had died and now she was looking for a new partner. I declined quite pleasantly and started down the street in quest of another dog.

Near the end of the village stood a little shack built up on the side of a bank. An Indian girl stood on the porch bent over a tub of clothes, and against the side of the shack lay a spotted black and white pup, a very, very skinny pup.

"Is that your pup?" I asked and the girl looked up.

"You wish to sell him?" I pointed to the dog.

"How much you pay?" she smiled, gazing at me.

I think she was playing a joke on me, trying to flirt with me. Indian girls have learned a great deal about the ways of the white man. She was safe enough to make a fool out of me there among her own people, if she could. I was wondering what she was up to and did not answer right away but stood there studying her. "How much you pay, big man?" she asked again and smiled prettily to me.

She managed to make an impression on me, not that this was so hard to do, for I had been very lonely for the last few days. She was beautiful and I will be frank and say that it thrilled me. Up here among the primitive people, there is not much place for the inconsequential flirtations that are so common among more civilized peoples. Here there is a whole lot in a look of love and it stirs a lonely man like me to the core. There was no one around to hear us and I said nice things to her as I was buying the pup. I asked her name and she told me that she was married and covered her face with her hands. Her husband had paid six hundred dollars for her a month before.

Several Indians had seen this little incident and one of them came to me down on the beach by my boat and told me that this girl, Alice, had married an old fat man who who was blind in one eye and who treated her very badly; also that Alice was anxious to leave him and that if I wanted to, almost all of the Indians would help me take her away from him and marry her. The Indian pointed out a man coming up the beach.

"Alice's husband," he said.

He was a short, squat Indian and looked like the devil himself. Frank, my friend, said that he was as mean as he was ugly.

"He beat Alice every night," he told me, "we hear her scream all the time."

I got into my skiff and pulled away from the beach. I didn't want to hear any thing more about it. It was hell to know that she was bound to that ugly old brute and that he was beating her till she screamed, yet had I the right to interfere? The cave man in me said yes. He would have liked going after her, beating the other man's resistance down, and taking her away. But I was not a cave man and I hoisted my anchor and set my sails, and my ship sailed out of the inlet before the evening breeze. As I sat at the tiller that night, the midnight sun, illuminating the sky with many colors and glowing on the glistening peaks of the mountains, touched my dreams; I dreamed of love and happiness and my dream mate was white and had pink, very pink cheeks and her name was Marian. Yet, it seemed at times that I heard an Indian girl screaming in the night.

I reached Haines early in the morning and cast anchor by the beach where my camp was. I was tired, so I went into my tent and slept till noon.

Now I am all ready to sail for Viking's Cove in the Viking ship. My nets and provisions are aboard and to-morrow morning, if there is a north breeze, I set sail for home once more.

CHAPTER XIX

A SMALL FORTUNE IN SALMON FISHING

Viking's Cove.
July 5, 1916.

I WOKE up in the middle of the night and looked out to see how the weather was. A north breeze was blowing which was good weather for me, so I got up, packed my things into my boat, hoisted the anchor, set sail and glided out of the bay into the fiord to the southward, taken partly by the outgoing tide and partly by the light breeze that pushed me slowly and smoothly along. Toward morning, when the sun had risen above the mountains in the northeast, it became calmer and I fell asleep there in the stern of the boat and didn't wake up till the middle of the forenoon, when I found that I had drifted several miles and was stranded on Battery Point. I had camped here several times before, and after I had shoved by ship off and anchored her in a safe, deep berth, I rowed my skiff ashore and cooked breakfast for the pups and me.

In the afternoon when the tide turned I drifted out with it, helping with my oars as well as I could. In the evening I reached Viking's Cove and cast anchor.

I carried my stuff ashore and pitched camp in the grassy edge of the woods. That same evening I set my nets out in the good place that my neighbor had told me about. It was not yet time to go to bed when I got through with that, so I decided to go up into my clearing and see how my slashing would burn. We had had dry weather for a couple of weeks and everything was pretty well dried out. I made a dozen small fires and they soon spread till the flames roared and leaped away up into the air; they crackled and

snapped and threw coals and cinders till I thought I had made a terrible mistake and was about to set the whole country afire. Before long a tongue of flame stretched out toward the spruce woods and the dry moss on the ground began to burn. I ran for the spring and brought a bucket full of water, but that did no good at all. Then I remembered that when I was in the army we had put out a grass fire with wet gunny sacks, so I fetched another bucket of water, a sack and set to work. I beat up and down along the edge of the woods, putting out fire after fire all night long, and succeeded in keeping the woods from catching fire. It seemed, though, that no sooner did I have one fire out, than another one started somewhere else. Toward morning the big long brush piles had all burned out and there were no more fire sparks flying around, but there was one place where the fire had eaten down into the mossy bottom and had worked underground for quite a distance into the woods. I could see the smoke coming up through the moss and around the roots of several trees and somehow I could not put it out. I had pick, shovel and ax and I dug and chopped and dug and shoveled the mossy ground out of the woods, but the darned fire kept right on smoking and working its way deeper in. At last I was tired out and gave it up, consoling myself by saying that if it was ordained that those woods were to burn, they would burn in spite of me.

I went down on the beach and was about to go to bed, when I remembered that I had my nets out. I looked down that way and started. What was that? One of my nets, I could see, had drifted and half of it was up on the shore, but what were those shining things in it? I got into my skiff and rowed down there. I hardly dared believe that there were salmon in the net, but as I drew my boat nearer and the things looked more and more like fish, I received new strength. I worked along the net from the outside and took out sixteen salmon. They fought and wiggled with their tails as I took them out of the net, one by one, and it was no easy job, but, oh, how pretty they were. They

seemed like a whole fortune to me as they lay there glistening in the bottom of the boat. Then I put the net out in good shape again and rowed to the next cove to look at my other net. It, too, had drifted and I took ten salmon out of it and put it back where it belonged. Then I rowed back and put all the fish in the Viking ship and went in to camp to get breakfast. There was a big smoke coming out of the woods, and as soon as I had eaten, I took a bucket of water up to the place and fought fire again for several hours. When I had the thing almost out and there were only a few small smokes rising from the moss here and there, I went back down to the beach, cooked a meal and ate.

Evidently my nets were not put out right, for when I rowed out to them after I had eaten, I found that they had both drifted in again. I got twenty more salmon, however, making a total of forty-six. I had to take in the nets and put them out again, which took me fully three hours, and when I got back to the beach, the fire in the woods was going again, fanned by a south wind that threatened to spread through the whole woods. There was no alternative. I ate some hardtack and a can of meat, then went up there and dug and dug and stamped out the fires and swore, till toward evening I was all worn out. The fire wasn't out yet but I gave up the struggle and went back down to my tent and slept. I looked out in the middle of the night to see how things were, and my fire had gone completely out. Then I slept.

It was well along in the next day before I was rested enough to go out to my nets. They were both on the beach but there were thirty-seven salmon in them and I began to think that I was quite a fisherman. The cannery boat came and I proudly pitched my catch on board to the captain's great surprise, for no one else had caught any yet. That was yesterday and to-day I took out one hundred and eleven salmon. If this keeps up I may be able to go south to Marian this coming winter.

Viking's Cove.
July 10, 1916.

I have caught five hundred fifty silvery-sided salmon and I am getting rich fast. They just come and come unceasingly. At first my nets kept drifting but I put larger rocks on for anchors and now they are secure enough. It is nice calm weather and the cork lines of my nets are stretched, beautifully arched in the sunshine out there in the coves. Whenever a salmon gets tangled in them, they bob and jerk back and forth. There must have been five that struck the net while I was looking at it this morning, but I only took out ten fish.

I received a lot of letters when the cannery boat came for my fish yesterday and one of them was from Marian. She had written that she was thinking quite strongly of coming up to this country with Martha and her husband, but now her plans are changed, for Martha cannot come. I must say that I am glad that she is not coming this summer. Theoretically it is all right and fine for the young married couple to build their home together, but I have doubts about its working out in practice; at least, I hardly think it would work out here. I have but recently come out of jail and I am not yet estabished as a real human being. They don't ask me to come to their parties or their dances. I still feel that I am ostracized on account of my criminal record and it would hardly be fair to bring a young bride to a community where one is not sure that the people will treat her well because of her husband's past. Yet, if I had a bit of land cleared and a cabin built and enough money to live a while, I might, if she were willing, take a chance on my faith that man is good and wants to do the right thing.

The weather was wonderful this morning, calm, clear and cool. As I looked about me after I had taken my plunge, I was thrilled by the greatness, the vastness, the beauty of this wonderful land. The sun had risen over a distant row of mountain peaks in the northeast and shone on the snow upon their crests and the glossy, wet sides of the great can-

yons everywhere, no matter where I turned. The scenery from my beach is far more beautiful than any picture I have ever seen. I could see each peak and canyon and cranny, oh, so clearly, and then the dark green, stately spruce woods, streaked with the light leaves of birch and willows and splotched with soft green velvet of alder patches, the black, sleek peaks towering to the sky, and the blue-green glaciers in the upper canyons, contrasting splendidly with the big spots of unmelted white snow. I have this to look at every day and yet it doesn't grow old. I can go out any time and be filled to the brim with the beauty of it. It is mine and it is priceless and I am rich with it. I will need no landscapes on the walls of my home; only large windows that will let in the light and air, and the outside that is so beautiful that any picture ever painted would be dwarfed by it.

The tide is full now and my Viking ship lies out there at anchor in the cove, long, slim graceful; much like the pictures I have seen of Viking ships. I wonder if I was a Viking in the long, long ago. Sometimes when I roam about here in the bay, there come strange memories to me as if in the distant past I did these same things.

A shadow has fallen over the earth, for it is nearly eleven o'clock and the sun has sunk below the mountains to the northward. It is not dark yet, it won't be till next month, but it is really night, for the owls are hooting in the woods and all the other birds are asleep.

Viking's Cove.
July 29, 1916.

I have often heard that the more a man gets the more he wants and I have been wondering if I am getting to be selfish like that. I have been catching all kinds of fish lately. My score is up to the two thousand mark and I am the high man in the fleet. It has been a poor year for the other fishermen and when my success became known there was a stampede for this part of the fiord. For the last week there

have been about twenty boats fishing in my bay and up ahead along the peninsula. They all have drift nets and can put them out any place and have them drifting along with the tide. Ever since they came, they have caught all the fish and I haven't had a single salmon. I don't expect to catch any as long as they are here. Of course I have made three hundred dollars this month and ought to be satisfied to let the other fellows make some money, too, but, nevertheless, I feel as if I were being cheated when I see them pick up their nets off my point and take a boatload of salmon out of them. One night when a boat was fishing right inside of my bay and there was real danger of their net getting tangled with mine, I thought I would play a joke on them. The natives here are very superstitious, so about midnight when it was pretty dark, I sneaked along the beach to the place that was nearest them and then I screamed a scream that was so horrible it made my own hair stand on end. The Indians had been engaged in earnest conversation but after I made that noise, the bay was as still as death. I waited a little while longer and then I gave another blood curdling yell that echoed from one side of the bay to the other in the most hideous way. One of the natives called in a shaky voice asking what was the matter in there. Then all was perfectly silent. After a few minutes I gave a few catcalls and ended with a screech that would have done credit to a full grown mountain lion. That was too much for my credulous visitors, and they pulled in their net faster than anybody else I have ever seen. Soon their engine was putt-putting away down the fiord as they searched for a quieter stopping place. That gave me some satisfaction, and even though I didn't get one single fish the next day, I couldn't help chuckling when I thought about it.

I have begun my house up by Odin's Lake. First, I picked out a good flat place near a rocky bluff, then I cleared it of brush and imagined a cabin standing there. It looked good. A lot of young spruces stood all around, ranging from six inches to a foot in diameter. I began to fell

them, trimming them and piling the branches in great heaps. I need only a few trees more to have enough for the cabin. When I row along the beach I see all kinds of lumber that has drifted from goodness knows where and is lying among the seaweed and other driftage. I take this lumber to my beach where I have it piled according to size, shape and condition. Every time I go up to the lake, I take a load of lumber with me and soon there will be enough for floor and ceiling. Thus, by using logs and driftwood, it is easy to cut down my lumber bill to nothing at all.

I have cleared a little space in my slashing, and as it is too late to put in a garden, I will spend my time grubbing stumps and burning brush, so that next summer I can start in early to put a crop in some of my ground. I am really proud of my work when I stand in my clearing and look about at the burned brush piles and the many stumps that I have already torn from their grasp in the soil. This clearing is the greatest thing I have ever accomplished. When I look at it, it seems almost impossible that one man could do so much in so short a time; my heart fills with the joy of achievement and when I think of how I can make this land into a smooth, velvet field of clover and of the two hundred odd acres up there around the lake that can be made into farm land, I could cry with the joy of it. I wouldn't change my place for the finest job in the finest city on earth. When things are growing on the land, things to eat and things to sell, I shall be independent, and how much better off than the people who live in cities and huddle together in smoke, lacking the clean things of life! I cannot see how any one can possibly like to live in a smoky city when there are such good places like this to be had for the taking. But men are not all alike and I remember one fellow down in Los Angeles who said that it must be terrible to be out alone away from everybody. "What if you should get sick?" he had said, and I laughed and said one did not get sick out like that.

I have had a dickens of a time teaching my dogs that

my tent is a sacred place wherein no dog may enter. Whenever I left my camp and there was a chance to get in, in they would go and grab everything in sight. One day I tied a rope about the neck of each of them, letting about six feet of it drag behind. I left the tent, and no sooner was I out of sight, than the pups rushed in. I hurried back, getting there in time to get hold of both ropes and I jerked them out backwards as violently as I could. Talk about ki-yi-ing! One would think they were being slaughtered, inch by inch. They knew they had done wrong, and when I took the ropes off, they went to their kennels and stayed there a long while. That one experience was enough for them and they haven't bothered my tent since.

CHAPTER XX

LONELY IN SKAGWAY

Viking's Cove.
Aug. 21, 1916.

MY fishing is over for the season. I have had bad luck these last three weeks. It has been blowing, blowing, blowing! First, the Indians came and lay out in front of my nets and caught all the fish, then the storm came and drove them away and I thought that I would get some fish, but all I got was sticks, logs, seaweed and everything that drifts on the tide. My nets got torn to shreds and were practically all gone two weeks ago, so it's no wonder I didn't catch any fish.

Last week, however, came the crowning mishap of them all. I had gone over to my neighbor's ranch across the peninsula on Pleasant Cove and was having a good time. It was Sunday and my nets were spread on the racks to dry. A heavy gale was blowing and I shouldn't have left my cove for there was no telling what might happen to my Viking ship riding there at anchor, but I had the visiting mood and went any way. While we were eating dinner a boy who was vsiting at my Flat Bay neighbor's ranch, came running over and told me breathlessly that the Viking ship was adrift and going up the bay. I got up and ran as fast as I could through the woods toward my own side of the peninsula. At Flat Bay I saw my ship drifting toward the rocks on the opposite point. A small, leaky skiff lay on the beach and I pulled it down and got in. Great breakers were rolling in over the beach but I got the skiff through them all right. Then I rowed as fast as I could, but it was a long

way out to her and she was very close to the other point. I rowed frantically but my Viking ship was doomed. Had I reached her, I doubt if I could have handled her and I might have gone down with her. She drifted sideways onto a point of jagged rock before a high cliff. The breakers caught her and lifted her high up on the rocks; her bottom struck and she rolled over, her mast breaking. Then she was dashed against the side of the cliff and disappeared. I fancied I could hear the sickening crash as she was flung to her destruction and my heart sank. I hadn't noticed that the little skiff I was in was almost full of water and that I had nothing to bail with. When I discovered this, the loss of the Viking ship was forgotten in my immediate peril. I made for the nearest cove regardless of the great breakers rolling in on the beach and I was so glad to escape with my life, that I was less sorry over the loss of the Viking.

When the storm abated, I went over there and found her broken into a hundred pieces, scattered over a mile of beach. I salvaged her rigging and sails and one of her oars, but the rest of her was lost.

I caught only a few fish after that and have sent word to the cannery that I am going to quit for the season. I was in town yesterday and was offered a job on a new bank building that is going up in Skagway. It is a four dollar a day job and will last two months. I accepted it and am making ready to leave, packing up the stuff I will take and cachéing the rest in the woods where no beach-combing pirates will be liable to find them and spirit them away to second hand stores in Juneau. As soon as the cannery boat has come to take my nets, I will load my blanket roll into my skiff and row to Chilkoot cannery to get my pay; and from there I will row to Skagway.

When I was in Haines, I saw Mike, the Irishman from the jail. He had risen to a position next to that of the assistant superintendent in the mine and then he had begun to drink. He had become worse and worse and at last they had fired him. Then he had gone on one grand drunk,

emerging therefrom broke, down and out. The marshal had notified him that he was an undesirable and would have to leave town. Mike had heard that I was doing well in Haines, so he had stowed away on a boat and reached there on the day I came in from the ranch. I gave him all the money I had on hand so he would have enough to go down to the states. Poor Mike! I am for prohibition and if I ever vote on that question I will make a great big cross on the dry side of the column.

Skagway, Alaska.
Aug. 26, 1916.

Once more I am in the town where I met my Waterloo. The cannery boat came and took away my nets, and the next morning early, before the sun was up, I started out from Viking's Cove, my dogs at my feet and the little white cat that one of my neighbors gave me some time ago perched daintily on my blanket roll. It was a fine, calm day and I rowed straight through to the cannery, sharing some bread and cheese with my family on the way. The trip was uneventful. We reached Chilkoot Inlet in the evening, and after receiving my money, I started immediately for Skagway, rowing all night through the long, narrow fiord that cleaves two great mountain ranges and is the end of Lynn Canal. We reached our destination early in the morning. I rented a small shack and installed my family, Fanny and Towser in the woodshed, and the kitty in the house.

This is Saturday night. I have been here three days, the loneliest three days I have ever spent in my life. Right in the midst of one's own kind, to be alone, absolutely alone! Most of the people here seem to know me and they nudge one another as I pass along the street. "That's him," I can fairly hear them say. "That's Norman, the burglar, the jail breaker." Yet that side of it doesn't bother me so much. They have a right to think what they please. It is the feeling of being alone that gets me. Oh, I wish I were back home in my cove, away from the cold, indifferent town.

There the woods are like kind people to me, the sun shines through them and lights the deep ferns on the hillsides. The robins hop about in my clearing unafraid and trusting and sing to me in the evening when I am lying in my tent. Well, I'll be there again before very long. To write about it gives me cheer and it is not so bad, after all. I have my cat and dogs at least, and that is more than most working stiffs have. My cat lies on my lap right now and purrs and purrs and the dogs are not a bit stingy about showing their affection. They love me, these friends, for I feed them and am kind to them. They cry and howl pitifully when I go to work leaving them locked up in the yard and the house. I lost Fanny the first day I was here. She had never seen so many people before and was very much bewildered; when a train came rumbling in and the locomotive whistled shrilly, it was too much for her and she went like a streak in the opposite direction. I searched and searched for her, hiring a bunch of kids to help me, but she was gone and finally I gave it up altogether. Then, in the evening when I walked along whistling the call she knows so well, I heard a whimper from somewhere. I called her and looked under the nearby houses but there was no Fanny to be seen. Yet I could plainly hear her whimper. At last I found her under a sidewalk, though how she had managed to get in there was a mystery, for she could neither get further in, nor back out, and I had to take up the boards of the walk to free her. How she wriggled and waggled and wagged her tail when I got her out! And I was just as happy as she was.

To-morrow is Sunday and I am going to the church to hear the organ play. I have only my overalls and mackinaw to wear but that can't be helped, and if the other people don't like my appearance, they don't need to look at me. I wonder if they will always be cold and unfriendly to me even after I get married, if that ever happens. Somehow, I am beginning to feel the ground slip from under my feet with her. She seems so far away and there are so many obstacles before me. She doesn't write as often as before and

neither do I, and that only in a desultory manner. There seems to be little to write about. What more natural than that she should find some one down there whom she could love? Oh, I have a sinking sensation when I think of that! I am not enough of an optimist evidently. I make the worst of things. She writes me that she does not love anybody else; and that there is no danger of that and asks me to come down; then right away I imagine that I am losing out. I think I'll stay up here another winter and not go south till I have the house built and the land productive enough to support a family. Oh, but I wish I were back home on the ranch where I never feel as lonesome as I do now! It is after ten and the night is very dark outside. My dogs out there are barking at some other dogs. They don't seem to be able to understand the city dwellers, either.

Skagway, Alaska.
Sept. 7, 1916.

I have been standing up to my ankles in water, working on the foundation of the bank all day, and now, after eating my supper of lettuce, cheese and bread, I am sitting with my feet in the oven of the stove, trying to find out how it feels to have really warm feet once more. As my feet get warmer, I begin to forget the hardships that are the daily lot of the worker and I try to think of something to write in my diary. It is remarkable how little I am experiencing these days. I work on the building with men all around me and I ought to be learning all kinds of new things, but I am not. It is not that I haven't made friends with the other men; I have, but that does not make me a bit less lonesome. I am beginning to believe that it is my own fault. The men are friendly enough and some of them really like me, at least I think they do. One of them offered to lend me one of his suits of clothes so I could go to a dance with him, and surely that is a sign of good will. But in spite of that, the men fail to interest me. I find myself thinking of other things when they spin their yarns and tell

their jokes to me. It is not that the things I think about are so very important, for I just dream along, thinking of this and that, mostly about Marian and Viking's Cove. When I was in jail I had no difficulty in listening to the other prisoners' tales of woe and I was really interested in them and their point of view, but these men have nothing of interest to tell and my mind wanders off into my own thoughts as they talk. Maybe they have been working hard all their lives and can only think of little cheap jokes, dances and such things; but then it may also be that I have been alone too much and have developed the habits of a hermit. If this is so, then I am not the kind of a man who ought to marry. I could never make a woman happy going about wrapped up in my own thoughts. She would soon tire of me and begin to long for congenial companionship. She would be far more lonesome than I have ever been and our life would either be without sympathy and understanding, those things that are so necessary to human happiness, or we would drift apart and be divorced. I am getting the habit of looking at the black side of things and am beginning to imagine all sorts of foolish things, such as, for example, that I have not one real friend in the world. I know that this is not so, for the missionary at Klukwan was my friend and many, many people offered to help me when I was in trouble. Even the jailer tried to get me a parole. One day about a month or so ago down on the ranch, two soldiers came down to fish in the lake. We talked of this and that, and for some reason or other I remarked that not so very long ago I had been in jail without a penny, so to speak, and without a real friend in the world. One of the soldiers looked disgustedly at me as if to say I was the darndest liar he had even seen. He told me that he had been at Fort Seward when I had broken out and that as far as he could see, I had a lot of friends there. Everybody there had spoken well of me and had expressed a willingness to help me out if they got the chance. "You would rather steal than beg," he said, "and I like a man like that."

This, of course, was very nice of him to say, though at at the time it embarrassed me, and I had to admit that the last part of my statement was not true, but that what I meant to say was that I felt as though I hadn't a friend in the world. I had been quite cheered up and at peace for a few days, and then a young lad from Haines and two young ladies had come up to fish in the lake. I was up there felling trees for my house and they went right past me without even saying hello. Immediately I imagined that they looked down on me and considered me so low that they wouldn't even say good-day to me, though they came to fish in my lake. It made me very down-hearted and I wondered if I would ever be considered decent enough for a girl to speak to. I was also angry with them for coming and disturbing my peace of mind and I determined to nail a sign on one of the trees by the trail, saying that if the owner of this place was not worthy of being greeted, decency should compel people not to trespass.

Then, after I had made myself miserable and lonely, one of the ladies came over and spoke very nicely to me and we had an interesting talk; and the other smiled quite sweetly when they went away. That is just a fair example of how I will imagine things. I suppose that if I were to put on a suit of good clothes and go out among people trying to be pleasant and accommodating, they would not be nearly as hostile to me as I imagine they are. Thus, it may be only because I have stood in water up to my ankles all day and am very tired, that I feel that I am an outcast.

Skagway, Alaska.
Sept. 29, 1916.

The bank has grown and there remains only the roof and a few fixtures to be put on. As it has grown, I have grown with it. I have had three experiences, one that made me lonely, one that made me feel stung, and one that made me feel proud of myself.

Every Sunday I go to church, both in the morning and in

the evening. It is not that I am getting religion but because I like to sing and to listen to the organ. I sit in a corner near the door to be as inconspicuous as possible. I am not of the same faith as the other people of the congregation, I don't even know that I have any faith, so I don't want to impose on them; I sit near the door so I can slip out unnoticed when the service is over. I make myself feel justified in doing this by putting a quarter in the collection plate every time and I notice they never forget to come down in my corner for it, so I guess it is all right for me to go there. So far, no one has ever spoken to me, except once when I absent-mindedly took a seat up in the middle of the church. Other people came in and sat on each side of me, so that when the service was over, I had to wait a while before I could get out. When I got to the door, the preacher was there shaking hands and saying a few pleasant words to each person passing out. I was quite embarrassed when he took my hand and said that he was glad to see me attend services so regularly, for I felt like a pretender. I was a stranger in town he supposed and he asked me my name.

"Svend Norman," I said, and I heard a lady or a girl snicker somewhere. The blood rushed to my head and I hurried away, deciding not to go there again, but next Sunday I was so darned lonesome and music hungry, that I went anyway, but I was careful to take the seat close to the door where I could slip out before any one could stop me and ask me embarrassing questions. I suppose the preacher has found out what kind of a scoundrel I am, for I met him on my way from work the other day and he didn't even look at me. But maybe I am imagining that, too. It is so hard to tell what is reality.

There is going to be a dance at the Elk's hall next Saturday night and I have received an invitation to go. So has every other human of white skin in the town, but just the same, I feel slightly elevated because they did not ignore me and I have decided to go. If I do not do something like that before long, I may become a hermit and not

fit to live among human beings. But the most astounding part of this thing is that I have asked a girl to go with me.

I got into the habit of eating dinner at a boarding house where a lot of the men working on the building live. We had a good time there generally for the crowd was a very jolly one. We were always arguing and contesting with one another about this and that and pulling off athletic stunts, so it was no wonder that when the cook announced one day that his two sisters were coming to live at the house, we all resolved to get one of them to go to the dance and it became a game of who-will-get-to-take-the-girls-to-the-dance. The boys all spruced up, bought new collars and shirts and sent their good clothes to be freshly pressed by the tailors. I wanted to get a decent suit of clothes for a long time, and I thought that now was as good a time as any. One evening I went down to a dry goods store and told the saleslady that I wanted a good suit of clothes. At first she showed me some fifteen dollar suits but I told her that I wanted a good suit of clothes and I didn't mind paying a good price for it. I wanted a blue serge or a gray suit, but the serges she showed me were all of poor material and I couldn't find a gray shade to suit me. I don't believe they really had a good suit of clothes in the store but she was smart and if it was an expensive suit I wanted, she could surely sell me one. She showed me a black suit with a fine purple thread running through it. It was very attractive looking to me. It did not feel like very good goods but I liked the color and the price impressed me most of all. I can see now that that was what caused me to buy it, even though it was not quite a fit. The thing that makes me sure that I was stung is the fact that the honest lady gave me a good silk and flannel shirt, a pair of excellent suspenders, a tie and three pairs of fancy socks, to go with the suit, all for nothing. I have asked other people who are in a position to know such things, what they think the suit is worth and the consensus of opinion is that it is worth about twenty-five dollars. I paid a good deal more than that for it, so I

hardly feel that I have made a very profitable business transaction.

The girls came and the fun began. As soon as I got a chance after I had been introduced, I asked one of them to go to the dance with me and she said that she would. I thought that I had beaten the other fellows to it and I felt quite victorious about it. I had to tell the others about it as we were all sitting on the curb waiting for the whistle to blow us to work. One of the lads became very angry and called me a liar because the girl had promised to go with him. Then another boy jumped up and said that we were both fools, for he had the inside track and everything was arranged. Then we all laughed, for it developed that the girls had promised to go with every one of us. Their brother had put them up to that and the competition is as keen as ever.

I am rather glad that I shan't have to take either of them. When they first came, I was excited and curious but that soon wore off. They were just like other girls, good looking, giggling and in for a good time. Not at all the kind of girl I would want to marry and the more I see of other girls and women, the more I realize that there is only one woman for me. I was a little afraid that I would have to take one of them to the dance, anyway, so I told one of the boys that I was just dying to get married for I needed a wife the worst way to work down there on my ranch. I told him that I was out for a wife and would take most anybody who would have me. This, of course, was too rich for him to keep to himself and it soon got to the girls, who in turn, had no use at all for me after that. They could get me any time they wanted me, so what was the use of chasing me? I feel very proud of myself for this exploit and it almost offsets my buying that expensive suit.

Skagway, Alaska.
Oct. 6, 1916.

The fall is here. The mountain sides are spotted with yellow and red and brown and the snowline that a couple of

weeks ago merely marked a cap on some of the highest peaks, is now half way down the mountainsides, almost to the timber line. We have already had a couple of frosts and there was an inch of ice on the pools of water on the streets. Winter is coming fast and it will soon be time for me to go back home to Viking's Cove to build my cabin. Yet, I hesitate to go, for I am making four dollars a day and I oughtn't to leave as long as I can make that.

I went to the dance all right but I did not have a good time. I had quite a few dances and my friends who work on the building were quite eager to introduce me to girls, yet I did not feel like one of the crowd. I felt that I was mute, a dummy, slow. I would dance along, watching the other couples merrily swing about, the men saying silly things to be funny and the women giggling, but somehow, I could not bring myself to do that too. I felt that I was a stranger in spite of the fact that they all knew me and my history, and that made me feel that I was not welcome.

I left the place early and went back to my shack where my dogs and the cat were joyous to see me, and that gave me some comfort. That night I decided that it was not good for me to live alone and that I would not better my condition by doing so, so I determined to go to Viking's Cove, build a cabin, and then go south to see if Marian cares to come with me. I want to see her before she goes and marries some other man. She tells me in her letters that she has a new friend, that he is only a pal but I know that the step from being a pal to being a lover is very short. I had a letter from Martha, too, and she urged me to come south.

"You can't leave a girl alone like that for years," she wrote. "As long as you couldn't come, Marian wouldn't look at another man, but now when you can and don't, well, that is your lookout. But I have given you fair warning." Those were her words and I am going to heed them. I'll make a dash for the south as soon as my cabin is built.

Skagway, Alaska.
Oct. 15, 1916.

I would have quit here a few days ago but the boss asked me to stay a couple of weeks longer, and because he has been a good friend to me while I have been here, I am staying and I am glad of it, for I have had quite an experience. It happened last night.

A Professor Cooper is in town, lecturing on phrenology. He is giving five free lectures at the Presbyterian church and he gave his third one last night. After each lecture he gives a public reading of two persons in the audience and it causes great amusement among the people to have this blind man feel of the men's heads and tell by that of their habits, ambitions, abilities and shortcomings. I didn't happen to know any of the men who volunteered the first two nights but I could tell by the assenting nods and the unanimous laughter that the professor came pretty near hitting the nail on the head every time. Yesterday when we were talking about it at noon, one of the fellows dared me to volunteer that night and I said that if he would go up, too, I was game. It would be a great joke to me to show the more or less hostile people in Skagway that I was not the criminal they thought me. I had heard the blind professor lecture two nights and I had faith in his knowing what he was talking about, and in his ability to tell by the shape of a man's head what his characteristics were and what he amounted to. I knew darned well that I was no criminal and I saw a chance to prove it.

That night after the lecture was over, when the professor asked for two men to volunteer, I walked up the aisle to the platform and sat down. I had a little stage fright, for it caused a lot of whispering in the hall. Norman, the burglar and jail breaker of whom it was said that he was an anarchist and a little queer! Ah, what a lot of necks were craned as I sat there beside the other man and faced them defiantly. I felt that this was one of the crucial moments

of my life. This would either make or break my career in this part of the country.

The blind phrenologist ran his fingers lightly over my head and it sent a thrill down my backbone. "Here," he said to the audience, and an expectant hush fell over the room, "here is a man whose chief characteristics are kindness and sympathy. In fact, I believe he is too sympathetic for his own good. If, for example, he thought any one of you was in real need, he would give you the last thing he had and do without himself." Again he ran his fingers over my head: "He is capable of a great deal of reasoning and should be able to concentrate on almost any problem. He is liable to become a socialist on account of that. He has powers of concentration and penetration and he has lots of determination. He has lots of grit. Grit is here, high above the ear," he explained and turned the side of my head to the audience. "See this bump here, that's grit. He has worlds of it and if he ever makes up his mind to do anything hard, he will do it, and the harder it is for him, the more sure he is of making a job of it."

Then he turned to the lad at my side. "Now, this man has great ability to be cheerful and happy. When he goes down the street, I'll bet he generally whistles. This other man is serious, but this one makes light of things; talks, laughs, and sings all the time. When he gets a job he puts his whole heart into it and makes enthusiastic plans for the future, great optimistic plans of what he is going to do. But he soon wearies of his job—not because he is lazy, bless me, no, there is not a lazy bone in his body and he is on the go all the time, but he doesn't like to stay with one thing too long and demands plenty of variety in his work. In a private reading I can tell him what kind of work he is best fitted for." Here the professor was hinting that even a phrenologist must consider the high cost of living. "Now," he began again, "I can't see these two men, but if I wanted to fry both of them, I'd get the fat from this man," he patted me on the shoulder, "to fry this man in." There

was much laughter, for my friend was very skinny. After the laughter had subsided he gave me a smart rap on the shoulder and said, "There, ladies and gentlemen, is an unusually strong man. He has an extraordinary individuality. He has powers of observation and I am sure he has an insatiable desire to see everything and to know about all he sees. He is irresistibly impelled to individualize things and will, in general, see and understand things and actions that would pass unseen by most people." I cannot remember any more of what he said word for word, but he told the audience that I ought to be a literary man and that I might be a poet, too. He said that I had stage fright at the present, but that I would get over that and that I could get over anything I put my mind to, and several other nice things. I was so happy when I went home that my head swam.

The next morning when I went to work, one of the men came to me and exclaimed, "Holy smoke, Svend! That phrenologist gave you a hell of a boost. Did you have to pay him anything for it?"

CHAPTER XXI

BUILDING MY CABIN BY ODIN'S LAKE

Viking's Cove.
Nov. 5, 1916.

I AM home once more. I came from Skagway on a calm day with a lad who is going to help me build my cabin. I didn't want to build a very large one, for it was liable to snow any time and it would take too long for us to handle such logs. So I made it twelve feet wide and sixteen feet long and when a week had gone by it was up and only needed a shake roof to be a shelter. Frank had some work to do in town, so he left me to do the rest. I got along fine until one day I broke the shake maker and had to go to town to get another one. There I found a letter from Marian in my box with an invitation from her to spend Christmas with her family.

I was delighted and read it several times and as I read it again and again, it dawned on me that she was writing a great deal about her friend. No, she did not love him, it was merely a friendship. I can see that she has made a sort of exalted being of me, an ideal that she respects and that no other man can take the place of in her heart. I am afraid that she has forgotten what I really look like and she will be very much disappointed when she sees me again and will most likely marry the other man. I have a good notion to stay up here and let Fate take care of me—but maybe Fate wishes me to go south. No, I'll go and face it out. If I win, I know that I shall be the happiest man on earth, and if I lose—well, I'll come back up here

and be married to my ranch till some day Fate sees fit to bring me a mate.

I wrote a long letter to Marian, telling her just how matters stood with me. I asked her to think of me as just a man and not as "something tremendous, somehow," as she termed it. Our acquaintance is but very slender and I asked her not to let my love for her carry too much weight, because most likely when she saw me she would be disappointed in me. I asked her to consider that other girls have not thought me worth while to have and that only two weeks ago two girls in Skagway had turned very cool toward me as soon as they learned that I wanted a wife; and that she would most likely do the same thing once she saw me.

I have a feeling to-night that I have lost out in the marriage business. How could any girl love me, anyway? Girls like a jolly, joking, laughing sort of fellow, one who can make them giggle and laugh all the time, one who can entertain them and show them a good time. I am not that way at all. I used to be pretty jolly, but the prison has taken that out of me and I am too serious minded to ever be interesting to one of those playful, fresh young beings. All I am fit for is to work. I work from early dawn till late night and when I have a moment's spare time, I read or write. I am a grinder and I am mostly wrapped up in myself and my grinding. In time, perhaps, I will be used to living alone and not mind it at all. Well, time will show. I become too pessimistic when I get to thinking how small my chances really are and I ought not to write about it at all. I'm sure it doesn't help me.

I have cut a lot of shakes and the roof to my house is almost on. When I get a floor and a ceiling in, a bed in the corner and a spruce mattress, I'll have a real home. My own home for the first time in my life! I'll make it comfortable and put a lot of grub in it before I go south, so that no matter in what financial shape I come back, I'll have a home to come to where I can at least live and eat.

Viking's Cove.
Nov. 20, 1916.

It is winter. The leaves fell off the trees a month ago, leaving the woods naked to face the big snows and the long cold. It has been raining, hailing and snowing and the wind switched around and came whooping down from the ice-bound interior, freezing everything. An inch of ice lay on the lake this morning, and when I poured a pailful of water over my head, the blood was sent rushing through my veins and I ran, joyously frantic, for my little, warm cabin and rubbed myself dry by the hot stove. Ah, but it is good to have a home and to be there. Here I am in my own cabin on my own ranch where everything, animate and inanimate, is dear to me. The trees surrounding the clearing whisper of love to me and the white encircling mountains fill me with peace and contentment. I feel very wonderfully loving and satisfied to-night. The spruce knots are crackling and spluttering in my stove and the cabin is comfortably warm. I feel strong and capable and confident of the future. Even if I never get a mate, the woods around me are full of life and I love it all and shall not be so alone. But to-night I don't feel like a loser. I want a mate as badly as ever. My ranch, my lake, my woods are now my first love, but once she is here, they will have to take second place, for she will be queen of it all. I know that she will love it as I love it, for no one who has been here, has had anything but praise for the beauty of the place. She and I will live here together, in harmony with the peaceful; natural life so abundant around us.

To-day I only worked for a few hours, for the sunshine was bright and it was the best kind of a day for hunting. I went down along the beach and got a fine mallard duck, then I went up into the woods and a blue grouse flew up and I put her in my bag, too. When I got into the alder and willow patches, I shot four big, white rabbits and now they are all hanging up outside of my cabin and I am supplied with meat till I leave here next month. The duck,

however, is roasting in the oven all stuck full of thin strips of bacon and filled with apples, prunes and bread crumbs and it is sending a tantalizing aroma through the cabin. I don't like the idea of leaving here and I wish I could get my mate without going away from this place. Yet, the big snows will soon be here and I shan't be able to do much work and a wife means more to me than a dozen ranches, so I am leaving in the first days of next month. I am going to go to her as I am, or at least I will wear the suit I bought in Skagway, and I shall try to be fair and promise her nothing but hardships and an uncertain life in a new, raw land—and love. Then, if she comes, it will be for love of me and all will be well on Viking's Cove. Once she is here, my arm will surely grow stronger, work will be joy, and fatigue and pain a pleasure, for it will be for her, for me, and for ours.

Viking's Cove.
Nov. 23, 1915.

More winter weather, raining and snowing, freezing and blowing. One day the woods would be white with snow with the cold north wind sweeping down from the icy wastes, and the next day the south wind would burst out of the sky with sleet and rain and fog, and the woods would become dull brown-green, the bare branches of the birch and willow standing like barren forest skeletons. The storm would tear at the tree tops, swaying the woods in wavy rushes as wind sweeps a wheat field. One day my lake would be frozen over and I'd walk on the bulging ice and dream of my boyhood days when I played on the frozen sound; and the next day the ice would be gone and the water would be churned and lashed to a frenzy of white foam. Then the storm would abate and through the torn clouds the sun would peep coquettishly, as though to say, "Did you think I would never shine again? Cheer up, the world is not so gray as it may appear." Then I would grip my ax, for after the rainy days of cold and wet, I'd enjoy

the warmth of the sun and the beauty of the glittering raindrops in the spruce branches tenfold more than if the sun had shone unceasingly.

"A little sunshine,
A little rain,
A little pleasure,
A little pain—
That's life."

The greater the pain, the more hardships, the fiercer the struggle for our desire, the more we appreciate the joys and pleasures and the fulfillment of our desires. When finally we have had our share of pain, and Fortune turns her beaming face on us, then, and then only, can we appreciate the full cup of life.

CHAPTER XXII

THE GIRL AGAIN

Viking's Cove.
Nov. 25, 1916.

YESTERDAY morning, after the rain had beaten down on the roof of my little cabin all night, the sun peeped through the spruce tops and a west wind swept the heavens clear. A bluejay chattered good-morning to me from a branch above the door and the air was clear and crisp and sweet. I had a lot of work to do, but I hadn't been to town for ten days. The trail looked mighty inviting and it did not take me long to go to town. I grabbed my rifle and ran lightly over my new made trail to my neighbor's ranch a mile away. I talked with him a while and took an order for some grub he wanted me to fetch him; then I was off again across Flat Bay and through the woods to Chilkat River. I was full of life and jumped from root to root over the winding trail and took deep, long breaths of clean, cool air. I was glad that I was alive and whole and strong. Joy welled up in me by floods and sent me whooping through gullies and over ridges, jumping small creeks and plunging through the overhanging brush. The sweat ran down my face and my breath came short, but I soon got my second wind and my lungs opened up to ever larger draughts of sweetness. I leaped along the trail as though tireless. There were many things to be had in town; news and letters waiting for me in my postoffice box, so I ran and ran and ran, now and then stopping to take a deep drink of ice cold spring water where it gushed out of the mossy ground and flowed across the trail, trinkling over roots and pebbles.

O'Brien had caught a fox the night before and I watched him skin it and then ran on again, trotting along the beach of the Chilkat Inlet to Haines.

It was with an open spirit as free from care and sorrow as the clean-swept blue sky above that I entered the post-office and took out my mail. "Don't put too much emphasis on my relations with this friend, but don't put too little, either," were Marian's words in her last letter. Right then I wasn't worrying about him. I was expecting a letter from her and I was expecting it to read "Come south, friend Svend, and come soon. I want you to come, Svend Viking." But I am used to hard knocks—Once when I sat on the prisoner's bench, the guard standing close to me ready to grab me or shoot me should I make a false move, I listened to the judge as he talked about my record and sentenced me to fifteen months in jail. Then and there a new phase of my life began. I saw the cage, my fellow prisoners, and I began to plan what to do during those fifteen long months in the cellar under the courthouse.

She said that she intended to marry her friend right away. So now, as I read her letter I began to plan. My plans had been blown to the winds. I gave up the idea of going south. Fool that I have been to build a world of love and air castles!

Then I read the other letter, the one from Martha. She said that she was "knocked over" and hoped I would survive the blow better than she. She hoped I would give up my ranch and come south and join them at the university in California. I'd like to go to college but I am not going to give up my ranch. I may lose my girl, my friends, my money, but my ranch I am going to hang onto with all my strength. I am going to improve it if it takes my last ounce of energy and my last nickel. They needn't worry about me; I'll do nothing foolish. But here I am bragging my own virtues and my own determination. That's because I'm so stirred up. When a man who has been dreaming of love and has been expecting to get married in a

couple of months to a girl who has stayed with him through thick and thin for two long years, learns just before he is going down to claim her, that she is to marry another man before he can get there, it is no wonder that he is somewhat agitated. In a few minutes I had gone from the highest spirit of optimism and joyous living, to silent, despairing meditation and doubt in myself. Oh, but I should like to go south! Her invitation for me to spend Christmas with her family still stands good and all my other friends are expecting me and making plans for me, and maybe I'll go anyway. But I am afraid mine is the long, lone trail till I make a pile of money, and then some one will rope me and tie me and perhaps strip me of all I have made. Or perhaps I'll lose patience and let a moment's impulse sway my reason, take a squaw for my mate and live like many squaw-men without ambition, letting booze drown my disgust for myself and passing my days in stupid, thoughtless, seedy existence. Yet, that is not likely. Though I feel broken in spirit now, I know that within me lies the spark of a mighty impulse that will again drive me on to my object, the respect of my kind, to be a man among men. That part of me would never tolerate any permanent idleness.

And so now she is married! Married to the man she told me she could never love. Can it be that she is afraid of me and took him because she knew him better? Oh, I wish I knew if she really loved him! I have half a notion to start south right away. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," the proverb reads. If she is already married, as she said she probably would be when I got this letter, I can't see what I could do. I think I'll just keep on writing to her and sending her my diary off and on as she asked me to do. If he doesn't like it, they can let me know about it.

I don't believe in these hasty marriages. Back in Denmark they are generally engaged for a year before they marry, and while there are many broken engagements, there are but few broken marriages. Now there is only one thing

for me to do and that is to hope, and if I find out that she is married, then I will forget about her.

Viking's Cove.
Dec. 2, 1916.

Another week or more has passed since I wrote in this diary, a week of constant doubt and change of mind. One day I was going south and the next day I was going to stay on my ranch. But now at last I have made up my mind to stay here, doing what I can to improve my homestead. The snow is three feet deep on the level and much deeper where it has drifted. I had to wallow in snow up to my arm pits to get to two of my nearest traps and I cannot reach the others until I can use skis. While I was struggling through the snow, falling headlong into it at times when I ran onto an unexpected root or log, I said to myself, "You surely have nerve, expecting a woman from California who has hardly even seen snow, to come up here and live under such conditions." Everything has turned out right for me. This is a man's country and will remain so till men make good roads, build warm, roomy houses, and have all the necessary comforts a woman must have. When we have all this here, when there is a roomy, comfortable house on Odin's Lake, then I shall feel justified in bringing a woman here. I hadn't thought deeply enough on this matter. I had thought of a woman as a creature much like myself who would soon adapt herself to these conditions. But when I look back and see the men whom I have lived with, especially while I was in the army, and realize how often some of them would consider as hardships things which I thought were mere play or enjoyment; when I remember that these men were soldiers in fairly good condition, and then try to imagine a woman like Marian living my life and sharing my hardships, I see how impossible it all is. How hopeless! There is no chance that the kind of woman I want could build a home with me. I'll have to build alone and build well before I can ask a woman to

come to Viking's Cove. No, I'll wait till I'm a made man, with accomplishments to look back on, before I go seeking a mate. As things are now, I have only begun in my making.

Supper is over and I feel quite resigned to things as they are. I had roast rabbit, fried potatoes, cheese, bread and tea, and it was all good, so good that I feel no need of a cook at all. Queer, how a good meal and a warm place to sit makes one feel satisfaction with life. My dogs are curled up at my feet and my little new kitten lies on my bed purring and looking wonderingly at me. He is black and has green eyes and I have named him Loki, after the Norse god of evil doing, for we had several fights on the way over here from the neighbor's where I got him. He would not stay in my pocket and he bit my hand to the bone. Ah, yes, it is good to have a home and family that loves me.

Haines, Alaska.
Dec. 25, 1916.

I was going to stay on the ranch, spending the first Christmas in my home, but yesterday morning a spell of loneliness overwhelmed me and I changed my mind and made ready to go to town in a hurry. I got into my good clothes and my new mackinaw, and was about ready to leave, when a feeling came over me that I might be gone for a long time. I thought it was only a silly notion, but I decided it could do no harm to be prepared, so I packed things away as if I were going to be gone for the winter and I decided to take Loki back to his mother to stay while I was gone; I put him in my pocket and started out.

I wanted to look at the lake before I went, so I walked out on the ice and looked around. It was very beautiful. I never look at that scene without marveling over the beauty of it. Around the lake the wreath of birch and spruce, and back of that a ring of white, towering peaks. Oh, the magnificent grandeur of it! It was calm and the

sky was azure. The air was clean and thin, about five below zero and its freshness tingled in every fiber of my body. I felt reluctant to leave and I promised my fairy-land kingdom not to be gone very long as, with my dogs at my heels, I slowly mushed over the frozen snow toward town.

The trail was ideal, for the snow was frozen hard and I made town before dinner time. There I met three men from up the river and spent Christmas Eve with them. Norse men, they are, and we had a real, old-time Viking feast, a great big, fat roast goose, stuffed with prunes, raisins and apples, and everything else that goes to make a Christmas dinner. We had cakes and pies and preserved fruits; they drank wine and beer and I drank grape juice and we told jokes and yarns and roared with laughter till the whole cabin shook, Haakon, Knud, Einer and I! Oh, it was a meal and we were as uproariously jolly as any Vikings ever were. Our talk was partly Swedish, partly Danish, but mostly our adopted language, but we were Norsemen this evening. The northlights, shooting in fan-like bars overhead in the starry heavens, the towering mountains around and the nearness of the sea, all helped to make us for the time jolly Norsemen at their feast.

Then we went to church to attend the Christmas tree celebration, but we were not jolly and noisy there. We were timid and backward, ready to blush and run if we should happen, in our uncouth way, to make a mistake.

This morning the boat came in with my Christmas news. Her letter came and again my plans tumbled and fell helter skelter about me. My plans for the winter and for my lonely life on the ranch all toppled over and in their places rose joy, hope, and exaltation.

"Wake up, man of the north," it read, "you have been dreaming. I am not married nor engaged to any one and I am not going to be to any one but you. Maybe this will be hard for you to believe, but it is true, nevertheless."

Ah, but my heart throbbed as I read those lines and my

pent-up lonesome love was let loose in the glorious sunshine of hope and expectation!

When she realized that I was coming, she had been afraid of me, the dear, and had ducked for shelter like a scared rabbit. But soon they both realized that their engagement was a farce and had broken it off by mutual agreement.

"But now, Svend Viking, I'm not afraid of you any more, only a little bit. You see, there are things that are bigger than being afraid and my caring for you is one of them."

"Svend Viking, come south," she wrote then. "Don't disregard this call. I have not only poked my head out of my shell to say this, I have come altogether out of it. Svend, for the pain I have caused you, oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry. You have never been far from my thoughts. I wonder if it is possible for you to understand all this. If you don't understand, say so, for I'll not blame you. I want to explain that I am not planning to marry you as soon as we meet. Nay, not so, but I want to see you and maybe I have forfeited my right, but—if you knew me better, you would know that I very seldom ask anything like this. Somehow, I feel sure that you will come. You are so very understanding. And now back to the shell."

And then it had a postscript just as a woman's letter should:

"P. S. Any real woman would be insulted to be asked to wait and not be allowed to help you build your home."

Can any one wonder that my heart is light and my soul full of sunshine? Can any one wonder that my plans are changed and that I am leaving to-morrow for the south, on the same boat that brought this Christmas letter?

And this is the end of my diary as a bachelor. I feel assured that when I again open this book to write, I shall have a mate and we shall write in it together. To-morrow I am leaving. And next spring I'll be—we'll be back.

Viking's Cove.
May 19, 1917.

The spring is here! To-day the sun shone warmly from early, early morning till this late hour, half past nine. It filled the world up here by Odin's Lake with security and promise of summer. The birches, alders and willows unfolded their buds and flooded the woods with the soft green colors that the dryads' clothes are made of. The songbirds sang from morning till night, the squirrels hustled from spruce to spruce, talking to one another of the beauty and the love that the day had brought. When the sun sank beneath the pearly, studded peaks far to the northwestward, Marian and I sat up there on the cliff looking down at Odin's Lake and out over the fiord and the mountain; and oh, how beautiful it all was!

This day we did not work. It was a holy day, for the spring came to-day and we spent most of our time up there on the cliff, bathed in the warm sunshine and reading this, my diary. As the golden sun disk disappeared, vanishing into the north, we sat there hand in hand and thought of the many perils and unfortunate happenings of these years we have been apart. Marian sat silent for a long time, but her hand lay reassuringly in mine. I looked at her golden glinted hair and her clean innocent face, her trusting hand lying there in mine, and I wondered if it was right that I, who had been only so recently in jail, an outlaw and a desperado, should have her for a mate—this girl who is so pure and unspoiled and innocent.

She smiled at me as if she guessed my thoughts.

"Do you know what I have been thinking? Everything here is so pure and fresh and untouched, somehow, that it seems as if God incarnate might walk among these beautiful mountains and up these shining water paths; and that for that reason, they are all wrapped in joyous, holy silence that makes man seem very small and inconsequential, and perhaps even unworthy when he has made mistakes. And I wondered if you were thinking of the time when you were

in jail and that perhaps you did not belong to all this. But you know, Svend, the mistakes we make are only the steps along the road to wisdom. You learned so many things of kindness and of patience and of resignation and of justice and mercy. Do you remember that dream you dreamed when I came to you and said, 'All's grist that goes to the mill'? That's what I say now, Svend. It is all grist that goes to the mill."

THE END

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